FILM INDIA

BABURAO PATEL
GOLDEN JUBILEE
NUMBER

APRIL
1954

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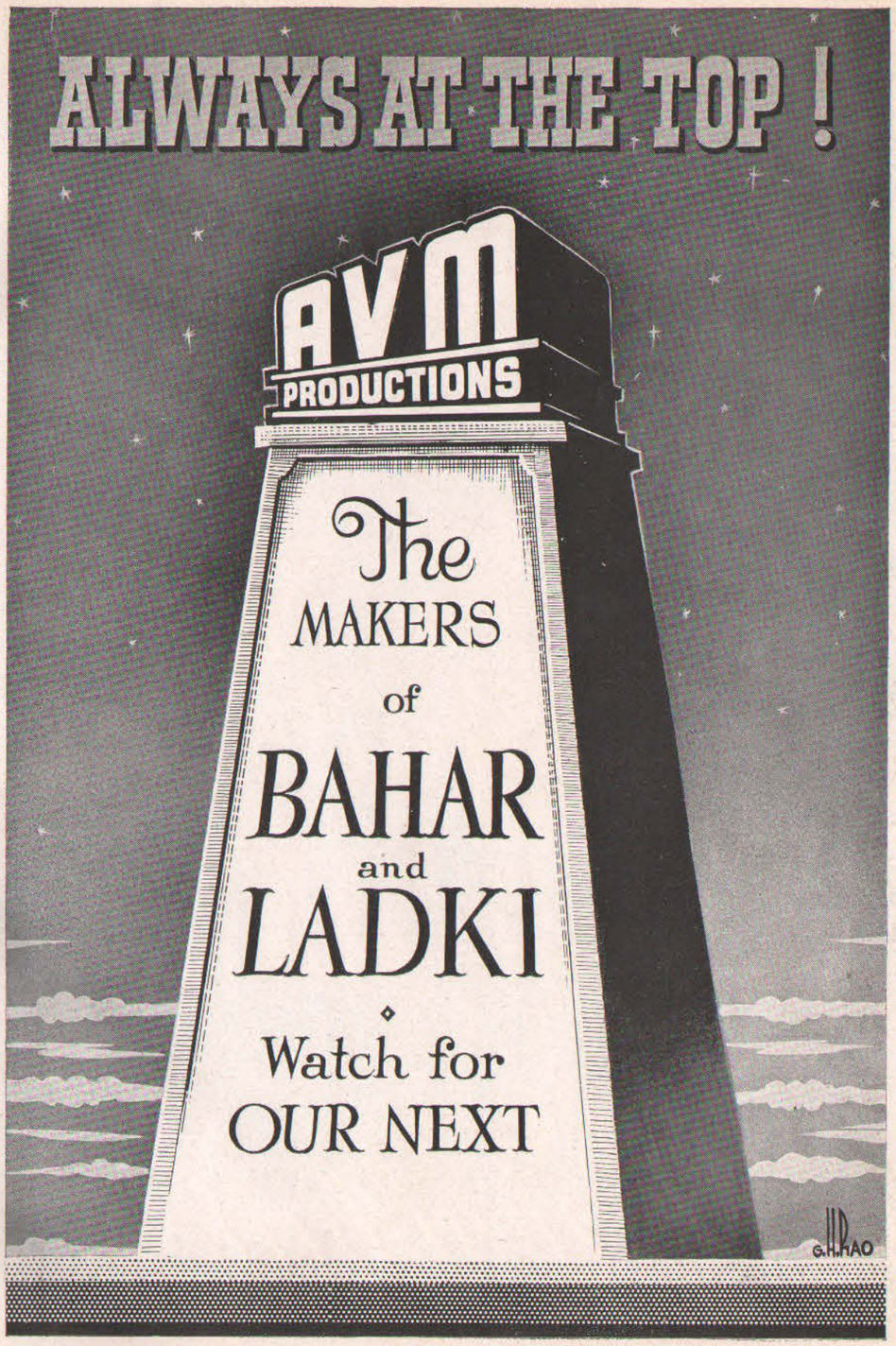

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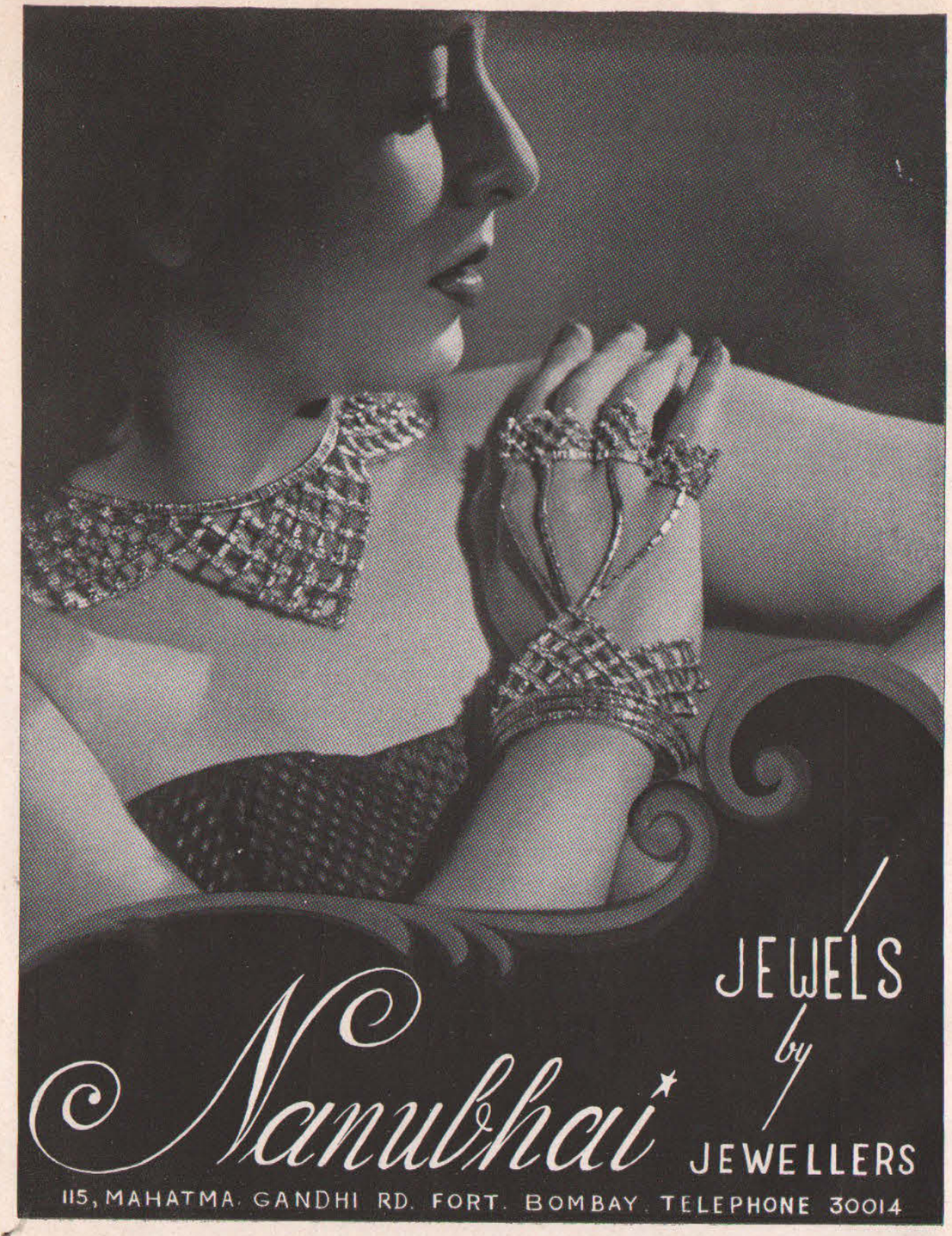

IT was a difficult job to collect material and frame the life-story of a versatile man like Baburao Patel within two months.

Here is a man whose writings during the last twenty-five years have influenced millions of people of all ages—scholars, scientists, writers, artistes, journalists, politicians, philosophers and the public—all over the world. He has provoked thought and made millions think differently in almost every field of human activity. His ideas have always been original and his writings have often been prophetic.

Thoughts have seeds of change and revolution in them and once planted in human minds they sprout up to change the entire landscape of human life. One such great thought was Marxism which has today completely changed the complexion of society. Thinkers thus leave behind seeds of thought in the furrows of time and though they themselves leave the field like all mortals, their work continues to influence humanity because thoughts are immortal. Baburao Patel is one such thinker whose work is destined to live even in this country of short memory. For, original work never dies. Age sometimes gives it a new meaning.

The material published in this issue will bear out the extent of the influence of his writings and the type of people influenced by them. Their spontaneous response and the words in which they have tried to frame the different facets of Baburao's writings amply prove the deep impress which these writings have made on their minds. These are intellectual minds which will lend new age to Baburao's thoughts and we would not be surprised if he is hailed as a seer the day he shuffles off this mortal coil.

May that day be far, far away!

Sushila Rani Patel

Editor.

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on his
50th birthday
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BABURAO PATEL GOLDEN JUBILEE NUMBER

20TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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When eyes stare from a pretty face, they become more dangerous. Smriti Biswas, a young starlet, uses her eyes effectively in "Chandni Chowk", a romantic tale directed by B. R. Chopra for Hira Films.

Milestones Of Memory

Fifty!

A natural milestone in human journey! But some call it half-a-century and in doing so claim pretensions to live a hundred years. Others call it a Golden Jubilee and in their self-esteem dress up a natural milestone of age in synthetic glamour and call it an achievement.

To me, a working man who for years lived on the dust of the road and bathed in the sweat of my brow with men cursing me on earth and God blessing me from above, fifty is merely an overdraft on Time. In a poor country like India where the average span of life is 32 years, I have already lived 18 years more on borrowed time. It may be stolen time. One never knows. Anyway, it gives me a sense of guilt. Even though I have been fortunate enough to reach fifty in spite of myself, I wonder whether it was quite just and proper to have done so with millions of people around me craving for a piece of bread to prolong life. But in the life-and-death cycle of human beings, there is no democracy. There is no choice. A man cannot die when he wants to. He has to live whether he likes it or not and do his job—big, small or insignificant. That is destiny, the blessing of God, which has become the mysterious heirloom of humanity.

Why did I then agree to the celebration of my Golden Jubilee when some friends approached me and enthusiastically insisted upon my being the hero of an hour on 4th April 1954?

Though I have reasons enough to nurse a little self-esteem, judging myself as an individual in the prevailing set-up of our success-suffering society, I have been too long among books not to hear the haunting whispers of the great writers who are not only dead and buried but whose footprints are also fast vanishing from the sands of time in the storms of new life which every new century brings in. With the great dead disappearing so fast, where is the accommodation for a little man?

Besides, self-esteem is a benumbing sentiment. It has the poison of conceit in it, a poison that retards the progress of a man, inflates his ego and denies the existence of God. To a working man who salts his daily bread with his sweat, self-esteem is a luxury he cannot afford.

And yet I agreed to become the showboy for an hour! My reasons were different. When my friends pressed me for this Golden Jubilee racket and suggested a Special Golden Jubilee Number of Filmindia, I realized two possibilities.

The first was that I could use the occasion to find out what people felt about my work in Filmindia so far; to know what type of people read Filmindia and to gauge exactly the extent of Filmindia's popularity. I could use these findings as a guide for my future work.

The second was to use the occasion for inducing great-

er advertising support from commercial advertisers and thus stabilize the financial position of Filmindia. The magazine has been going through rather lean times recently. Though the sales have kept up because of improved reading matter and better get-up, the advertising revenue—the feeding stream of all publishing business—has gone down for several reasons. One of the reasons that confound me always is the inexplicable hostility of commercial advertisers towards magazine advertising.

In my opinion, as an experienced advertising man, magazine advertising is more important than newspaper advertising in a poor country like India where a magazine travels for months from one family to another and from one town to another. And a magazine like Filmindia with its country-wide circulation and popularity ought to have been the first natural choice of all commercial advertisers who want to sell their goods. It is, however, not so and there are many reasons for this which some day I hope to explode.

With these two considerations in my mind—one intellectual and the other commercial—I agreed to put on the war-paint for my Golden Jubilee. And if I look funny, remember I am only playing a part.

I BURNED MOTHER

A lot of stuff about my birth, background, childhood, youth, work, enterprise etc. has been published in this issue. Friends, known and unknown, have chosen choice words to describe and praise me and my work. All this makes giddy reading and I therefore leave it to the readers. I don't want to shake my roots on earth. I like Mother Earth.

My earliest memory, that has haunted me all my life, was born in the cradle of my mother's funeral pyre. It was on February 7, 1909. I was nearly five years old then and I still remember the scene with tragic vividness. My mother's body dressed in a green sari, the vogue of married women in those days, (I don't remember my mother while living. Very few do.) was laid on the sandy bed of the Surya River of my village. I was on the arms of my favourite uncle, weeping quietly. They made the usual bed of logs for her and laid her on it. I was taken near and given her final 'darshan' and in doing so they showed me a face dressed up in death to haunt my life. They put the logs on her and asked me to set fire to the pyre. I did that and in doing so burnt the one hand that would have rightly or wrongly stretched to steady my ever-tossing canoe on the stormy seas of life.

Mother was no more but her tragic memory has haunted my life every minute all these fifty years. In every pyre that I have seen since, be it of a friend or a foe, I have seen my mother burning and I have thus returned home from every funeral a weeping mourner. I have never been able to get rid of this haunting memory with all my education, experience and rationalization of life. Since that tragic day, every friend's mother has been my mother and every old woman's lap has been the cradle of my mind.

I HATED FATHER

My childhood was stormy. Being a Banjara, I was essentially a child of the elements. I loved freedom and when it was denied I used it as a licence. My father was the opposite of me. He was self-educated, self-struggling and self-made. He had set himself a rigid code of self-discipline. He worked hard as a lawyer and read voraciously. His eyes saw nothing except books and he even slept with them. To him education was the keynote of success. And he spelt success with a bank balance.

He wanted to design me for the I.C.S.—the British symbol of power, respect, learning and efficiency. The design, however did not appeal to me, nor did the school books, nor the teachers. The conflict came. My father forgot our gipsy stock and its tradition. He brought out the cane to tame the wild. For years there was a war between father and son. Being a helpless child mine was the non-violent part in these daily battles of life. My father failed to pattern me after his design but he succeeded in teaching me to hate him. I hated my father. Every evening when I heard the sound of his footsteps on the stairs I prayed for the stairs to collapse and crush him. The evenings of my childhood had no smiles. They had only pain—the pain of the cane with which my father tried to train me for the I.C.S. It was a labour of years and therefore a frightening pain of years.

I had then my stepmother. She would have made the finest time-keeper in the biggest workshop of the world. My father's national slogan was: "If you don't learn you will beg in the street." My stepmother evidently didn't like this idea and faithfully recorded all the time I wasted without books. This record was recited to my father immediately on his return home. A tired man, facing his own daily struggles of life and succeeding after overcoming Herculean odds, nursing ambition for himself as well as his son, cannot be expected to look at my day's truant record with loving sympathy. The cane was brought out for the daily ritual. In this I.C.S. training my body and soul both bled and I was often locked out of the house without food. Sometimes I slept under the staircase, sometimes on the railway station and sometimes in the Bandra crematorium praying to be eaten up by the ghosts.

Golden Jubilee Number
Edited By :
Sushila Rani Patel
In collaboration with
Ramoo Thakkar
&
B. S. Folton
Jt. Hon. Secretaries of the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee.

After six or seven years my father gave up this business of tailoring my life. He was too busy and prosperous to be worried and perhaps too much disillusioned in me. But this interlude of I.C.S. training taught me to hate my father. We were entirely different entities with our individual egos. My father did not realize this when he launched the war.

Today I love my 81-year old father deeply and reverently. He is my only link with the past and I would willingly give him the remaining years of my life if that could be done. He did what was done in those days in training boys for the I.C.S. In the chawl where we lived, I often heard the screams of boys being belaboured in the evenings. It was the fashion of the day to keep the boys under strict discipline under the inspiration of the maxim: "A stitch in time saves nine." The tragic part of this routine was that both the parties—the boys and the parents—felt they were right and this feeling left behind warped minds and souls.

I am still instinctively afraid of my father. I still feel uncomfortable in his presence. I don't like to sit in his presence nor drink or smoke with him anywhere near. I, of course, do all that but the feeling of uneasiness is there all along. That feeling is the hangover of my I.C.S. training in childhood.

DOMINIC BOXED ME

I was thirteen and studying in the fifth standard at the St. Xavier's High School in Bombay. That was a school where a majority of boys arrived in motor cars. I, of course, reached it in my father's old trousers and Kolhapuri chappals. The Kolhapuri chappals had solved my father's problem of finding a new foot-wear every six months for my growing feet. The Kolhapuri chappals tear the foot without a scratch on themselves; they last almost a life-time and one can wear them three inches short or three inches long and like the people from Kolhapur they attract attention by their creaking noise. The only thing you can't do with them is theft because they announce your arrival long before you arrive. Everyone in the school therefore knew my arrival. The chappals did what the big cars failed to do.

But there was a Christian boy, Dominic by name, who liked neither my Kolhapuri chappals nor me. He was our cricket captain. He was strong and hefty and was additionally a good boxer. One day on the field he ordered me: "Remove those damn cream crackers of yours." I didn't know what he meant. Cream crackers reminded me of the biscuits Akbar Fazalbhoy, another school friend of mine, ate during the tea interval. His parents never risked even hard biscuits with Akbar and his young brothers Sultan and Yusuf. They also wore very soft trousers which kept their complexion always in schoolgirl condition. I couldn't therefore get Dominic's crack quickly and Dominic had no patience. He was on me the next minute and before I could protest he delivered a neat box on my face. After that I didn't protest. I only bled from my nose.

I couldn't hit back Dominic. I was a thin, bony boy—ill-fed, ill-dressed and ill-born perhaps. But Dominic did not merely hit my face, he also hurt my pride. I had, of course, my racial temper but having no basic strength to support it, I was in those days a little citizen of Nehru's "Third Area" observing "dynamic neutrality" in all school fights.

Weighed down with shame, I decided to change my citizenship. And because I always like to do things in a big way, through a playmate of mine I approached Hamid Pehelwan of Bandra who had his wrestling

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"akhada" (gymnasium) in Bandra and asked him to make me a 'pehelwan' (athlete). Hamid Pehelwan was a big man, the biggest I had seen in my life till then. He was a mountain of bones and muscles. But you couldn't count his bones. Only in that respect I scored over him. In my case no X-ray was necessary to find out a fracture. Hamid smiled when I told him about my intention. He asked me to remove all my clothes. And when he saw more of me, he smiled more. He asked me to go home and drink milk for a year. I told him that I had a step-mother. I also told him about Dominic. He understood and smiled again. He called me the next day in the evening, applied some paste mixed in turmeric to my bare body and began beating me with drumsticks (the vegetable). It hurt me but I was used to canes without any turmeric ointment. After a week of this strange initiation Hamid tied a black thread round my neck and accepted me as his disciple.

For three long years I did what Hamid and his numerous disciples did. Building a body is a tiresome job and when a chap starts from where I did it is heart-breaking. But every day saw me better. And at seventeen I was a champion, at my weight and age, in wrestling, running, lathi-play, weight lifting, mulkhamb and many other manly exercises. I had also picked up a bit of boxing which in later years I learnt systematically under the late Milton Kubes.

One day, while in the Matriculation class, I jokingly lifted Dominic clean over my head. Dominic was a bully. He got scared and remembered the old incident. He thought I was paying him back. But the wound inside me had healed long ago. I had that day the strength to crush a dozen Dominics but not the heart to do so. I didn't also have the necessity of doing so because as I grew big and strong I became popular with my schoolmates. I put down Dominic and shook hands with him and thanked him for that box on my nose which had opened the gates of health and strength for me.

If only Dominic realized how handy and useful my strong arm has been to me in successfully pursuing a critic's career in our film industry, he would demand a permanent pension from me. God bless Dominic wherever he is!

GOKHALE SAVED ME

It was in June 1921, I don't remember the exact date, that I failed in my Matriculation examination. Strange as it may sound I had studied hard for this particular examination and failed only in Latin, the language I disliked most.

With my intimate friend, one Mr. Narayan Prahlad Gokhale, I went to the University to see the printed results. My friend passed and I failed. The failure didn't hurt me, as no failure ever has, but the prospect of facing my father, seeing the contemptuous twist of his mouth and feeling the choking heat of his air of resignation and martyrdom filled me with fear. In a minute I realized that I had no home to go. The old family slogan of "learn or beg" kept hitting my mind. I saw the bitter smile of cynicism lighting up the face of

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my stepmother. I even lived through the stories of his helpless martyrdom which my father would tell his few friends and many relations. Suddenly the world also looked hostile to me. Seventeen is not an age of mental balance. I became pale and started trembling and I don't remember now what shivered more, my mind or my body, but we soon strayed towards the Apollo Bunder—my friend clinging to me closely.

Near the Apollo Pier, opposite the Taj Mahal Hotel, I stopped and looked into the stormy waters of the sea. Yes, the sea would not deny me a home. It was big and noble enough to accommodate the entire human race. I sat on the parapet rolling the thought of ending it all. My friend Gokhale sensed it. He pulled me away from the parapet, pulled me up in sharp words and kept talking to me for the next twelve hours. He saw me home that night, right at my door, took a solemn promise from me not to do anything desperate and went home praying.

I faced my father next morning. He was worried over my long absence from home. He was relieved at my return. He had slept over his disappointment. Even my stepmother was subdued. Essentially a good woman, she had probably arrived at the conclusion that an examination was not after all worth a child's life. The atmosphere was cruelly sympathetic. I wish it had been hostile because I was prepared for it. The new atmosphere was a new experience to my mind. I never had this climate before and I was not acclimatized to it. I wept. My father asked me to try again next year. I did not. I went into business to flirt with more failures.

Narayan Prahlad Gokhale, who queered my pitch that day, has become an eminent textile engineer and perhaps still watches over me from his residence at Dongre Baug, Dadar, Bombay.

I WAS DUBBED A HINDU

It was sometime in the early twenties—I don't remember the year now—that Hindu-Muslim riots broke out in Bombay. I was travelling by a tramcar through the Bhendi Bazaar, a Muslim locality of Bombay. The tram was crowded and it was guarded by two armed policemen. It was about 6-30 in the evening. As the tramcar reached the junction of Sandhurst and Mahomed Ali roads, we came upon a grim spectacle. Right in front of us on the road—and everyone of the fifty and odd passengers could see it clearly—were lying three human bodies in a pool of blood. They were a Gujarati family. The man in his forties was stabbed in the neck and chest; a child of ten was stabbed in the back while the woman, in an advanced stage of pregnancy, was ripped open in the abdomen. Her fetus and intestines were hanging out. This dastardly outrage seemed to have taken place only a few minutes before, seeing the blood gushing out and the policeman still not on the spot. The tramcar could not proceed till the bodies were removed out of the way. The police officer in our tramcar soon called other policemen and did the needful. For full half-an-hour we saw this ghastly ceremonial. It seemed, from the newspaper reports published next day, that this Gujarati family from Mandvi was going to the railway station bound for their native village. It may be because of the woman's delicate condition or because of the riots in their locality, they were trying to shift themselves to a safe place. While riding in a hack victoria, they were attacked and done to death by Muslim goondas because they were Hindus.

I was too shocked to whisper a word to anyone. But others in the tramcar, all Hindus probably, talked and talked loudly. One particular phrase that kept repeating was: "Hindus would never stab a pregnant woman like that." For days this phrase haunted me. It kept echoing in my ears.

In my life till then I had never even realized that I was a Hindu. In my home there was not a single Hindu symbol. We didn't have even the conventional Hindu altar. My father said his prayers walking about before a photograph of Sai Baba, a Muslim saint of Shirdi. My stepmother put a flower or two on Sai Baba's photograph every day. We never had any Hindu pujas or ceremonials nor did anyone from my home ever go to a temple. In Bandra, the little suburban town where I had spent my early years, Muslims wore dhoties, spoke Marathi and mixed with us as one of our own. They sent us sweetmeats and crackers on Divali days and as a boy I actually used to give lathi performances before the Muslim 'tazias' being one of Hamid Pehelwan's favourite pupils. Even the Parsis and the Christians in Bandra spoke Marathi. In my family there was no one to tell me the stories of Ramayana or Mahabharata. My father was too busy with his legal practice and my stepmother

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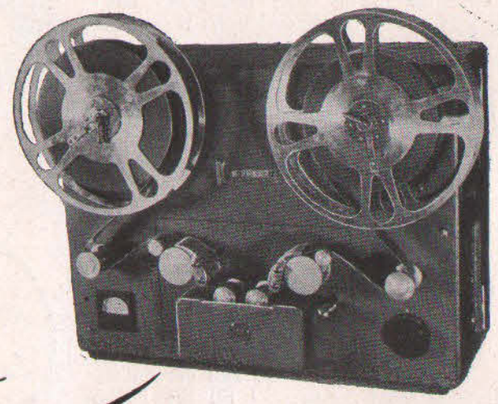

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being illiterate herself did not know the Hindu mythology. I knew only one temple—that of Hanuman. Hamid Pehelwan insisted on my going there every Saturday for offering two-pice worth of oil and getting a "sindoor tilak" on my forehead. Hamid himself did this religiously. God Hanuman was, I was told by Hamid, the guarding deity of all athletes. Beyond this weekly ritual, followed by both Hindu and Muslim pupils of Hamid Pehelwan, I had nothing to do with anything Hindu, Muslim or even religious. My only religion was the instinctive fear of God—an unknown unlabelled God—if that was any religion at all.

It was in that tramcar that I first heard the emphasis on Hindu character. It made me read the newspapers with new avidity. I soon read about Islam being in danger and a report of the cries of Allah-ho-Akbar sounded in the Muslim populated streets of Bombay. These reports put another emphasis on the Muslim character. I was an adolescent youth—ignorant of castes, creeds, religions and politics. Friendship with Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Parsis, Jews and others was my only religion. I was confused. For days I moved in a mental trance. I was told not to take a tramcar going through Muslim localities. I was told not to move around with Muslim friends. I was told not to go to Muslim hotels and eat. These instructions were given to me in trains, trams and the office where I worked. Everyone else seemed to know more about Hindus and Muslims than I and my family did.

Then one day an elderly friend gave me a book. It was written by Har Bilas Sarda and called "Hindu Superiority". As I read this book for the first time I started realizing who I was. The book didn't have a communal colour. It was a book on Indians and their ancient culture. And though it was mostly about the greatness of the ancient Hindus of India it also mentioned the unique contribution of Muslims in arts and architecture and described it as Indian.

They don't mind the sun but they need a colourful umbrella to attract attention. See how Shashikala attracts Sabu's attention in "Sauda", a picture directed by Sushil Sahu.

☆

This little book of Hindu greatness led me to an extensive study of Hindu philosophy, religion, arts, culture, society and civilization. I read hundreds of books and lived through more Hindu-Muslim riots. And as the stabbings increased I read Qoran and other Muslim books; studied Muslim history through thirteen centuries in an effort to understand Muslim fanaticism. I debated with numerous Muslim scholars to find out what made a Muslim pull out a knife without the least provocation and tear open a human abdomen. The appearance of Jinnah on the political scene in India and his subsequent achievements in blood and murder cleared a lot of confusion in my dense mind. I realized that Hindus and Muslims were two different religions, two different cultures and two different communities. This realization was a shock. It knocked the bottom out of my blind and happy friendships of childhood. I was catapulted into a world of communal hatreds and made conscious of petty jealousies, mean tactics and bloodcurdling intolerance. I was made a Hindu against my will and asked to remain one. I am not convinced but I am pushed in the queue.

HIS MAJESTY'S POLICEMAN

My father and I have had many passionate quarrels. I could never understand my father till my own age and success found justification for his early attitude towards me. But in my early days I looked upon him as my Enemy No. 1. Till the age of eighteen these quarrels often resulted in either my being thrown out of the house at the dead of night or my leaving the house on my own through sheer juvenile bravado. These excursions, however, were temporary but they brought in an interesting harvest of experience. I shall only mention one. On such excursions, usually near midnight, I could only claim one legal shelter. And that was the railway station. I would loaf around the Santa Cruz station till the last train left and then enter the station to find my night's bed on the station bench.

It was here that the problem of priorities and better claims was first introduced to me in my life. The old station had few benches and more claimants. The station coolies, the railway policeman, the booking clerk and a number of local suburban goondas—all of whom, of course, had prior claim to the benches. The pretensions of an occasional gate-crasher like me were not liked, even though I always had a third-class season-ticket on me and a legal right to squat on the station if I missed the last train. The British-day policeman was a child of royalty with imperial whims. He was a law unto himself and he often used his baton as a proctoscope to announce his presence. My early visits were distinctly unwelcome and I often sat through a night at the end of a bench while a station coolie or a local goonda stretched himself on the rest of the bench and snored.

Frequent visits and my clean appearance made the policeman a little friendly and he often chastised me for

staying out at Juhu, where many people usually went, so long and missing the last train. His patronage guaranteed me a full bench, one of the coolies or the goondas suffering in the process. I don't now remember how many nights I spent this way. I didn't keep a diary not even dreaming then that I would be involved in a Golden Jubilee racket thirty and odd years later. But the nights were fruitful because hard benches and chilly weather light up thoughts in the mind and keep the body warm.

MONEY ENOUGH FOR BURYING

At nineteen I was married man and the father of a little daughter of eight months. I was leading a precarious life. What little I earned as a street salesman was not enough. I used to leave home early morning, drudge the whole day, work overtime (no one was paid extra for overtime in those days) and return home late in the night. One such night when I reached home, I found my little child prostrate with acute diarrhoea—breathing her last. My wife, a new mother, had given the child the usual home remedies with no benefit. She had also sent for the doctor but the doctor had refused to come. I owed him Rs. 80|-. When I rushed to him again in the night, he demanded Rs. 20|- immediately to induce him to step out of the house. I didn't have that much money. I thought of my wife's solitary gold bangle but I didn't know any place at that time of the night to pawn it. I was desperate and I didn't know what to do. God solved the problem quickly.

The child died within an hour. The little money I had was more than enough for burying the little one in our suburban graveyard. The spade and the shovel were borrowed and the gardeners (malis) in the neighbourhood asked only for two rupees for their liquor (There were no Congressmen then nor Prohibition and liquor was cheap enough to make even burying of babies inexpensive). I carried the little corpse at about eleven in the night and lowered it into the pit and helped to pile stones over it so that dogs and foxes may not taste human flesh and go rabid and bite the living. I sat with the others and drank some liquor till well past midnight and then came home to a weeping mother. Next morning I took her to the home of a friend, (Mr. Keshav Kalevar. He is now a government secretary in Indore) who had a little daughter, only five months older, to fawn upon another little one and dry her tears. That little child, Maloo is her name, is now herself a mother of two children.

After this tragic incident I realized that a doctor's profession is also a mercenary business in which the profit motif is more important than the much-flaunted humane mission of healing. Very rarely have I come across a doctor conscious of the noble mission of his profession.

STREET PEDDLER

The year 1925 was a bad year for me. While my father shifted to his new palatial house—"Gladhurst" it is called—I was still tramping the streets in search of food. I had stopped hunting for a job. That was walking towards the horizon. So I started manufacturing,

advertising and selling a ringworm ointment called "Ringocide". This was my very own preparation which I had tried on the ringwormed waist of my dhotie-wearing cousin for years and by the time I reached my one-application-cure stage of perfection, my cousin could neither wear a dhotie nor even short pants.

"Ringocide" contained the usual constituents like Chrysophanic, Salicylic and other skin parasiticides but I was searching for something that would remove the top skin in a single application. I hit upon Mercury but before I arrived at the exact percentage of Oleated Mercury to be used, I burned up my cousin's skin several times over.

Mine was a perfectly one-man organization. I was the inventor, the manufacturer, the packer, the advertiser, the street canvasser, the sales-manager, the managing director, the bill collector and the street-poster man. My concern was called "The National Laboratories". The Laboratories manufactured only a six-anna phial of "Ringocide" and marketed its product mainly in Bombay and some near-by towns like Poona, Nasik, Sholapur etc. There were no Red Flag agitators in those days and I had no labour problems. The only labour I employed besides myself was my wife who was made to fill up the tiny bottles with the sticky ointment, with the result that my wife's hands always looked as if she had leucoderma. Mercury can make any African Negro look like Dr. Malan. That is one infallible cure for the colour bar.

"Ringocide" sold among mill-workers and through our pan-bidi shops—the most honest tradesmen in the world. Five days a week I would start at seven in the morning with bottles, wall-posters, brush and a bucket of paste. With the exception of my 30" x 40" poster showing a half-naked farmer scratching his ringwormed bottom, every other article was home-made. In those days I firmly believed in Gandhiji's Swadeshi movement. Even the labour I employed in my business was Swadeshi in content and quantity. To avoid unnecessary attention on the road—and you don't know how carrying posters and bucket attracts people—I dressed myself in khaki shirt and short pants. That made me look like a member of the Hindustan Seva Dal and gave a patriotic and political complexion to my bucket and posters. They took me for a devout national worker. I was.

I knew all the pan-bidi shops of Bombay and at every shop I was offered a 'pan' and a 'bidi' free as a gesture of hospitality. I thus ate over fifty 'pans' and smoked about hundred 'bidis' a day free of charge. I know every damn street and lane of Bombay having tramped through them for two long years. My average sales used to be about fifteen rupees a day and I made about five rupees a day as profit. That was 33 1|3%—much more than what A. C. C. gives as dividends with crores of rupees and big cement companies to back it.

And yet sometimes we had bad days—doctor's days we called them—when we had only two annas left between two meals. I worked hard, attended social functions like the Satyanarayan Pujas, the 'barsas' (Christening ceremonies), the 'lagins' (weddings), the 'martiks' (funerals) etc. of the pan and bidi merchants. I drafted their complaints to the Collector of Excise and gave them free legal advice. All my goods were sold on consignment basis without any voucher or receipt. These bidi shop-keepers pushed my product and paid me whatever money they collected when I visited them next. And sometimes when I fell ill and could not work for days, these good kind men came to my house and paid me their little collections without deducting their tram or railway fare. These pan-bidi merchants were the kindest people I ever met in my life. To make me sit a little longer in their shops so that I may escape the hot sun outside, they would often give me a cup of tea and buy more goods from me to make me feel that I had not wasted time unnecessarily.

For two long years I lived like this—operating the National Laboratories for two days in a week and selling its product during the remaining five days—bringing home 33 1/3% profit. The company had shareholders—my wife and my little daughter. They ate the daily dividends.

THE PANIC OF WAR

In 1938 I was editing Filmindia and I launched a relentless campaign against anti-Indian pictures like "India Speaks", "Wee Willie Winkie", "Lives of Bengal Lancers", "The Drum", "Gunga Din" and others. As a result of this campaign some of these objectionable pictures were banned and from others the offensive portions were cut out. In 1939 the Indian Film Industry celebrated its Silver Jubilee with an exhibition, stage plays and a talking Congress with several sectional Conferences. I was elected the President of the Film Journalists' Conference. Just before these celebrations Confrere Ahmed Abbas had returned from a world tour. He suggested my going on a world tour and taking the anti-Indian film campaign right to the studios where this filthy product was manufactured.

I liked the idea but I had no money. Enterprise, however, lies in lending legs to ideas. So I borrowed Rs. 5000|- from two friends against their year's advertising in Filmindia and left the shores of my homeland on June 22, 1939, leaving Abbas in charge of Filmindia.

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Abbas had prepared my itinerary which took me through all the countries of Europe, then to England and America and brought me back via Japan and China. It was a six-month long tour on a short purse. I was expected to earn a bit in America by lecturing where it was said that immediately a man opened his mouth the Yankees dropped a dollar in it. My experience was a little different. Whenever I opened my mouth the Yankees dropped chewing gum and reached for my pocket for ten cents.

After doing Italy, Germany, Hungary and Switzerland, I arrived in Paris on July 31, 1939. It was here that I received a letter from Abbas informing me that he had engaged for me a Press Agent in New York on a fixed stipend of $200 and had also remitted the money to him directly. This man Louis Ogull, a Jewish press correspondent who conducted a one-man News Press Service, had met Abbas and impressed him as a go-getter. Abbas had directly sent him the money from the Filmindia office because he did not want to put a strain on my meagre travelling purse. Knowing a little more of America than I did Abbas thought that my campaign needed a press agent. As Abbas meant well and as Ogull's fees were already remitted directly, I accepted the arrangement gratefully and informed Louis Ogull of the date of my arrival in New York.

On Wednesday, August 23, 1939, I boarded the "Normandie", France's most luxurious liner, bound for New York. That was Normandie's last trip across the Atlantic. It never returned to France being later burnt down by saboteurs in the New York harbour.

On Friday, August 25, 1939, our third day on the Normandie, news came in of Hitler's invasion of Poland. World War II had started. The Normandie speeded up, all lights were screened and we began racing towards New York. The panic on the board was difficult for me to understand. But the Europeans knew what a war meant to them. I didn't. No bomb had till then outraged the virgin complexion of our land. Women wept, screamed, called every floating weed a mine and went into hysterics. George Raft, a famous Hollywood film star who was also a passenger, tried to explain to me the background of the panic. I still didn't understand. I couldn't understand why these Europeans were so scared of death. In India I had seen millions dying of famine and no one ever wept nor did anyone go into hysterics. I was rather thrilled at the emergency of war. It was my first war experience, though the shooting war was thousands of miles away. For the next three days I also looked out for a floating weed and silently hoped that it would turn out to be a mine. I was disappointed.

IN YANKEELAND

I arrived in New York on Monday, August 28. The sick women were sent out first. Louis Ogull, my Abbas-appointed Press Agent, Jimmy Dugan, Editor of the "New Masses", and several news reporters and cameramen received me—my only friends and relatives beyond the seas. Ogull evidently had begun his job well.

I got to work and surprised the go-getting Americans with my speed and stamina. Though Abbas had warned him, Louis Ogull had not expected a tireless working machine. He had met some Indians previously. They all wanted to eat American icecream and see the leg shows. I had a mission on hand and I kept Ogull busy. He said he liked me. So did his wife and sister-in-law who was also a columnist.

After 18 tiring days in New York, I was ready to fly to Hollywood. It was here that Ogull and his family came out with a new proposal. They had never seen Hollywood and they were not doing well in New York. They had also heard and read fantastic stories of the rich, wild West. They had an old Chevrolet car and they asked me to travel by car with them and pay them the fare I was going to spend over the long train journey. It was a very reasonable proposal. I was in no particular hurry and motoring would give me a better chance of seeing the country. Ogull also expected to land a job as a publicity manager in one of the studios once he met the studio bosses of Hollywood through me. He had read my correspondence in which all the Hollywood studios had invited me to Hollywood as their guest. I agreed and on Saturday, September 16, we left New York in Ogull's old Chevrolet with Mrs. Ogull and Miss Anabella Harrison—the sister-in-law—sitting behind. We took turns at the wheel and arrived at Los Angeles at 8-30 in the evening on Tuesday, September 26. Though very tiring, the journey was very educative as we had passed through half the star-states marked on the U.S.A. flag.

In Hollywood we met everyone that was worth meeting. The studios had spread the proverbial red carpet in a crude and obvious effort to win me over. They didn't like criticism. Harry Warner, the President of Warner Brothers, must have spent over $10,000 in a single night

Not knowing that with goggled Ramsingh there the danger is behind her, Smriti Biswas expects it in the front in "Sailaab", a social story directed by Guru Dutt for Emar Films.

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Music by Jagmohan
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Songs by Asha Bhosle & Jagmohan
Directed by Paul Zils
Colour Photography by Fali Bilimoria
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BURMAH-SHELL... IN INDIA'S LIFE AND PART OF IT

in giving me a cocktail party with all the top Hollywood stars around. Other studios vied with Warners and threw lunches and dinners in my honour. Cars were kept at my disposal round the clock. I was staying at the Cecil, a downtown hotel in Los Angeles. The studio executives didn't like it and even their motor chauffeurs didn't approve of it and they wanted me to shift to the expensive Beverly Hills Hotel. I refused to do so, even though they invited me to be their guest. I wanted to see American life in the raw. I could see plenty of it round the Cecil. Besides, I didn't want anyone to pay for my board and lodging. So I remained at the Cecil to the chagrin of Hollywood Moghuls and nothing that Ogull could say on behalf of the Moghuls shifted me from there.

During the fifteen days that I was in Hollywood I met hundreds of people—stars, producers, directors, writers, technicians, publicity men and all other types of experts. With my usual methodical approach to work I noted down their addresses, telephone numbers and other particulars. I also gave half-a-dozen lectures to different groups—all about my mission and my country. They liked me and they said so. But in America when Americans like you, you must like them back and do as they want you to do. That is the return they expect for their love.

A day before my sailing for Japan, I had exactly $280 dollars left with me. A lot of my sundry expense had been saved by the Hollywood Moghuls acting as my hosts. Ogull needed money and said so. Either legally or morally I was not bound to pay. But he had a family with him. Some studio executives had promised to talk things over with him about the job after my departure. I had another $200 deposited in Kobe for which I had a bank draft with me. On board the ship I didn't need money. So I gave $200 to Ogull and decided to board the ship next day as I had got the accommodation with extreme difficulty owing to the war scare. Ogull was all gratitude.

ARRESTED IN AMERICA

At 3 P.M. on Tuesday, October 10, I stepped on the "Kamakura Maru", a Japanese liner, bound for Yokohama. I was seen off by all film folks of Hollywood—small and big—kissed by many—men and women including Mr. & Mrs. Ogull, Anabella, some film stars and of course Ram Bagai, my only Indian friend. The Warners took a film of my departure. I was given a royal send-off.

The ship was scheduled to reach San Francisco next morning and be in port for the next two days. During these days I had planned to see the city and the Golden Gate Exhibition.

On the morning of Wednesday, October 11, we were in the San Francisco harbour. With the rest of the passengers, I was waiting for permission to go out. I was feeling quite important after Hollywood's red carpet for a fortnight. Just then some one laid a heavy hand on my shoulder from behind and said "I arrest you, sir, in the name of the President of the United States." I was startled and I looked back to see a tall, elderly police officer in uniform. I said, "It is a bad joke, officer!" The kindly old man said, "It is not a joke, son. Come aside and I'll show you the papers."

I had no alternative but to follow him to a less crowded spot on the ship. We sat there on two deck chairs and he showed me the papers. The papers revealed that I was accused of "defrauding Mr. Ogull, a citizen of the United States of $200, which I owed him for personal services" and was "trying to run away" and that it was "a fit case for the issue of a warrant for body arrest."

I was shocked and confused. I couldn't understand it at all. I told the officer that Ogull had kissed me and seen me off only the previous day. It seemed that Ogull had taken an express train to San Francisco, made an affidavit before a San Francisco magistrate that I was "running away to defraud him of $200", submitting Abbas' original letter as proof and applied for my body arrest.

I took the old officer to my cabin and showed him my files and particularly the letter which I had received from Abbas in Paris mentioning that $200 had been remitted directly to Ogull. The officer told me that all that would not help immediately as the warrant of arrest had to be executed forthwith and he could release me only if I deposited with him $200 in cash.

Ogull knew the difficulty I had in getting accommodation on the ship. He also knew that I was very anxious to return home owing to the outbreak of war. And though I had told him that I had only $80 left after paying him $200, he probably did not believe me. He thought I had more money on me and knew that I would not stay behind to fight the case.

The choice before me was to pay $200 in cash to get my body release and then stay behind for two months and fight out the case or let the case go by default and allow Ogull to decamp with the money. The immediate problem however, was where to get $200 with only eighty dollars in my purse?

MY NEW SISTERS

Thinking of my two-hundred-dollar deposit in Kobe, I took the officer to the American Express. Though my draft was on the American Express branch at Kobe, the San Francisco manager of American Express refused to cash my draft in his city. I thought that was not correct banking. It was impossible to get the money from India in two days before the ship left. I couldn't even send an urgent cablegram to India with the lines blocked by war priorities.

At the American Express office I did some quick thinking and went over the hectic fifteen days in Hollywood in a desperate attempt to find out who had genuinely liked me. I picked up two persons who had sounded very sincere and genuine in their professions of friendship for me. One was Mr. William Dieterle, Hollywood's top director, a rich and prosperous man and the other was Mr. Charles Glouner, a goodhearted middle-class man working as a technician in the Technicolor Laboratory. I had their residential phone numbers

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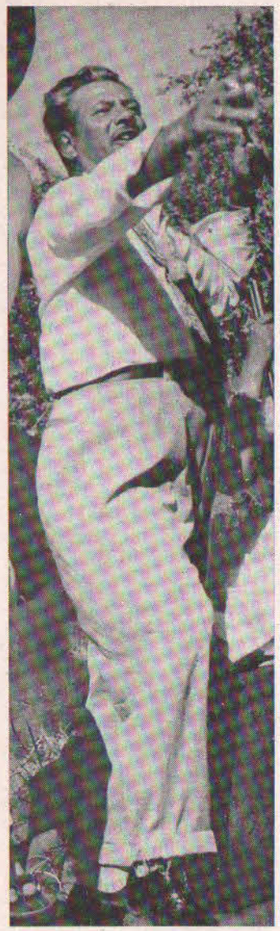

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and I got Mrs. Dieterle and Mrs. Glouner on the phone within a few minutes though the distance between us was 600 miles. I told them about the plight I was in and that I needed $200 immediately. Both promised to send the money immediately to the American Express. This was near about noon.

My old custodian took me to his home, introduced me to his wife and daughter, gave me a nice lunch and told me a number of stories about the Jews of America. He was a very nice and kind man but he had to do a bad duty. He was very much impressed with my telephone calls to Hollywood, particularly the one in which I had talked to Mrs. Dieterle. William Dieterle's name is known to everyone in America. At five in the evening the officer received a phone call from the American Express informing him that two hundred dollars had been sent by Mrs. Dieterle. We rushed to the office of the American Express and received the money. It was a godsend. I paid the money to the officer and obtained his receipt and my release. After that the officer took time off and took me to see the Golden Gate Exhibition. We were together till midnight and as he saw me off at the ship for the day, I was told that another $200 had arrived from Mrs. Glouner.

That night I wept. The day had begun with a glimpse of the devil and ended with two distinct visions of Divinity. I sat up the whole night and wrote long impassioned letters to these two new sisters of mine, telling them all that had happened to me, all that I felt and all that they did. Nine years later when I met them again and embraced them, they were still weeping over my letters. These two families have now become my blood relations.

The parrot looks like an owl in sympathy with the distress of Nimmi in "Amar", a thrilling love tale produced and directed by Mehboob.

Next morning I appeared before the Magistrate in San Francisco and under advice of my Officer-friend I paid the deposit under protest. The protest, I was told, gave me the right to return to the United States within 14 months and fight out the case. Ogull must have therefore got the money after 14 months, and he travelled all night to get it immediately and in doing so stabbed in the back a friend with whom he had worked, wined and dined every day for over two months.

Is further evidence of the existence of God needed?

THE MIRACLE OF 1948

On February 16, 1948, I again left for America with my wife and daughter. This was a life-and-death mission because I was very ill. My duodenal ulcer was bleeding dangerously and a dozen surgeons in Bombay did not like to take the risk of opening me and setting things right inside. They asked me to fly to America and take a fifty-fifty chance with life. I wrote nine months' "Editor's Mail", several reviews and quite a few editorial notes—all in advance—settled all my affairs, made my will and flew away.

My wife and daughter were charged either to bring me back alive or dead. On landing at New York I fixed up a deal with the TWA to fly me back to India alive or dead, at a minute's notice. I paid the necessary charges for both the cargoes. The callous manner in which I fixed up these arrangements hurt my wife. But I knew what happens to Indian women when their men die. They get paralysed and have to be carried from place to place for days. I didn't want my wife and daughter to run around frantically like mad women with red, swollen eyes to airline companies begging for space for a dead body and wasting time in the process. And I wanted at least to be burnt in my own land.

Having fixed this, I flew to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. This is the most famous hospital and medical research centre in the world. After turning me into a guinea-pig for eight days, the experts refused to operate upon me. They found me too fat on the stomach and therefore too great a risk on the surgical table. This big stomach was the legacy of my previous medical treatment. The doctors had asked me to take plenty of milk and cream for years to counteract my hyperacidity. This diet had turned the stomach into a barrel. Now the barrel had come in the way of my life.

Nothing that I said could persuade the Mayo Clinic experts to open me. So I took some medicinal prescription and went out touring the country with my wife and daughter.

After rushing through most of the States and Hollywood, we returned to New York to fly home. Just two days before our departure, I had a massive haemorrhage at about midnight—the first one in America. I sank in the bathroom. I was somehow carried to the bed and Dr. Albert Aldridge, an intimate friend of ours, was

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called in. It was an emergency and I was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital next morning.

It was impossible to operate on me immediately. I was weak, pale and bloodless. They put a lot of American blood inside me for fifteen days. The goat was soon ready.

Dr. White, an eminent surgeon of New York who was to do the job, explained to me the seriousness of the situation. It was again a fifty-fifty chance. That was too good for me. In my life till then I never had more than 10% chance of succeeding in anything. The poor men who walk on the road don't have even 1% chance in their lives. They are in constant danger of being run over by a car any minute. I was at least fortunate to have reached the fifty-fifty stage.

On June 23, early in the morning, I wished my wife and daughter Au Revoir and entered the operation theatre. I was brought out after 4½ hours more dead than alive. My wife and daughter got a glimpse of how men look in the cradle of death. They didn't like the look. I came round soon and got my first set-back on the third day. It was double pneumonia. I get everything double. That way I am fortunate. They put me in an oxygen tent and put some more American blood inside me. The pain was terrible but I didn't want the Americans to laugh at me so I smiled at them.

On the ninth day, things went unexpectedly wrong. I vomited blood and upset medical science. My blood pressure rushed down and the pulse beat rushed up. In this up and down rush I was racing for heaven. My surgeon became suddenly grave, called my wife and daughter, said that I was very bad, asked me to wish them good-bye and told me to pray. All the while he was putting more American blood inside me.

Evidently the last moment had arrived. I looked at my wife and daughter—pale trembling women, tears in their eyes, dumb and benumbed by the looming shadow of death. My beautiful wife looked like a pale spectre, her eyes rivetted on me in silent and anxious prayer. They seemed to say: "Don't leave us and go away", as if death was a ritual of my making. Yes, the moment was grim. Life was ebbing out slowly and I was sinking. With one supreme effort I shook myself into one final spurt of resistance. The old doctor had tears in his eyes. "And he was my first Indian patient. Such a fine man", he said. Was? Already I was being pushed into the past and turned into a memory! I realized that medical science had failed. Man was now delivered into the hands of God. So be it.

As the doctor bent over me, I pulled him closer and kissed him on the cheek, smiled at him and said, "Don't worry, doctor. I won't die here and spoil your reputation. I'll go back to my country and die." With one final look at my weeping wife and daughter, I closed my eyes and decided to throw myself into the lap of the Lord. I started chanting "Om Namah Shivaya". I had carried a little idol of Lord Shiva with me. My wife put it in my hand. I am told that I kept chanting for ten minutes or so and then passed into a stupor.

All through the night they sat by my side—doctors, nurses, wife, daughter and friends. Everyone in the hospital knew that I was travelling beyond. Everyone in the big hospital knew us. Everyone came to wish me good-bye. The doctors were constantly putting more and more American blood inside me. All watched my grim struggle—silent and yet persistent—to live.

Early morning on July 2, I opened my eyes, smiled and wished "Good Morning" to everyone around and again went to sleep. The miracle had happened. I was born again to die a hundred deaths whilst living. God had answered the prayers and in doing so commanded me to face life and its killing struggle for some years more.

A month later I returned to India. The TWA plane carried 42 lbs. less weight though the company charged the same fare. Only the dead cargo is charged by weight, the living one being penalised for living.

I have mentioned only a few of the outstanding milestones in my memory. My life has been full of so many vicissitudes that it is impossible to frame them in a magazine article. A man who rose from the pavement to the pinnacle of his profession must have slipped and stumbled a lot going up a precarious ladder. Some of my embarrassments cannot even be whispered, leave alone their being written. Remembering the life I have gone through I don't think there is hell above. Hell is right here—on earth. And human beings are its angels. Anything above must be heaven in comparison.

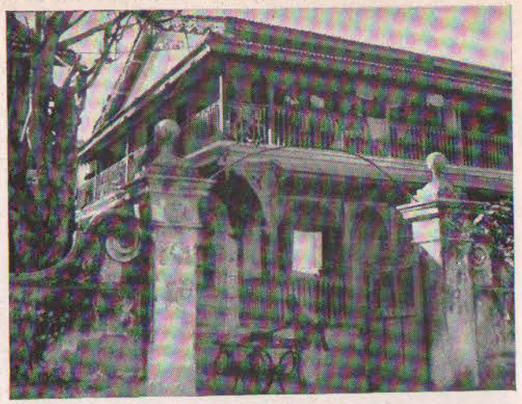
And if death takes us to that heaven, what is there to weep over it?

"Girnar", Baburao Patel.
Bombay,
12-2-1954.

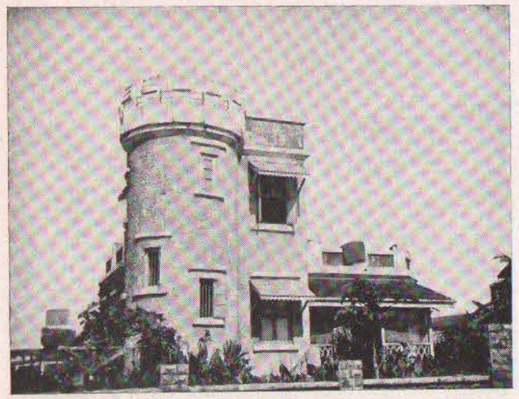
Little Pakku is the punctuation in the marital romance between Sulochana and Anup Kumar. Parents always revive the lessons of their own childhood by thrusting them on their children. But Pakku seems to know a trick more than Papa Anup Kumar can teach in "Sajni", a social theme directed by Vasantrao Painter for Golden Pictures.

50 YEARS IN BRICK & MORTAR—

1904 It was in this little hut fifty years ago—on April 4, 1904—Baburao Patel was born in the village of Maswan 60 miles from Bombay.



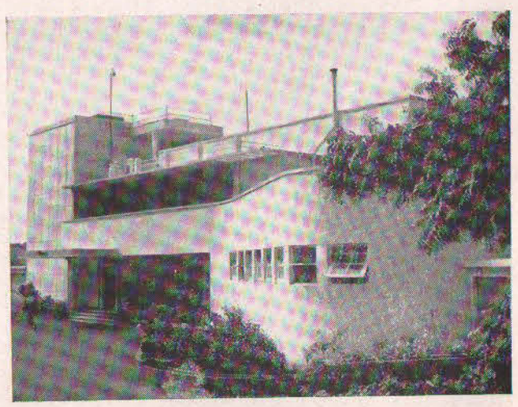
1906 Papa Patel began his legal practice in this chawl called "Rangari Chawl" at Bandra, a little suburban town outside Bombay.



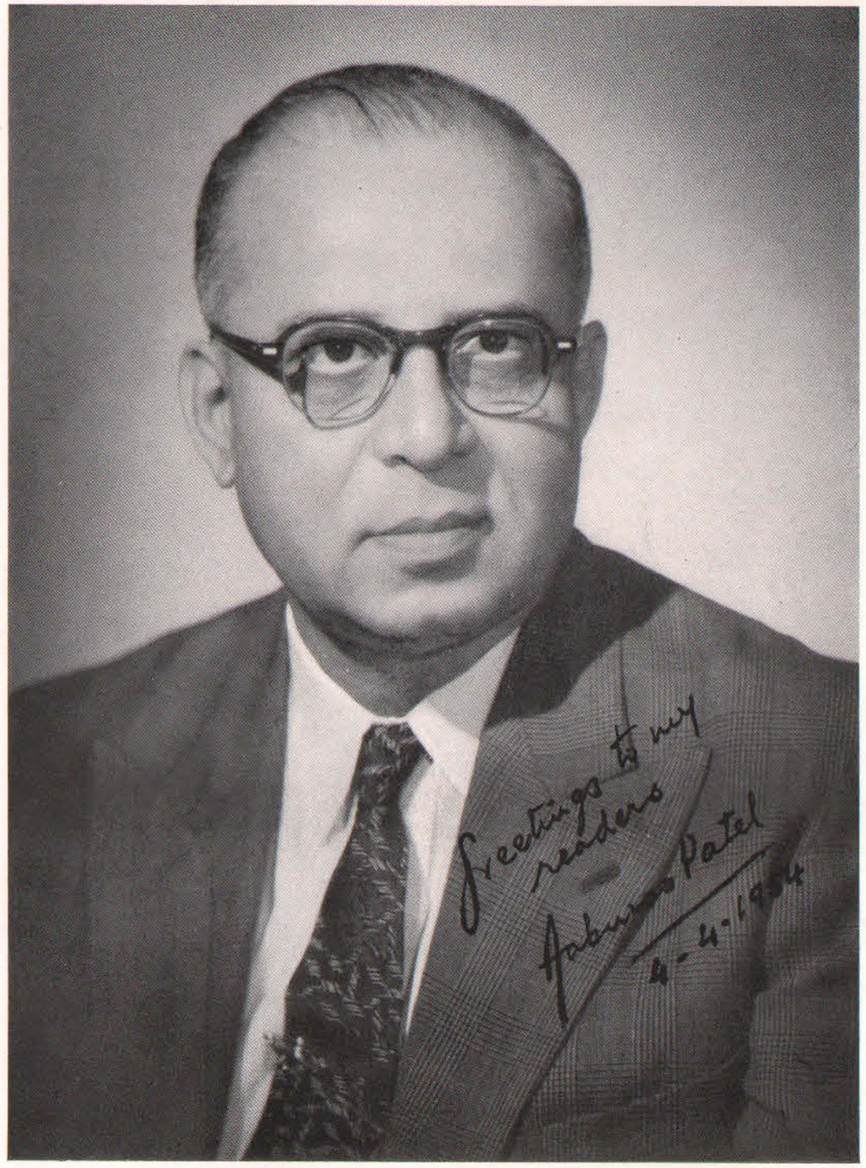
1921 "Anna Villa", Santa Cruz, was the scene of many a battle between father and son. Baburao's first child died here.

1925 "Gladhurst", the palatial house of Papa Patel at Santa Cruz. Baburao became a tenant here and occupied the top storey.

1947 "Azad", Oomer Park, Warden Road—the first house Baburao bought. He stayed here for 5 years on the top floor.



1952 On August 1, 1952, Baburao came to stay in "Girnar", at Pali Hill, Bandra. Where next? Destiny alone can answer that question.



"My Son Baburao !"

"He Was A Problem Child", Says Father !

By : P. V. PATIL

Asking an author to criticize his own work is not a pleasant assignment and yet I couldn't escape Mr. Ramoo Thakkar, the Hon. Secretary of the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee, when he asked me to say something about my son who has already made so much noise in this world and said so many things about himself that he has hardly left anything for me to add or recall.

That Baburao's fiftieth birthday should inspire friends, many of them illustrious people themselves, to celebrate it as a golden jubilee is an event which gladdens my heart as a father. It is not given to many to have such unique honour. But Baburao has shown himself to be possessed of certain extraordinary features in his character, especially in respect of his writings as published in his Filmindia from month to month.

I do not feel myself called upon to pass my own judgement about his writings nor will it have any impartial value as coming from a father. His writings are public property and the reader can form his own opinion about their merits. I often disagree with him though I cannot escape his brilliant style.

But it is said, "the child is father of the man". And so it is a natural desire to know about the childhood of Baburao and more so to utilize the living father to get to know what Baburao was in his childhood and boyhood before he launched himself in this wide world to carve out a career for himself.

To correctly appreciate this stormy petrel of journalism, it is necessary to know Baburao's background. I came from Boisar, an obscure village in the Thana District, about 60 miles from Bombay. My parents were tillers of the soil, illiterate and ignorant. We belonged to the backward community of Banjaras. My village did not then have even a vernacular school. My father, who was the Police Patil of our village, used to 'sign' his official papers with his thumb impression and very firmly believed that any education would only end in making a person mad and useless for agricultural work. I am still the hereditary Police Patil of Boisar and so will Baburao be after me, Baburao being my eldest son.

In spite of my father's pronounced hostility towards education, I often clung to a few visiting officials and at last persuaded one to teach me the Marathi alphabet. This was when I was twelve years old. In the next eighteen years I had to struggle a lot with the help of kind friends to get my education, my father being still perfectly hostile and still convinced of the bad effect of education on a child's mind. I had not even proper school training, college education being entirely out of the question. I passed the School Final Examination and took up service in the Preventive Department of the Bombay Customs. While serving there, I read for the law and passed the District Pleader's Examination in 1903. I started practice in the criminal courts of Bandra and the districts. Luck was kind to me and I soon built up a lucrative practice. On 4th April 1904, Baburao was born. Like Baburao I was also an April child and while Baburao completes his fifty in April 1954, I complete my 81.

ABNORMAL AND SELF-WILLED

Baburao lost his mother when he was a little over four years old. I sent him to school at the age of five. He picked up the alphabet very quickly and began to read his school books with ease. But he lacked steady application to his studies. In fact though he appeared to go from home to attend school, he mostly played truant. The school teacher often complained to me that though Baburao was quite bright he did not care to study. This naturally caused me great anxiety. I tried to teach Baburao some discipline but with no great success.

Even at that early age Baburao appeared to be somewhat abnormal. He exhibited strength of self-will and wanted to have his own way. One night when he was only seven, I punished him for not attending the school but he was very stubborn and defied me even then. I kept him out of the home without food for the whole night without any change in his defiance. On the contrary he said to me next morning, "I do not care to stay here in the house, I will go to Madras" (I do not know why he picked upon Madras, seeing that his charming wife Sushila was not even born then). However his threat made me yield fearing that a wayward strong-willed boy might do anything and blast his whole life.

From that time on I dropped the idea of administering any corporal punishment and tried to bring him to better ways by advice. Considering his natural smartness I wanted to send him for the I.C.S.—a natural ambition of all parents in those days. But that was not to be. With all his smartness Baburao did not pass a single annual examination because he never applied his mind to the school studies. But even at that age Baburao had a peculiar knack of getting things done and he somehow managed to persuade his teachers to promote him from class to class till he reached the Matriculation. As was expected he failed in this examination. It was a great disappointment to me. Yet I persisted in advising him that he must at least pass the Matriculation. He asked for six months' time to give his final decision. Knowing what Baburao was I had no alternative but to agree. Taking up a serious attitude Baburao noted down in my presence the date on which the six months were to expire.

At the end of that period, Baburao came to me and said, "Dada, I have made up my mind not to appear for my matriculation examination or for that matter for any examination. I want to enter business." After this final decision I resigned to fate.

Mr. P. V. Patil, Advocate of the Bombay High Court, is 81 years old today. Self-made and brilliant, Mr. Patil is the leader of the District Bar. He worked hard and made a big fortune but had no time to use it. He still works because he says : "These clients won't leave me alone or let me rest". It is a real hard luck story which both father and son now share. They both need medical help as work is their family disease.

VORACIOUS READER

All this while, knowing that Baburao had a constitutional dislike for school textbooks, I had evolved a method of training Baburao gradually in general knowledge, especially of the English language. I could never give a book to Baburao and ask him to read it. He wouldn't read that merely because I had asked him to do so. I therefore used to buy new books, write my name on them and place them carelessly on my table. Baburao's quick eyes would spot the books and his natural thirst for knowledge would do the rest. And Baburao read so fast and retained so much that his knowledge has become almost encyclopaedic today.

At seventeen when he failed in his Matriculation Examination, Baburao knew very little of the English language beyond the usual colloquial jargon picked up in Missionary schools. He knew very little Marathi and nothing of other languages. Today Baburao is considered a forceful and excellent writer in English, speaks and writes Marathi, Gujarati and Hindi equally well, converses beautifully in Urdu and often quotes Sanskrit verses from literary classics. That is what constant reading can do to a non-Matriculate boy in a little over thirty years—a truth my own father could have never realized in his simple, god-fearing farmer's life.

As a young man Baburao was always

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Women often begin with the necktie and then get at the throat. It always begins as a game and ends as a hunt. Balraj Sahni is getting his first taste from Roopmala in "Bazooband", a social theme directed by Ramanand Sagar and produced by Asha Biswas for Variety Productions.

known for his volcanic temper and desperate courage. He had also an overkeen sense of justice which often got him into quite a lot of trouble. As a lawyer I was anxious to make him conscious of the law of the land, for with Baburao's youthful brawn and muscle, there was always the fear of this hefty young man hitting someone or other in temper. I did this by telling him stories of my different court cases and exciting his curiosity to read several law books. Baburao has read a lot of law since and I believe that it was his early consciousness of law which laid the foundation of his present bold articles which have been constantly setting new problems to the legal advisers of the government.

Following his decision to enter business Baburao did a number of things. He started as a chemist; flirted with the cotton and share markets; sold matches, watches, photo goods, fountainpens; travelled all over the country as a film canvasser; wrote film stories; directed and produced motion pictures and did a hundred other things with little money in his pocket. All that he gained was a considerable knowledge of human nature and practical affairs due to his penetrating intellect and an acute and retentive memory.

He was always a young man with ideas being ambitious, hardworking and desperate. He kept floating and drifting but rowing hard all the time till after a number of initial disappointments, he started his "Filmindia", the magazine in which he finally discovered himself and in doing so earned for himself a commanding and respectable eminence all over the world.

ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS

Baburao's boyhood showed in a striking degree an outstanding moral quality of being absolutely fearless and bold. In illustration I shall record only two incidents that occurred to my knowledge.

Baburao was hardly seventeen when he happened to see a big, burly giant of a Pathan money lender manhandling in the usual Pathan moneylender's fashion one of his hapless debtors. Wherever there was a fight, Baburao never needed a second invitation. He intervened and saved the poor debtor. This made the Pathan very angry and swear vengeance against Baburao for frustrating his plan of recovering his loan without recourse to the law. Flourishing a knife, the Pathan uttered his usual threat to kill Baburao. Baburao, of course, threatened in return and soon purchased a big knife and carried it on his person. After that whenever Baburao and the Pathan crossed on the road, Baburao's knife would come out first threatening the Pathan. This went on for a few months. The Pathan began to wonder who this little devil of a boy could be to challenge the mighty Pathan. On inquiry the Pathan learned that he was my son. The Pathan moneylenders of Bandra had learned to respect me because of my success in the police courts where occasionally I had either to prosecute or defend a Pathan. The Pathan called on me and narrated the whole episode. The Pathan was easily assuaged but I needed all my wits to make my dare-devil son agree to call off the war.

The second incident is rather more important. Baburao was eighteen then. This was the time prior to the introduction of island platforms on the then B.B. & C.I. Railway suburban line. At this time a large number of European Military officers and soldiers were stationed on the Vakola Hill, a mile away from Santa Cruz. It was a Sunday and Baburao and I arrived at the Santa Cruz station at about 1 P.M., bound for Bombay. The heat of the day was very great. At the station we were all waiting for the train. The platform was all open except for a small shed near the ticket office. In this shed there was a solitary bench labelled "For Ladies Only". The platform was nearly full with waiting passengers among whom were a few Gujarati ladies draped in rich saris and loaded with ornaments.

The ladies were standing in the heat of the sun while the solitary bench in the shed intended for ladies was occupied by a few Europeans resplendent in their military uniform. One or two Gujarati gentlemen, evidently escorting the ladies, approached the Station Master requesting him to ask the Military men to leave the bench free for the use of the ladies for whom it was meant. The Station Master kept mum not being able to summon up the courage required for the job. Baburao was quietly watching all this. Feeling that the Station Master showed cowardice born of subjugation, Baburao — tall and full of vigour — went straight to the Military men and addressed them with a boldness, which drew the attention of all passengers: "Gentlemen, do you know you are using the bench meant for ladies?" Two or three army men shouted, "Who are you?" Baburao, of course, shouted back, "Will you first quit the bench? I shall tell you who I am afterwards." Seeing Baburao's courageous bearing the army men probably thought discretion to be the better part of valour and left the bench.

Instinctive chivalry, foolhardy courage, volcanic temper and extreme generosity to friends were some of the distinctive features of Baburao's character during his youth.

I may incidentally record here why Baburao calls himself Patel while I am Patil (Patel and Patil mean the same thing being the designation of my hereditary post as Police Patil of Boisar—and one is often used for the other in conversation). Baburao's proper name is Balkrishna Pandurang Patil. But he changed it to Baburao Patel telling me that he did not want to shine in the light of his father. That, I consider, was really brave. I wish every son of a father could follow Baburao. Baburao has made good his words.

At 81, I cannot now remember all that Baburao did in his early years. He was a problem child all right and never did I dream, even once, that this stormy petrel would settle down in life and achieve glory and eminence.

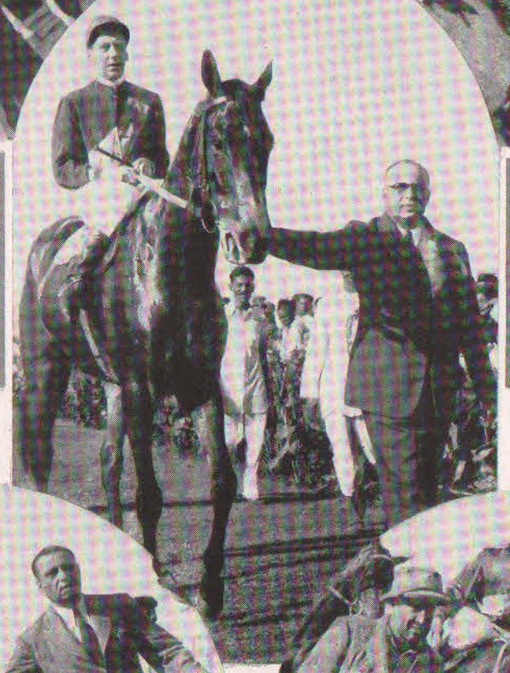
And for his success, for success alone could have kept this restless and dynamic man anchored to his present post so long, as his father I gratefully thank Baburao's million and odd readers spread all over the world.

"Gladhurst",
Santa Cruz,
26-1-1954.

Above: Leading in "Dhiban" an Arab.

Right: Leading in "Dark Destiny" after winning the Jasdan Cup on 23-1-1954.

Below: Leading in "Maid Of Honour" an Indian mare.



Above: Leading in "Peshawar Express" an Indian bred horse.

BOMBAY RACES

Below: Leading in "Filmindia", an Indian horse after winning the Gulam Hussein Essaji Cup.

The Stormy Petrel Of Films And Politics!

A Short Biography Of Baburao Patel!

By: RAMOO THAKKAR

(Jt. Hon. Secretary of the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee)

The twentieth century was in its infancy. On behalf of His Majesty King George V, Lord Curzon was misruling India as the Viceroy. But the Indian villages continued their placid existence with traditional nonchalance towards the rest of the world. And so did Maswan—a tiny, green village about seventy miles from Bombay whose paddy and pulses-scented air laid thick over the village free from the contamination of a single whiff of urbanity. Like any other village in India, Maswan was too busy with its own perennial problems of rain, sun and soil to bother about the existence of a Lord Curzon or a Lord Morley. Curzon wasn't the name of a crop and so it didn't interest the villagers of Maswan. The only Lord Maswan knew was the Lord in Heaven who sent down the rains every year.

Surrounded on all sides by a liberal ring of modest, disinterested mountains, the tiny village looked like a flowerpot inside a fortress. On its west flowed a moody, winding river called Surya which changed its complexion and character according to the season, while inside the village flowed a human stream of busy Banjaras, an ancient gipsy clan with perhaps no beginning and no end, comprising the village's preponderant population. The Banjaras continued to scrape the earth, hoe the weeds and stubbles, plough the furrows, sow the seeds, water the plants, sickle the crop and store the harvest. They also reared cattle and bred children and generally showed gold in the heart and iron in the fist—though sometimes some of them changed this order and indulged in murder and plunder displaying iron in the heart and gold in the fist. The Banjaras were classified by the British as a "Criminal Tribe" for some years and then as a "Backward Class". The Banjaras were illiterate but they knew the symbols and symptoms of Nature and made themselves good, sturdy farmers. And because of their hard work and industry they soon owned most of the lands they tilled.

In this tiny verdant village one day, in a cowdung-painted hut made of straw, sticks, ropes and mud was born Baburao Patel to a simple peasant mother, an enterprising father and in humble surroundings. Though the sun was their watch and the moon their calendar, the villagers of Maswan neither needed a watch nor a calendar—a little office near the village, the only link between Maswan and Lord Curzon, did have a calendar and it recorded the date of his birth as 4th April, 1904.

Born a full-blooded Banjara, Baburao Patel inherited all the characteristics of his race—intelligence, industry, intrepidity and adventure being the outstanding ones. On the humble hut fell the westerly shadow of a temple that stood facing the little hut a few yards away and the deep impress of religion which was formed on Baburao could perhaps have had something to do with this stony symbol of religion that ever stood guard on the little door of the humble hut. Coming into this world, at about 5-17 p.m. in the evening, he breathed the free and fresh air of a village and continued to do so for a good part of his childhood till he came to cherish nothing so much as freedom and freshness and became a natural enemy of hypocrisy and all that can be identified with it.

When scarcely an infant Baburao lost his mother and for ever missed that most sublime thing on earth which is a mother's love. From the village he was brought to Bombay to his father who had already crossed the little horizon of his village, educated himself and by sheer perseverance had become a brilliant and successful lawyer in Bombay. Baburao's illustrious father decided to abundantly provide his son what he had to discover for himself as an abiding necessity of life—education. So at the age of five Baburao went to school to stand at the lowest rung of the ladder of knowledge as prescribed and dispensed by the world for daily doses.

But Baburao, the little Banjara with the wild gipsy blood in his veins and the rustic air of freedom still fresh in his nostrils, didn't relish the restraint of a schoolroom and soon developed an allergy to school books which sent him wandering all over the little suburban town of Bandra—where his father was practising as a lawyer—except to the school where his father wanted him to go. Baburao grew hostility towards formal schooling and soon reached a stage when he finally had to prove either his love for text-books or his allergy to them. At the age of seventeen he appeared for his matriculation examination and failed, his allergy having proved stronger. And, no lover of hypocrisy, he soon made it clear to his father that whatever might be the shape of things to come in his life, it wasn't going to be the shape of a college. At seventeen, therefore, Baburao bid a hearty farewell to that phase of life in which young brains are docilely handed over to stern monologists who begin to fill them up with lessons with the crude rush and anxiety of 17th century pirates ramming explosives in their cannons. Baburao wanted to fill his brain his own way and so even as a young boy he left school and entered life.

STARTS ROLLING

Baburao hated idleness as strongly as he hated text-books. With the desire of standing on his own feet burning intensely and constantly in him, he knocked about for a while in hectic search of an honest living till he became a manufacturing chemist and ran a chemist's shop under the name of "C. Patel & Co". Whatever else Baburao got from this trade, being an earnest pharmaceutist he soon learnt a lot about medicine and physical ailments of human beings. But in a pharmacy he did not find what his earnest spirit vaguely desired and perhaps finding the pharmacy business too smelling a job, after some time he put away the chemical crucible and started anew his search for doing something useful and worthwhile.

With a restless spirit and a burning ambition to make good at something good in life he went from one place to another, changed jobs like shoes and tried his hand at practically everything only to realize everytime that his hand was meant for trying something bigger and better. In a quick and rather dizzy succession he joined a watch company speedily working his way up to be the manager of the company, joined a match-manufacturing company soon finding an opportunity to teach the company a few original lessons in pioneering, became an insurance salesman when insurance was more a growing, honest national industry than a racket, joined a photographic company and sold photo goods and did a dozen other jobs. Though thus he became a rolling stone, he was an unusual stone and was gathering plenty of moss in the shape of experience which he picked from the dust of the streets and the din of the various employments he had.

Later he joined M. C. Patel & Co., agents for Pathe Films, and toured India extensively as a film canvasser. During his tours he met a number of distributors, exhibitors and other people associated with the films and gained vast knowledge about the distribution and exhibition side

Mr. Ramoo Thakkar—an old colleague of Baburao Patel—is a veteran journalist and author of several books in Gujarati. Having worked together for years, Ramoo always says, "I saw it happen", whenever people try to tell him something new about Baburao. And he did.

of films. During this time he also wrote screen stories and sold basketfuls of them to the illiterate producers of those days. He wrote those stories for money and though he knew that they were nothing more than hasty and indifferent pieces of fiction, they helped him to fix up the level of intelligence in an industry which paid him for about hundred and fifty such indifferent pieces called film stories—the price ranging from Rs. 30|- per story to Rs. 500|-.

Having already learnt plenty about the facts and figures of the film industry, it was only a short step from film canvassing to film direction for Baburao Patel. In 1930 he joined the Maharashtra Film Co., and directed his first picture called "Kismet". A year later he produced for the Maharashtra Cinetone "Prithviraj Sanyukta". But Baburao was too original, earnest and impatient a worker to be able to work with dull and dim associates and so at last he launched his own production. He started a concern called Gandharva Cinetone and made a number of pictures including some well-known ones like "Mahananda", "Bala Joban", "Maharani", "Chand-Ka-Tukra". But luck couldn't keep pace with the speed with which Baburao rushed through life. He was soon in economic distress partly due to his wild optimism and partly due to his non-cooperative partners. Unable to pay the debts which suddenly piled on him through a conspiracy of circumstances and brought to bay by his own ungrateful employees whom he had nursed and trained for years, Baburao had to file his insolvency petition in 1935. He was declared insolvent and the Gandharva Cinetone closed down. By 1942, Baburao paid all these debts by calling on his creditors though he was not legally bound to do so. Baburao once again found himself at crossroads having covered a long journey in life and reached nowhere.

STARTS FILMINDIA

All this while, however, Baburao Patel had been running after some vague, undefined goal in life with his own speed but with the direction dictated by destiny. He kept on educating himself assiduously. He read voraciously for hours, days and months. He studied literature, philosophy, history, religion and any other subject which he thought he needed an acquaintance with. All this extensive study had made Baburao, the non-matriculate Banjara from Maswan, an intellectual with literary creativeness welled up in his imaginative mind. His creative intellect had already found expression in articles which he had started writing and sending to different newspapers and periodicals in the country since the age of eighteen. His first article on the Match Industry in India was published in a magazine called "Industry" from Calcutta, when he was only eighteen years old. When he stood declared insolvent officially, Baburao was left with only intellect and industry and with confidence in himself.

Having already given so many performances with the pen and conscious of the fact that he not only could express himself well but express himself explosively, Baburao Patel at one smiling moment of destiny decided to edit a magazine devoted to the film industry in India which he knew from personal experience stood in great need of advice and censure. So in April 1935 the first issue of a magazine, written by Baburao Patel and owned by his friend D. K. Parker, came before the public with sensation. The magazine was called "Filmindia" and it was a success from the very first issue. With Baburao's learned, critical and incisive writings, "Filmindia" soon became the Bible of the film industry while readers took to it like addicts running after a drug.

In July 1937, Parker took Baburao as a partner in "Filmindia" and together they formed the Filmindia Publications Ltd. After that "Filmindia" progressed with big strides and soon became a romance of triumph and success. Baburao's finely critical reviews of films, his frank revelations of facts in the film industry and his forthright comments on them, his rigid upholding of artistic and social principles regarding the films and his intrepid derision of so-called personalities who were holding back the progress of the film industry, and above all his sharp wit, infectious humour and his forceful language endeared "Filmindia" to millions of readers not only in India but in many other countries of the world.

"Filmindia" was the culmination of Baburao Patel's enterprise, the discovery of a definite road for a restless pair of feet and the opening of an intellectual outlet for a creative mind overflowing with thoughts and with new modes of expressing those thoughts in. Through the guidance of destiny having at last discovered himself in "Filmindia", Baburao Patel cast his anchor and proceeded to make history with "Filmindia". From then onwards the history of Baburao Patel is the history of "Filmindia" and the history of "Filmindia" is the history of Baburao Patel.

PROPHETIC WRITINGS

What Baburao Patel did and said through "Filmindia" can best be seen by following the stormy career of this magazine from its very beginning because with each issue in its 20-year old existence Baburao said something new, useful and forceful. If from a sheer jungle the Indian film industry has become at least a circus, it is solely due to Baburao Patel. Right from the theatre ushers to the censors nobody escaped Baburao's attention. "Filmindia" was always The Voice in the film industry and it also became an important voice in the country.

Early in 1939 during the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Indian Film industry, Baburao Patel was elected the President of the Indian Film Journalists' Conference, the first of its kind ever held in the country.

After waging a relentless, thunderous and successful fight against foreign anti-Indian films, Baburao Patel undertook a world tour in the same year and visited Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, France, Great Britain, America, Japan, China and many other countries. During this tour he lectured on Indian life, history and culture and through sensational press interviews attracted a lot of attention for India. The outbreak of World War II rushed him back within six months but he did for India in those few months what our ambassadors fail to do in years.

In 1948, he undertook another foreign tour though this time it was more for pain than for business or pleasure.

By now India had got her freedom but the country had escaped from the boot of the foreign intelligent tyrants only to fall into the hands of Swadeshi idiotic ones. Baburao, who has no patience with idiots and whose passionate gipsy patriotism knows no compromise, took up political criticism—fretting, fuming and storming in the interests of our people and country; slashing and skinning the topmost leaders most ruthlessly and setting up new standards of political criticism in the country. Many of his prophetic writings on politics, written years in advance of the tragic events, have come all too true. The trenchant wisdom and the prophetic vision of Baburao's political writings have made history and elsewhere in this issue are printed numerous opinions of professional politicians, members of the Parliament and legislatures, leaders of public opinion and many others—who, all in a chorus, extol the unique services to the country of this versatile and dynamic writer.

In 1954, at the age of fifty, Baburao Patel who is regarded as the father of film journalism in India, is as intrepid and industrious as ever and with all the events and successes of life is a full-blooded Banjara from Maswan and as such an enemy of sham and hypocrisy.

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Patel, The Voltaire Of India

By : WILLIAM DIETERLE

Mr. William Dieterle, Hollywood's world famous director, has given to the world great classics like "Life of Emile Zola", "Louis Pasteur", "Juarez", "Dr. Erhlich" etc. Some of his recent contributions to motion picture art have been "Portrait of Jeannie", "September Affair" and "Salome".

Is it really true that this firebrand, Baburao Patel celebrates his fiftieth birthday? Has he discovered the secret recipe of eternal youth? I would not be the least bit surprised if it were so. Like a well-cut diamond Patel has facets—all sparkling with fire.

I remember the first time I met him. In 1939 it was. There was talk then in Hollywood about a certain fellow from India who, in a rather outspoken way, was criticizing films in general and American films in particular. But Hollywood was and still is often criticized by all kinds of travelling crackpots that I did not give much attention to that talk about the Indian fellow until several days later he came to see me in the studio.

Meeting Patel who, in contrast to the average East Indian, is a tower of a man, was an event of extraordinary quality. That witty twinkle around a pair of dark eyes behind black-rimmed glasses, that boyish laughter of his that follows his own tales; that keen sense of observation, and his general acquaintance with motion pictures, aroused my curiosity about this man so much, that I asked him to come to the house one evening. There still another characteristic came to light; he was not—like the average East Indian—a vegetarian—on the contrary: he enjoyed good food. He was a housewife's dream of a guest; for he does not belong to that kind of men who cannot gobble down their dinner quick enough. He is a real connoisseur and does not hesitate to praise a good dish. I would not be surprised if he were a good cook himself; for only an expert knows to appreciate the art of good cooking. And how he spices the dinner with good tales! It is a pleasure to listen to him. In my opinion Patel is one of the best story tellers.

Later that night in the library I discovered still another Patel. I thought that—being a man from the East—he would not care about Western culture. But lo and behold! I could hardly keep him away from the books which surrounded us. His knowledge is immense. No wonder he embarrassed some of the people in the studios. Naturally Patel expects from men who speak so much about spreading the Western culture that they would have a bit of it themselves. To me he seemed a kind of a modern Omar Khayyam—in his philosophy, his way of living, his total personality.

As a maker of motion pictures I tried, of course, to learn from the man about motion pictures in India, and he too was trying to find out many things from me about European and American films. Contrary to many others I enjoy talking shop, particularly with a man who knows his metier. The conversation was often loud and heated. I did by no means agree with my guest with everything, nor did he with me. For instance, I did not, and still do not believe that motion pictures can be made responsible for the high criminality in America. Cain, to be sure, did not need a cinema for getting the idea of killing his brother Abel. This does not mean that I am not in favour of better films. My entire career was and still is focussed towards that goal. However, Patel has a different approach to this problem. May be he is right, who knows! After he left me that evening I thought I would never hear from him again.

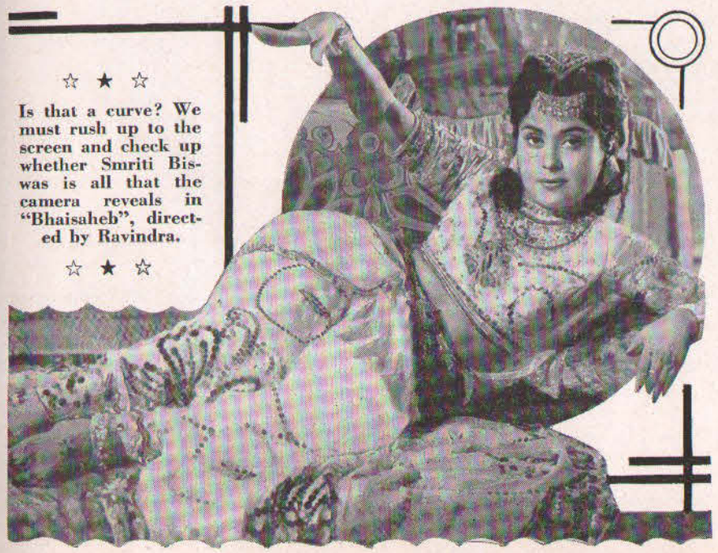
MAN WITH A SOUL

A few days later an urgent message reached me, by telephone, I believe it was: Patel was in trouble. The Germans had marched on Poland—the war was on. The last boat for India was about to leave San Francisco and there were still some technicalities to be straightened out. The danger of being held back here for a long time was threatening. The love of his family, of his country was eminent in every line, more than the dark outlook of being interned. Would I help him to get home?

Patel returned to India with the last boat. His letter from the ship belongs to one of the most precious ones of my letter collection. Here still another Patel appeared, one that had not shown at all while he was in Hollywood: a man with a soul. The fact that—without a moment's hesitation—I had helped him to get home, was to him the seal on a friendship which had started that other night in my library.

The letter closed with a genuine Patel phrase: "I would give my skin to make you a shoe if you ever should be in trouble." One might say, Patel could well afford it, he has enough skin; but on the other hand—I have enormously big shoes!

I naturally kept contact with Patel and became an ardent reader of his FILM-INDIA, a magazine as interesting as its editor. Needless to say, I was always anxious to see him in his own environments. At last, in 1952, while on my way to Ceylon to direct there "ELEPHANT WALK" I wired him that we, my wife and I, with a small crew were coming through Bombay. And there he was with his whole family waiting for us at the airport. In order to spare us the customary restaurant food, he brought from his home an excellent chicken lunch for all of us, nicely arranged on a decorated table, ready to eat. The joy of seeing him again was dimmed down by the fact that we could stay only 45 minutes. But —luckily—the plane needed some repair and, instead of 45 minutes it took 6 hours



☆ ★ ☆

Is that a curve? We must rush up to the screen and check up whether Smriti Biswas is all that the camera reveals in "Bhaisaheb", directed by Ravindra.

☆ ★ ☆

to fix whatever was wrong with the engine. Patel and his family were delighted, but the members of my crew were depressed about the delay. Hanging around an airport for hours in a temperature of about 108 is no fun. Patel, however, would not have been Patel, if he had not used this motor trouble to go immediately into action. Within a few minutes he arranged with the Customs and the Police that all of us could spend the hours till the departure in his home at Pali Hill. And what a host he was! The whole house was turned over to us. At last I could see how this man lives, where he works, what his family is like, and what his pastimes are. My wife said that she never in her life saw such beautiful flowers, and I agreed with her, though reluctantly, because I envied him that he could do so effectfully what I had always wanted to do and never found the time for. I am not lazy, but it seems like a miracle to me how he can accomplish so many things.

PASSIONATE LOVE OF INDIA

Now, one wonders how in the world can this man with a heart of gold have a tongue like a viper!—that some people even are afraid of coming near him. In my opinion it comes from the same source as his love for the good things in life. He hates the crooks because they hurt the people he loves. He hates bad films because the people get hurt by bad films. He fights for better pictures because he wants India's position in the field of motion pictures to be improved. You cannot fight in this world with kid gloves or by mincing words. Patel knows his industry, he knows to whom he is talking. In his relentless struggle for better films in India, Patel reminds me of Jacob wrestling with the angel: "I will not let thou go, till thou bless me."

He will never give in, that much is clear to all who know him; he will not rest until the films will be better. When in this struggle he sometimes seems anti-Western, while he owes so much to Western civilization, it can easily be explained: Seeing India's motion picture industry going headlong for Western films, instead of turning to their own national sources and trying to create a style of their own, he has to go overboard to clarify and simplify his case, even to the point of becoming nationalistic. Patel's central focus of life is India; his thinking, his actions are all part of his country. And his bitterness against bad films springs from that passionate love of India. There is the source of his hate against films a la Hollywood. Although in my opinion he is mistaken in this point, for it is not Hollywood's fault if others copy its films. And Hollywood cannot change because it reflects America as it is. Other countries —for instance Italy and Japan, prove that one can be enthusiastic about Hollywood films without falling victim to them.

Patel is 100 per cent right—India should not copy Hollywood. India, living under completely different climatic, religious, political and economic conditions needs another diet than Hollywood provides.

In spite of India's great historical past —the conditions of the country through no fault of her own are in certain respects not up to the present standard of Western civilization. It is tempting to compare it with the state of things in Europe of the eighteenth century. At that time Voltaire was letting loose his sharp tongue and pen to arouse the people's spirit for a better world. So Patel today in his own way tries to stir up the Indian people through his critical acumen, through his wit and his bitterness, demanding films of a higher standard, a standard that is of Indian making—equal to the rest of the world.

Summing-up: Patel is an extraordinary character, who speaks up fearlessly and says what he has to say; and nowadays more than ever it takes courage to say what is on one's heart. Even where Patel is mistaken—one must admit he is a courageous, wonderful man.

Baburao Patel is not 50 years old—he is 50 years young. The best of him is still to come. May the good spirits and our fervent wishes protect you Baburao—the film industry—your friends and, above all, India needs you.

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USHA KIRAN —

Not since the movies began has the province of Maharashtra given to the Indian screen such a talented and versatile artiste as Usha. Discovered by Amiya Chakrabarty, that cocksure Bengali director, this girl climbed to stardom step by step till she reached the top. Once again she graces the screen in "Badshah", a classic story produced and directed by Amiya Chakrabarty for Mars & Movies.

EDITOR'S MAIL

As if youth was not enough Chitra chooses to throw up a physical challenge to the filmgoers. This newcomer promises to make life interesting by her performance in "Chor Bazaar", a thought-provoking theme produced and directed by P. N. Arora for All India Pictures.

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

MRS. AMUL KRISHNAN (Madras)

My husband plays very well on a flute!

Does he collect any 'gopis'? The 'gopis' put divinity in Lord Krishna's flute, not the cows.

R. SANKARANARASIMHAN (Madras)

What happens to those wreaths placed by bigwigs at Rajghat?

Some flowers with a long life return to the clubs in the evening to decorate milady's hair. The rest become unwilling martyrs over a martyr's 'samadhi'.

K. M. L. SAXENA (New Delhi)

Did Miss Henderson act as a spiritual tonic to you?

Tonic be damned! She finished my bottle quicker than I did.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", what do you?

I prefer the bird in hand. I don't care for the colour of the plume.

M. K. PRIYADARSHINI (Kathmandu, Nepal)

With "filmindia" in hand I become the target of boys and girls alike on the street. Why so?

Are there boys left in Kathmandu? I thought all the Gorkhas had come to India.

MISS ROHINI PITALE (Bombay)

What do you see in Sumitra's eyes?

A Community Project with Family Planning! That girl is clever. She employs voluntary labour.

V. R. SHAMA IYENGAR (Mysore)

They say you have squint eyes?

They say but they don't see what I see. Squinting is an art of seeing things without being caught.

G. ANNAJI RAO (Kothagudium)

What do you think made D. F. Karaka go all the way to Surrey to meet Marie Stopes?

Karaka was married recently. Morarji delayed the consultation by cancelling his passport at the wrong time.

Is it true that some of our top film stars are going bankrupt these days?

They were always bankrupt because they never

There is murder in her eyes. God save the man. In that mood Kuldip Kaur looks like hell's angel. Watch her in "Mastana", a social tale directed by H. S. Rawail for Black & White Movies.

★

A good loser, Motilal smiles even in distress and the biggest distress of this dapper young-man is the four-day growth on his chin. Watch him in "Mastana".

★

Things have brightened up with Gope sandwiched between Kuldip Kaur and Motilal in "Mastana", produced by Black and White Movies.

kept money in the bank. When black money comes to the bank it dazzles the income-tax officers.

ABDUL WAHED (Nowgong)

Can there be a marriage for a month or for a day or for a night?

In Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi, there are white women who call themselves professional wives. They take over the man and his home when the married memsahibs go to England to get a baby.

KAZI AMIR HOSSAIN (Madras)

Whom to support, wife or mother, when both are equally wrong?

Blame both if both are wrong. Supporting something wrong is a wrong sentiment.

PRITHI PAUL SINGH (Chandigarh)

How many more years do you give yourself?

Ten years if I don't go to Kashmir!

Do you understand Punjabi?

Yes, and know Punjabis too.

Shall you also be weighed in gold on your Golden Jubilee?

A man who sells words is weighed in words.

G. B. S. said, "My way of joking is to tell the truth. It is the funniest joke in the world." What is your way?

Bernard Shaw was a nudist. I am an artist. I wrap a colourful towel round truth and bring it out of a bathroom and call it humour. Naked truth is never thrilling but the draped one is.

S. BANERJI (Lucknow)

Since the time I have seen "Patita", I see Usha Kiron every night in my dream. Why is it so?

That's because you are Bengali. Once a Bengali sees a woman she haunts him through days and nights.

J. RAI (New Delhi)

My wife is madly in love with you, I am afraid?

Let her love. I need some love. I have had no mother.

C. R. NATRAJAN (Bombay)

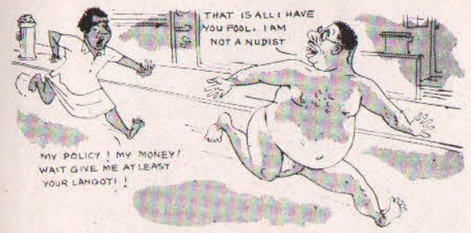
What is the purpose of having an editorial in every newspaper, which is of course rarely read?

That is the editor's daily bile. Unless he throws it out he cannot keep healthy.

K. S. CHARI (Kavarraipettai)

What is "surrender value"?

That is "Chore ki langoti" in life insurance—taking what little you get when the going is good instead of waiting for the company to go bankrupt and lose everything.



S. ESWARADHAS (Muthur, Ceylon)

What will a lady look like in the next century?

She will be dressed in cellophane and identified by her moles.

LAKSHMI KRISHNAN (Madras)

I begin the day with a broom and end with a broom. Odd, isn't it?

Not at all! Everyone begins the day with something, brain or broom. What you clean up between the two ends of the day is more important.

MANOHAR M. (Simla)

What sort of a lad the girls of today like?

A rich father's useless son, a poor father's successful son or a handsome gigolo without parents.

M. A. KRISHNAMURTHY (Howrah)

What is the dating system between boys and girls in Western countries?

That is the preliminary research before the final lurch.

In the U. S. once every 5.71 minutes someone gets assaulted. A robbery with violence takes place every 8.8 minutes, while once in every 40.3 minutes someone gets murdered. Once every 2.31 minutes a car is stolen and for every 1.12 minutes a burglary is perpetrated and a theft occurs every 25.6 seconds. Is this the America you saw?

That is the America Hollywood has shaped.

C. C. WARRIAR (Bombay)

Why do the orthodox Hindus consider feet more holy than the head?

The feet are on earth and within reach. The head is in the clouds.

What is wrong with the skin of a Negro?

It is charred in the oven. White men always like their dishes a bit underdone.

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SURESH GOVIND POTDAR (Bombay)

I have never seen a ghost?

Not even Amrit Kaur?

MRS. S. VARMA (Jabalpur)

Do you vote for ballroom dancing?

No! The steps of a fox-trot often end in a wolf's lair.

LAL N. DARYANI (Kalyan)

Mr. Patel, I heard that you have been hoarding money. What for?

Yes, but my bankers are film producers. So it is the stuff you can't take with you.

R. SHANKARAN (Madras)

Why are young men afraid of marrying career girls?

After a day's bread-hunt, a woman becomes too tired for a bed-stunt.

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Fort, Bombay.

Sabu came to India searching for adventure and he met the Sahus of Chembur. And that is how the Sahus dressed him for "Sauda", a jungle thriller directed by Sushil Sahu and produced by Kishore Sahu for Hindustan Chitra.

TIRTH K. KESWANI (Bombay)

Suggest a place in Bombay where I can find really cultured people?

Visit good second-hand bookshops! People who go there respect knowledge.

THOMAS D. E. W. (Begumpet-Dn.)

How many times have you read the Holy Bible to improve your English language?

Only once! Had I read it again, no one would have purchased "filmindia".

What prevents you from becoming a Christian?

The weekly procession to a church! I don't like God being the prisoner of a priest.

KUMARI PRATIMA BAILEY (Meerut)

Some people see Dilip in their dreams, others see Nargis and Nimmi but I always see you in my dreams. How is that?

Keep the dream at ceiling height. It is good for us both.

Naseem still looks very sweet. Why?

She eats rossogollas every night.

PREM THAKUR (Bombay)

What should an unmarried man prefer: self-abuse or a prostitute?

Both are evils! He should make friends with a Congress legislator. That will kill the desire and conserve virtue.

Have you seen ladies-in-waiting at Hornby Road arcades after dusk?

A man who always uses his wife as a blindman's stick has no eyes for the road.

NOT BLIND HE IS WALKING WITH HIS BLINKERS HIS WIFE SHUTS OUT THE REST OF THE WORLD POOR BOY!
SEE THAT IS BABURAO PATEL WALKING LIKE A BLIND MAN!

S. PRAKASH (Jullundur)

"India is not afraid of even Atom Bombs", says Pandit Nehru?

Dead men can't die. Can they?

Whenever there is a kiss in a picture I shut my eyes. What do you do?

I lick my lips. I am not scared.

K. B. LALL (Gwalior)

Where do the prayers of Hindus in Pakistan go?

They return to them like dead letters.

KEKI RUSTOM IRANI (Bombay)

What do you think when you see a pregnant beggar?

That woman does not live by food alone.

What is the Red Fort to Pakistan?

Red rag to a bull!

K. G. MATHUR (Ghaziabad)

Is it safe for me to marry a Punjabi girl?

A Mathur can try anything. It is the girl who has to worry when she stumbles over a Mathur.

What is romance without money?

Love without shopping.

How do you keep promises?

By never making any.

Were you ever defamed by a girl?

Girls defaming me? Heaven bless them! They add to my fame.

In Delhi we see girls with artificial breasts. What about Bombay?

We don't see these things in Bombay though we know them.

Your way of holding girls is typical?

Yes, it doesn't hurt them nor does it add to their score.

The Pandavas had one wife. Why?

They were keen on Family Planning. See, how old this idea is.

DERRICK BAILEY (Meerut)

How rich is Agha?

Rich enough to own two racehorses!

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S. V. RAMANAYYA (Vishakhapatnam)

If postmen are replaced by women?

Post offices will become scandal centres.

YOUR HUSBAND IS WORRIED IN CALCUTTA. SAYS YOU SHOULD STOP GOING TO CLUB WITHOUT HIM
YOU READ MY HUSBANDS LETTER, YOU POSTAL CAT?

ATAM VATNI (Delhi)

If a dog bites a white-capped hypocrite?

The dog will die of poisoning. A dog can never survive the blood of a hypocrite.

PREM CHANDRA SINHA (Arrah)

Whom does Nehru like to woo?

Nehru doesn't like to woo. He likes to be wooed. Nehru is a she-politician of India. All little dictators are she-politicians.

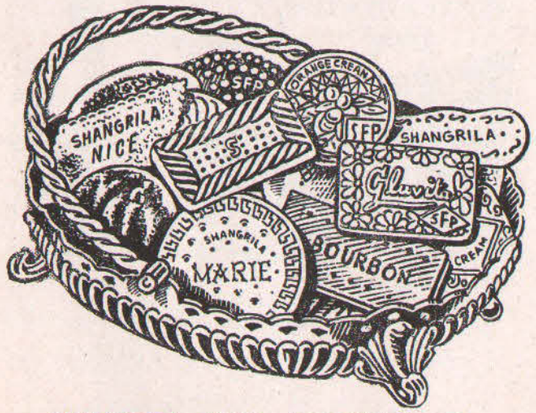
Do you like the philosophical truth in our Vice-President's speeches?

An old lie is not a new truth.

Are I. C. S. wives interested in politics?

Only in position and promotion politics!

SHANGRILA
BISCUITS



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R. N. SHIVPURI (Sahranpur)

You place so much importance on hard work but all persons who work hard do not attain success.

That's right! Luck is needed to get ultimate success but hard work comes first and all the time.

M. M. JOUHARI (Sahranpur)

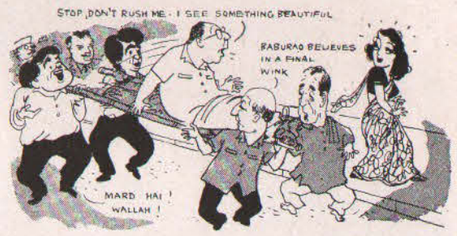
Whom do you consider to be the most practical leader of the day?

S. K. Patil! But they don't let him lead.

K. V. GOPAL (Secunderabad)

Does beauty always arrest your attention?

Attention? Beauty stops my travel towards eternity.



BALKRISHAN (Chandigarh)

Why don't they try the lie-detector on Lohia?

His lies are harmless. They don't kill, they entertain.

What should be the national language of India, after all?

The language of mass contact and common talk should be Hindi but for progress in science, commerce, industries and politics we must use English.

Are Khatau voiles really fine?

Anything that makes a nice girl look nicer must be fine.

H. S. DORASWAMY (Mysore)

Does God laugh?

His is the last laugh. And it is ugly, pale and chilly. It levels everything.

M. G. AJWANI (New Delhi)

You often advise the husbands to use a stick to maintain peace in a house. How many letters of protest have you received from the other sex?

Not one yet! Women like dominating men and love a stick in a lover's hand.

H. J. L. PAIS (Bombay)

I am hungry, Babs?

That is our national disease. Wear a Gandhi cap.

VASHDEV G. DAYALANI (Bombay)

What happened to the talking organization of "filmindia" readers?

It began with tall talks.

K. R. DHEER (New Delhi)

What happens at last in pen friendship?

The first sight destroys the illusion which distance had created.

BUT RAMESH, YOU CALLED ME TO MARRY YOU - THE LETTERS
YOUR LETTERS WERE BEAUTIFUL, I KNOW. I'LL SLEEP WITH YOUR LETTERS BUT NOT WITH YOU - PLEASE GO AWAY

H. L. SETHI (New Delhi)

What is this disease called love?

It is an old pickle left behind by the Lailas and Majnus of old to spoil the taste of our young boys and girls.

MISS VINODINI CHAUDHARY (Bombay)

So young Nehru is a year younger?

God bless him and may he get younger every year.

Does Raj Kapoor believe in idealism?

That is the rabbit he chased in "Aag", but the greyhound soon left the rabbit behind.

Y. B. SHUKLA (Kanpur)

How did you get such a deep knowledge about Anglo-Indian girls?

Research is always revealing.

MISS LINA MIRANDA (Mangalore)

Would you like to live in the "silence zone" or have you got the din of the city in your blood?

I have got the duck quack in my blood these days. Don't forget that I have a duck-dealing Parsi as my neighbour.

Baburao, I would gladly add two years at the end of each year to my age, if it would keep you young.

These Christian prayers merely burn the candles. Come and help me and add a month at least every year.

Did a desert island ever appeal to you?

What do you take me for—an ostrich? I have never landed on a desert without spotting the oasis first.

Do you remember you promised to kiss me?

Haven't they started an air service between Bombay and Mangalore?

Dr. Kailashnath Katju came here. He didn't make an impression. Why?

How can he make an impression with a Prem Nath nose?

What can I share with you, Babs?

Work! It gives as bad a backache as worship before an altar.

MRS. S. ZEENET (Sirpur)

In which part of India are men dominated by women?

In the married part of India!

C. R. KALYANASUNDARAM (Madras)

An advertisement reads thus: "Wanted a good-looking widow, Tamil, aged about 30, S.S.L.C. passed, etc." Why a widow?

The man has a conscience.

MANU G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

How fortunate you are to have an army of women admirers?

It is an invisible army. So my good fortune is hidden under a cloud.

Are you one of the brute majority of the Congress?

Yes, I criticize the Congress ruthlessly but vote for it blindly.

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Kindly give one good reason in favour of ballroom dancing?

A neighbour's wife in your arm! Reverse the plan and the reason becomes bad.

Which fascinates you more: a man's future or a woman's past?

A woman's past is an old tale. What's fascinating about it?

What is Miss Henderson cooking in England?

That woman always cooks her own goose.

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

Do you trust Sindhis?

The only Sindhi I trust is Metro's Butani. He is honest to a fault. Even his stupid criticism of me sometimes has to be accepted by me as his transparent honesty.

My dreams never come true! Any remedy?

Wash them in your perspiration.

Do dogs also wink?

They do and in such a kindly manner that they bring tears into human eyes.

Aren't Anglo-Indian girls dangerous when they become angry?

No! Anger spoils a design.

Baburao Patel never weeps?

He does but the dust of the road absorbs the tears of an orphan. Tears become pearls only when someone rushes to collect them in the crucible of love and affection.

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That is a new one Shashikala has adopted. His name is Sabu and he gives her some Hollywood thrills in "Sauda", a jungle romance directed by Sushil Sahu for Hindustan Chitra.

MRS. SUNANDA BAI (Bombay)

Do you think that modern girls can become good mothers?

With husbands, maids and missionaries holding the babies, where do the poor girls get a chance these days?

P. L. RAMANATHAN (Madras)

We South Indians love you. But you criticize us. Why?

Criticism is also another way of expressing love.

SUSHIL KUMAR (Jodhpur)

What is burning in you?

Time! We are likely to lose our freedom even before we realize that we are a free people.

R. P. MEHTA (New Delhi)

Do you believe in equal rights for men and women?

No! Equal rights can come only with equal responsibilities. Women don't want to share the responsibilities. They want all the fun without any liability.

HEM B. PRABHU (Bombay)

Voters often prefer the wrong candidates. Why?

Voters have no choice of candidates. They have the choice of parties. And that is the main trouble.

What have landlords discovered in Vinoba Bhave?

A saviour of taxes on barren lands.

What future has Dr. Radhakrishnan?

He has only to climb a step to fulfil his destiny. The man threw the thrills of life away.

Have you ever eloped with a girl?

I did so twice and failed. The girls didn't go back. They stayed behind and married me. Now I can't risk again.

Do you think like Prithviraj that there is an age for every vice?

He ought to have fixed an age for hypocrisy also.

What is your sincere advice to Jayaprakash?

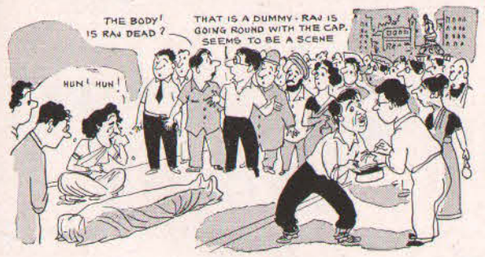
Follow Sane Guruji. Impatience is the virtue of the great.

What does Sir H. P. Mody think of you?

People in Sir Homi's position don't think loudly about individuals.

What if Nargis starts weeping suddenly at Flora Fountain?

People will want to know what happened to Raj.



SUBASH J. RELE (Bombay)

Who discovered Vinoba?

He rose from Gandhiji's funeral pyre.

Is Begum Para clean?

Well, you can always wash her. She doesn't mind water in small quantities.

Suppose you tell Morarji that he is a mule?

I did but he doesn't agree. That is the trouble with all mules.

What does the pendulum of a clock tell you?

That Pakistan is arming and we are wasting time.

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ROYAL OONIM:— A Dramatic Discovery for the preservation and restoration of **Sexual Vigour & Vitality.** A scientific preparation of hormones vitamins and nerve nutrients presenting the sex hormones physiologically balanced in tablet form for the treatment of all signs and symptoms of declining sex hormone function. Remarkable sense of renewed mental and physical vitality is a notable feature of the treatment. Not a temporary stimulant, but for gradual and complete rejuvenation. Prepared separately for Male and Female. Price per container of 63 tablets, Rs. 50: full course of 12 weeks, 252 tablets Rs. 200.

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Why did the Congress change the date of the Kalyani session to coincide with Netaji's birthday?

They killed one dead with another and the Bengalis forgot Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee and applauded Nehru.

People say you don't like Siamese girls?

Not the twin variety! I am a shy type. I don't like a crowd.

Please say something about David?

David is a serious man trying to be humorous to make himself acceptable to the world. That is a tragic role to play in life.

When do lips stick?

Between the engagement and the marriage!

When an Anglo-Indian girl blushes on seeing you what conclusion would you draw?

I have not yet seen an Anglo-Indian girl blush without rouge. If you meet one who blushes, propose to her. You will get a thrilling wife.

Has a prostitute any virtue to sell?

Yes! The price she pays for a meal shows the generosity of her heart and the meanness of the world around her. How many rich men pay so handsomely for a meal?

Do Anglo-Indian girls love you?

Only in the first week of a month!

Do the wives of I.C.S. officers celebrate their birthdays?

In Delhi government contractors and blackmarketeers celebrate the birthdays of these dames.

How do women argue?

They nurse notions and try to drive home convictions.

What's Wall Street?

American Dalal Street where they shout the stocks and shares up and down.

Do Anglo-Indian girls melt?

No, they sweat.

Are you serious when you say that you worship Allah?

What's wrong in that? Are there also different gods for different religions?

What is a whisper to Nargis?

Her whole existence is one long whisper.

I want Nigar Sultana's address?

Dr. Ambedkar Road, Pali Hill, Bandra.

What happens when sex is capitalized?

You collect dividends from the cradle.

TRIPLETS? WHY DON'T YOU KEEP AWAY FROM ME YOU LITTLE SHRIMP?
KEEP AWAY, MY DEAR, WITH ALL THOSE VOWS OVER THE HOLY BIBLE? UNTO DEATH WE MUST BE TOGETHER. THAT IS TRUE CHRISTIANITY

People say your success is based on a lot of accidents?

Lucky accidents caused by prayer!

Easiest way of winning a Sindhi girl's heart is.....?

Proposing marriage! Sindhi girls love their homes and husbands.

What sort of love a college girl indulges in?

Book-love! Hook-love will take her to the hospital.

Should an Anglo-Indian girl keep a diary?

No! A diary often gives one a conscience. Conscience will kill an Anglo-Indian girl. She mustn't risk it.

What happens when pregnant stars work?

Insure with

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They make the audience pop-eyed.

Do you know what a sophisticated girl loves most?

She loves a lot of talk before an act and a lot of it after. The act must be an absent-minded accident to be described next day with, "Really? I didn't realize it."

Can you please name one advantage of blowing one's own trumpet?

You can fill your ears with your own noise and not hear the abuse of others.

Are Punjabis lazy?

No, but they often work at wrong hours.

What effect has dating on Anglo-Indian girls?

It keeps their weight steady and eyes sparkling.

MARTIN D'SOUZA (Mercara)

What is the sort of compliment that means most to you?

When a man buys a copy of "filmindia" and says that he gets more than his money's worth in doing so, I like the compliment.

ARJAN D. BHARWANI (Bangalore)

Do you see wives of certain husbands dancing with the husbands of other women?

Yes, that is cooking on a sun-cooker, leaving the home stove unlit.

What is there in store for Sheikh Abdullah?

He will be released when they need a leader to fight Pakistan. And we shall lose Kashmir all over again.

What is Mehboob's latest plan?

Mehboob's plan has to wait till Madhubala's design has been finished.

What were the first words uttered by Eve to Adam?

"Oh, what a man!" But by that time Adam was fast asleep.

Please let us know something about Dolly Nazir?

Not a bad lifebuoy in distress! You could do worse.

MANAT MATHYAKOM (Bangkok)

Why is an Indian picture incomplete without a song?

India is a land of music and every Indian travels from the cradle to the grave to the rhythm of music.

RAM G. MANSUKHANI (Bangalore)

What is lip sympathy?

That is a kiss without a purpose.

JAGDISH JAIN (Hapur)

When do Americans love Negroes?

When the white Americans begin their Ku-Klux-Klan scalp dance.

PREM CHAND (Mussoorie)

If we cannot have what we like, must we like what we have?

You will avoid ulcers if you learn to like the things you get.

JOGINDAR SANDHU (Behla, E. Punjab)

Can inferiority complex be cured?

Yes! Face the problem that gives you the complex. As a young man I used to get tongue-tied in the presence of Europeans. One day a white man abused me. I lost my temper, turned round and hit him and abused him. My performance shocked me more than my victim. Since that day no white man could hold my tongue.

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Ajit Prakash plays the title role in "Swami Vivekananda" and looks it every inch.

The Master and the Disciple enact an immortal romance of spiritualism in "Swami Vivekanand", a saint's biography produced and directed by Amar Mallik for Amar Mallik Productions.

N. KRISHNAMURTHI (Bombay)

I think women make men loveable. What do you say?

They make the men go out and face things.

D. M. KALE (Bombay)

The popularity of the swimming pool at the Shivaji Park has come down by about 25%, they say. What does this indicate?

The percentage of its salty contents seems to have gone up.

TILAK RAJ JAGGI (Bombay)

Are you in favour of stopping the dowry system in India?

I like the dowry system. It prevents marriages and thus stops the growth of population.

MISS C. CHANDIRAMANI (Bombay)

What is the religion of a bed?

A bed has no religion, it has only an emotion.

KANTHIAH M. (Secunderabad-Dn.)

What is your taste in literature?

I like words to frame thought and tell life stories. I am too old for fairy tales and flowery words.

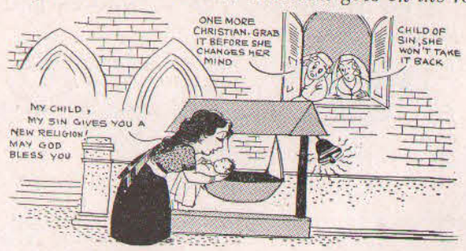
How long is the journey from the cradle to the cemetery?

Those in a devilish hurry turn the womb into a grave and pass into another world without even nodding at us.

D. K. DARWHEKAR (Nandura, M.P.)

What should an unmarried woman do if she has become pregnant?

Outside every Christian Convent there is an empty cradle with a bell attached. The bell wakes up Christ and one more Christian goes on the rolls.


ONE MORE CHRISTIAN. GRAB IT BEFORE SHE CHANGES HER MIND
CHILD OF SIN, SHE WON'T TAKE IT BACK
MY CHILD, MY SIN GIVES YOU A NEW RELIGION! MAY GOD BLESS YOU

M. S. LULLA (Bombay)

Does success with women show that a man is intelligent?

Bandboys and gigolos are also very successful with women.

V. K. JOGLEKAR (Belgaum)

I am as happy as you are, although my wife is ugly and yours a beautiful one. Any comment?

A good wife is a goddess of a home. Can a goddess be ugly?

SHANTA AYENGAR (New Delhi)

Usually how does love terminate?

Usually it is buried in a marital bed. It is a burial without mourners.

D. A. AJWANI (Bombay)

What would you like to do if a girl tries to steal your heart?

I wear my heart on my sleeves, so there is nothing to steal.

What can I do to get a good night's sleep?

Take two tablets of 'Cyclonal' manufactured by May and Baker Ltd.

B. L. KHETARPAL (Simla)

Even the most virtuous wife is very often nagging and sometimes a menace too. You are really lucky as this does not appear to be the case with you?

Wisdom is a part of a woman's virtue. A nagging wife is not at all virtuous. Virtue does not mean merely loyalty in bed.

MOHAN P. KULKARNI (Bombay)

If you had not been so successful in life, would you have believed in God?

I arrived where I am now because of my belief in God. It is in success that man throws away the lamp of faith and loses his way.

Do you belong to Bombay's 'elite' society?

How can I belong to a society in which I was not born? I am the village boy who came to the city to get a living.

RAJAN A. R. (Bombay)

Please tell me the nearest way to heaven?

At Sion, natural highways are not many. Try the B. E. S. T. bus.

MRS. MOHINDAR P. AHLUWALIA (Baroda)

Will patience and perseverance ever enable me to carry water in a sieve?

Yes, if you wait till the water freezes.

INDUMATI I. KHEDKAR (Bombay)

Please say something about Silvano Mangano, the Italian star?

She is a mother of two children.

Would you advise young educated Maharashtrian girls to become air hostesses?

Why not? They will at least be sober and clean.

R. K. VELLANKI (Bombay)

Oh, Babs, do you see what I see?

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I don't! I see only your clumsy handwriting which reveals your confused mind.

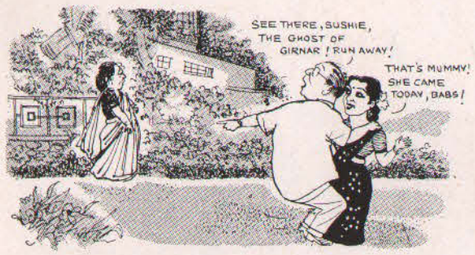
J. RAGHUNATH (Bombay)

If your wife suspects you, what will you do?

Wives who see don't suspect. My wife sees.

Does a ghost frighten you?

Sometimes, when I am not warned in advance.



G. KRISHNAMURTHY (Robertsonpet, K. G. F.)

How will you spend your last days?

A working man has no last days. He has only a departure.

V. K. JAUHAR (New Delhi)

Do the film producers learn anything from your criticism?

They coin new abuse and teach others.

MADAN MAHINDROO (New Delhi)

I have tried to love my neighbour but without any response. Any tips?

Well, you can't convert everyone into a Christian. Send her the Bible, marking the commandment.

NAYAN SHAH (Ranchi)

Who was that big fool who invented kissing?

He must be a man with the same height as the woman and probably couldn't help the accident.

JAGDISH G. SAMBRANI (Dharwar)

If I say I am married, will you believe?

Why shouldn't I? That is one funeral in which the dead man talks.

What per cent of the cost of "filmindia" goes on raw materials?

The production cost is 62 2/3%, the agents take 33 1/3% and the gross profit is 4%. The net profit after meeting office expenses raises a blush.

B. K. LALDAS (Madras)

How does a lady differ from a woman?

Every doubtful woman is a lady, though the reverse may not be always true.

E. R. SRINIVASAN (Hyderabad-Dn.)

If a hungry man steals bread, is it a crime?

Yes! Hunger doesn't make the act virtuous.

Why do you talk as though you were in the evening of your life?

Is fifty a dawn of life in a country where the average expectancy of life is only 32 years?

Shashikala seems to have arrived at the cross-roads of destiny while meeting Sabu in "Sauda", a romantic tale directed by Sushil Sahu for Hindustan Chitra. Let us hope she sticks to the old, well-trodden path.

Do names smell?

Daruwalla does.

Has Kardar cleared your debts?

Not yet! That man wants to live in India and the money he owes me is the best excuse for doing so.

S. D. SHUKLA (Kanpur)

Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari says: "During the first days of his marriage a newly married man thinks that his wife is the only beautiful thing in the world." What happens afterwards?

He becomes a good Christian and begins to take notice of his neighbours.

M. L. DHAR (New Delhi)

If Naseem were only seventeen?

She would have been the heroine of Filmistan's "Anarkali".

M. H. LALVANI (Bombay)

"Lives of great men all remind us ....." What do they remind you of?

Those old reminding great men are not born these days.

MISS DURU KRISHNA (Kuala Lumpur)

Which is the best way to slim?

Sleep on the dining table instead of eating from it. A hard bed on empty stomach is the only way to drop weight.

R. ATMARAMAN (Madras)

What is your advice to the manufacturers of illicit liquor?

Criminals don't need advice, they require severe punishment.

I dreamt that you were talking with Gandhi?

Don't be in such a devilish hurry.

MISS RANJANI RAO (Mangalore)

What do fifty years of experience taste like?

My life is now a pickle of pain and pleasure. One taste in the mouth brings another taste in the mind and a smile often assumes the complexion of a sigh.

MRS. NALINI N. KATVI (Bombay)

What will a pickpocket do if he were let loose in a nudist colony?

He could use the curves for sharpening his blade.

MRS. S. N. KHOSLA (Simla)

Why is a newspaper boy never cold?

Because there is fire burning inside the stomach.

JANARDHAN RAGHUNATH (Bombay)

Which is the most comfortable dress in the world?

The Indian shirt and the dhoti. They help you to practise nudism legally.

BHAGWANDAS SHOULD WEAR GARTERS
BHAISAHEB, I AM A POOR MAN WHO WANTS SOME FREE BREEZE
ARRE BHAGWANDAS, FIX YOUR DHOTI WITH GARTERS

What do you think of a foreigner when he says that "Nehru is the greatest and noblest of modern statesmen"?

A foreign chit is always a draft on our national bank.

SHEO NARAIN SHIVPURI (Delhi)

Which emotion is a woman capable of expressing more strongly: love or hatred?

A woman is cast in the mould of a mother. Her hatreds, therefore, will be short and her loves long.

C. G. RAJAN BABU (Madras)

What is the idea in being engaged before marriage?

It gives the neighbours of both the parties an opportunity to make a list of the defects of the would-be bride and the bridegroom and provides the other side with information and their own views. This often saves people from marrying the wrong ones.

M. S. GORHE (Bombay)

Who was your spiritual godfather?

Poverty has only hunger to bless and inspire.

H. K. DEO (Dar-es-Salaam)

Do you remember Padma Devi?

I never forget my old friends.

A. R. KHAN (Hyderabad-Dn.)

I am an Indian first and Indian last. So, what difference does it make to me if India ceased to be a secular country this day?

That is the spirit. But don't worry son, India has always been a secular country and will always be one. Our secularity is not an invention of the Congressmen, though they say so by emphasizing imaginary communalism.

A. J. S. AHLUWALIA (Simla)

I have decided to become a Communist !

May you be as great as Stalin!

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R. SYAMALA DEVI (Madras)

Who is a self-made man?

The man who enjoys the respect of his banker.

K. A. PATTANA KRISHNAN (Madras)

Against what were you weighed on your birthday?

Against my wives! I still weighed more.

B. L. SRINIVASAMURTHY (Bangalore)

How to end a nuisance?

Claim it as your own. Resistance ends nothing.

P. S. EASWARAN (Calcutta)

Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed is spending Rs. 80|- a day on the imprisoned Abdullah?

Isn't that cheaper than allowing Abdullah to spend Rs. 80,000|- on a Cadillac car?

How to get Padma Vibhushan?

Join a hill tribe and visit us as its king.

They say that you are a cloistered monk?

Yes, but a much married monk. That is a different religious order.

What do you think of the Indo-Ceylon Pact?

Let us make a beginning. We can always improve on it.

T. S. RAGHAVAN (Bombay)

Can we take racing as a hobby?

Racing means gambling and gambling is a vice. Can a vice be a hobby?

MRS. UMA JAIN (Delhi)

My husband has refused to see any Indian picture for the last one year. Could you please tell me what he is missing?

He is missing boredom.

T. C. DANDEVA (Rewari)

What opinion do you hold of Mrs. Roosevelt?

I respect all mothers—good or bad!

May I know your list of don'ts?

Do what you are afraid to do and don't what you would love to.

MOHAN S. LULLA (Bombay)

Is it possible to achieve outstanding success in the world without harming anyone?

That depends on the profession you choose. If you become a critic you can't help hurting people but if you become a sweetmeat seller, you hurt no one even if you give people diabetes.

Do you believe that destiny is unalterable?

Yes! Had it not been so, the Devil would have ruled this world.

S. GOPALKRISHNAN (Bombay)

After having visited your residence, one of my friends remarked, "If there is a heaven in Bombay, it is in "Girnar". Can I verify this statement?

On any Sunday morning by previous appointment! But don't look for angels because there are none in "Girnar".

K. ARAVINDA (Madras)

An onion a day .....?

Keeps the wife away! A useful accessory in family planning.

BUT YOU GAVE ME THE ONIONS TO EAT AND NOW YOU THROW ME OUT OF THE BEDROOM ?
YES, I DONT WANT TO GROW YOUR ONIONS INSIDE ME. NOW GO AND SLEEP OUT !

C. MAHARUDRAN (Bijapur)

What should a man do if he is unfortunately married to a girl whom he previously disliked the most?

Isn't that a greater reason to show his true manhood by accepting his destiny with manly grace?

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V. M. RADHAKRISHNAN (Bombay)

Do you regret your entry into this world?

I couldn't help it but I worked hard to justify my father's mistake.

Is it bad to write love letters to a married woman?

It is a crime that will land you in jail.

Why do some ladies smoke?

Frozen sex needs heating.

Why are Americans constantly haunted by the fear of Communism?

All rich people are afraid of thieves.

MRS. PRAKASH (New Delhi)

Five years ago I alone used to ask you questions. And now at least 20 friends of mine ask you questions. Can you guess the reason?

I know the reason. You have deprived me of twenty buyers. And you call me a brother.

Be frank, Mr. Editor, and tell me, don't you wish you were young again?

No! Age gives a taste which takes youth years to discover. I don't like to go back to the raw mouth. The liquor of life is tastier than the milk of minors.

What is a 'panoramic' screen?

Blood transfusion to the box-office! These temporary aids won't help the patient.

What is Baburao Patel's definition of a woman?

The one in hand is a woman, the one in view is a prayer and the one in the dream is a goddess.

What is the relation between Kedar Sharma and Geeta Bali?

In this land of saints man and woman are brother and sister till they are married. And the woman is a virgin in addition.

What is a 'Nanga Sadhu'? Why does he remain naked!

Air-conditioning!

What is the status of the Emperor of Japan these days?

He is the Japanese Rajpramukh.

I am suffering from asthma since eight years and have tried a hundred and one medicines, but with no effect. Should I think that it is an incurable disease?

Yes, but you can get a lot of relief if you take your last meal of the day at two in the afternoon, eat nothing till next morning, keep your bowels clean and take two tablets of Soda Mint before retiring.

Gope has never smiled after his marriage and he carries his cynical mood to the screen in "Mastana", a romantic tale directed by H. S. Rawail for Black & White Movies.

KHUSH AJWANI (Poona)

Did you ever find a company of women that was perfectly silent?

Yes, once! They were wondering how one of them had become pregnant without marrying. Women think in the presence of sin and thinking makes them silent.

ALL SILENT! WATCHING KAMLA AS IF THEY HAD NEVER SEEN A WOMAN PREGNANT!
THEY ARE WAITING TO BURST OUT. THEY DON'T KNOW I HAVE MARRIED HER

How many types of guests are there?

The invited bores and the uninvited bores! In India hospitality needs divine patience.

DARSHAN SINGH KARKI (Lucknow)

If a wife belongs to many social organizations what does it indicate?

That the husband is lonely and the children are neglected.

S. RAMAKRISHNAN NAIR (Kozhikode)

I am now in a state of to-be-or-not-to-be in my married life. Please advise me?

Be! 'Not-to-be' will take you to Nehru politics and you will begin to preach peace.

SHYAM SUNDER NAYAK (Satna, V. P.)

Have you ever come across a romantic beggar?

Without romance we wouldn't have little beggars.

KUSHAL SINGH (Madras)

Can a woman refuse to become a mother?

Yes, but that needs wisdom and courage and a wise husband.

CHANDU KOTECHA (Kamuli, Uganda)

If oxes gave milk?

Prohibition would be a success.

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The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 290|- and one copy of "Grey Dust"; 2nd Prize: Rs. 190|- and a copy; 3rd Prize: Rs. 90|- and a copy; 4th Prize: Rs. 70|- and a copy; 5th Prize: Rs. 40|- and a copy; 6th Prize: Rs. 30|- and a copy; 7th Prize: Rs. 20|- and a copy and 20 Consolation Prizes of one copy of "Grey Dust" each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes. Questions should be neatly written or typed if possible. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes the Editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

1st Prize to Subash J. Rele (Bombay); 2nd Prize to Miss Lina Miranda (Mangalore); 3rd Prize to Khush Ajwani (Poona); 4th Prize to P. S. Easwaran (Calcutta); 5th Prize to Prem Thakur (Bombay); 6th Prize to D. K. Darwhekar (Nandura, M. P.); 7th Prize to C. C. Warriar (Bombay) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:—M. K. Priyadarshini (Kathmandu, Nepal); Abdul Wahed (Nowgong); Kazi Amir Hossain (Madras); S. Banerji (Lucknow); S. Eswardhas (Muthur, Ceylon); Thomas D. E. W. (Begumpet-Dn.); Kumari Pratima Bailey (Meerut); S. Prakash (Jullundur); K. R. Dheer (New Delhi); Manat Mathyakom (Bangkok); Prem Chand (Mussoorie); Jogindar Sandhu (Behla, E. Punjab); Kanthiah M. (Secunderabad-Dn.); V. K. Joglekar (Belgaum); B. L. Khetarpal (Simla); Mrs. Mehindar P. Ahluwalia (Baroda); J. Rai (New Delhi); Rajan A. R. (Bombay); C. G. Rajan Babu (Madras) and S. Ramakrishnan Nair (Kozhikode). Money orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.

THE PICTURE PARADE

●

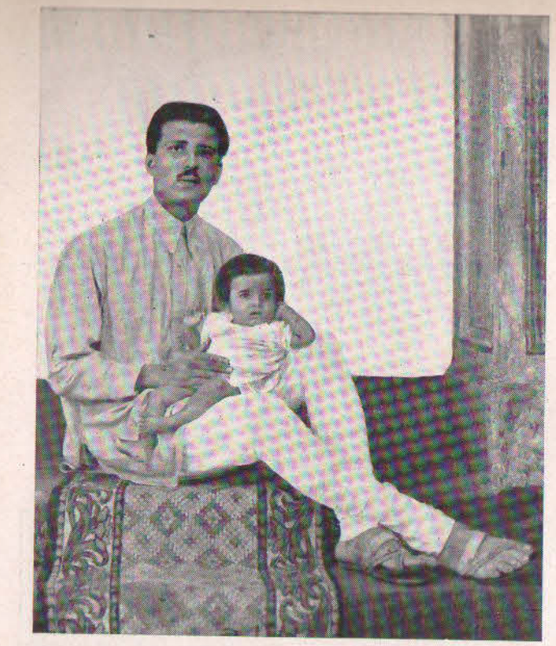
No one even dreamt that a village boy from the gipsy clan of Banjaras would ever rise to such heights as to deserve a Golden Jubilee. Struggling orphans have neither birthdays nor festivals nor any press photographs. As many photographs, therefore, as could be found are reproduced here.

★ ★

1904 Baburao was only seven months when on the occasion of Diwali, his peasant mother Jamuna spent Rs. 3|8 and utilized the skill of an itinerant village photographer.

1911 At seven, Baburao was photographed with a book in Bombay. And books ultimately decided his destiny.

1922 In April Baburao married Shirin, the daughter of Motiram Dhurandhar, an architect of Santa Cruz. It was an early inter-caste romance which all cursed then but has lasted 32 years now.



1927 Baburao's third child—Suryakant was only nine months old when this photograph was taken. Not a proud father but a worried one! Note the right-foot 'chappal' with a yawning sole. The photographer was a friend. He didn't send his bill.

★

1928 Baburao was very fond of cricket, the game which made him dislike his text-books in school. His love for the game continued through youth and here we see him (in the centre) as the captain of the Agfa-Continental Cricket Team. Baburao was then working as sales and publicity man in the Agfa Photo Company.

★

1930 This photograph was taken at Kolhapur at the famous Maharashtra Film Company, the pioneers of film production in India. Baburao was then directing "Kismet", a silent picture for the company. The heroine of the picture, Sunita Khan (in the centre) was the first German artiste ever to have worked in an Indian picture.

1930 The hero that was selected for "Kismet" —one boy named Das—knew little about make-up. So Baburao showed him the way.

1939 On June 22, Baburao left on his first world tour by S. S. Conte Verde, to protest against anti-Indian films.

★

1939 July 7, Mr. S. Balboni, Manager of the Cinecitta, the biggest film studio in Rome, Italy, shows Baburao Patel around the studios. The then Fascist Minister of Public Culture H. E. Alfiero Dino gave a special reception to Baburao at which an Indian film, the very first ever taken to Italy, was shown to the Italians.

1939 When the Indian Film Industry celebrated its Silver Jubilee, Baburao Patel was unanimously elected as the President of the Indian Film Journalists' Conference, the first of its kind, under the auspices of the Indian Motion Picture Congress. Here he is with the Hon. S. Satyamurti, Congress leader, on his right and Mr. K. M. Munshi, the then Home Minister of Bombay, on his left. Mr. K. Natarajan inaugurated the Conference.

1939 July 19. In Berlin, Baburao was the personal guest of Hilde Krahl, famous German film star, working with Tobis Films of Germany. A bright little soul, Hilde was considered to be the most emotional actress of the German screen.

1939 August 15. In London the Gramophone Company showed Baburao their huge factories where they make the famous HMV records. The Gramophone Company holds a virtual monopoly of this business in India.

1939 July 24. At the Bauer Factory in Stuttgart, Engineer Rudolf Sigloch and Helmut Rauschenberger explain things.

1939 September 13. In New York with Mr. Herbert Yates, President of the Republic Pictures of America and Chairman of the Consolidated Laboratories of New York. On extreme right is Mr. Babubhai Jani of Bombay.

★

1939 September 28. (Top) Baburao trying to convert Margot Graham, a Warner star.

★

1939 September. (Right) Baburao between Alice Faye and Don Ameche — famous Hollywood stars.

★

1939 September. (Below) "What's the time?" asks George Raft. It was drinking time for both.

★

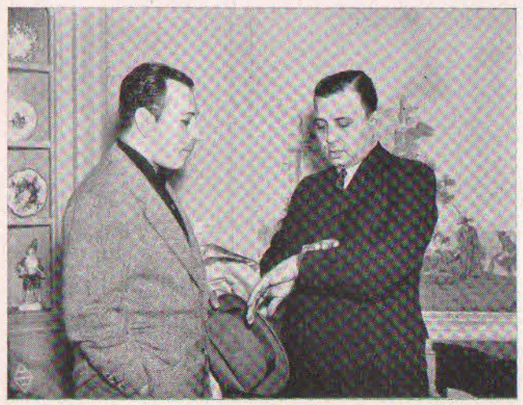
★

1939 September. (Top) It is not warm but comfortable between Gloria Dickson (left) and Lya Lees (right)—both Warner stars.

★

1939 September. (Below) Friend Alan Hale died but they remained friends till they parted.

★



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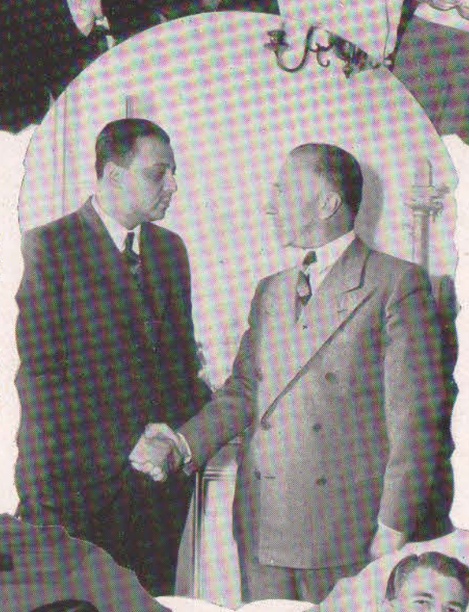
1939 September. (Top) With Humphrey Bogart in a serious conversation.

1939 October 9. Harry Warner, President of Warner Brothers, welcomes Baburao to his studios and to Hollywood.

★



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1939 September 30. (Top) At the R.K.O. Studios. From left: Director George Stevens, Ann Shirley, Baburao Patel and Brian Aherne. George wanted to know why Baburao got his "Gunga Din" banned.

★

1939 October. Here is another cowboy beauty from Warners, with work and mud on his face, explaining things to Baburao.

1939 October. Ronald Reagan, President of Screen Actors' Guild and a good speaker, speaks with another good and witty one.

★

1939 September 28. Above: With Director William Keighley on the sets of "The Fighting 69". On extreme right is Louis Ogull, the Press Agent.

Right: "Why don't you work in the movies?" asked James Cagney. Baburao wonders.

★

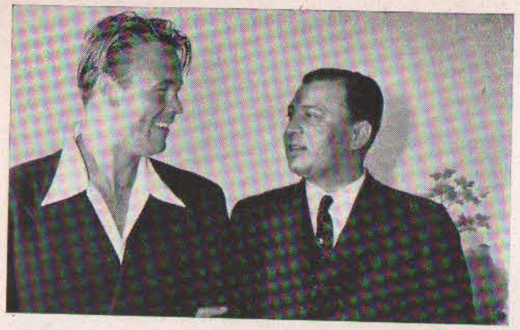
★

1939 August 16. At Denham Studios, England. From left to right: Sir Alexander Korda, Baburao Patel, June Duprez and Sabu on the sets of "Thief of Baghdad".

★

1939 September 29. With Gene Autry and Mary Carlisle at Republic Studios, Hollywood.

1939 September 28. With Hal B. Wallis, Production Chief, Warner Studios, Hollywood.



1939 September. Hollywood stars—big and small—flocked round Baburao to hear him tell his usual stories.

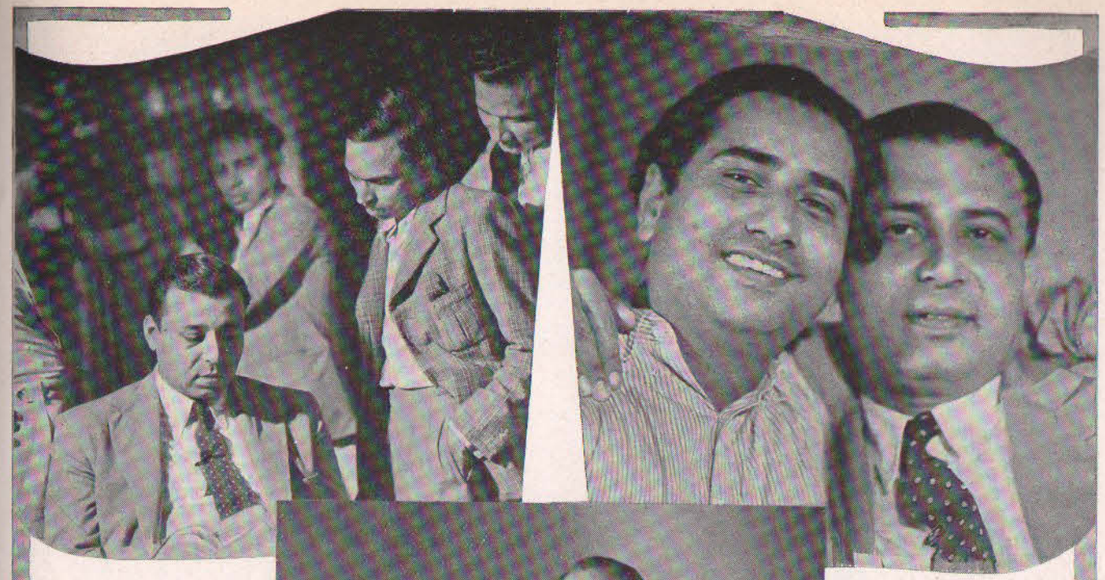
1939 September. This new charmer likes Baburao's witty remarks particularly and comes closer and closer.

1939 October. On board the "Kamakura Maru", bound for Japan, Baburao Patel, as usual, remained the centre of attraction and collected all Indian passengers round him.

1939 November. In Kobe, Japan, Baburao is at his old game. We shall leave her unnamed but this Japanese belle is a famous musician whose gramophone records sell in millions. As Baburao is also fond of music, we don't know who liked whose tune most.

1939 Xmas. Back in India, Mr. V. Shantaram gave a reception to Baburao Patel at the Prabhat Studios in Poona and entertained other film journalists.

1940 May 9. At the opening of "Woman" directed by Mehboob at the Pathe Cinema in Bombay. Baburao gave the producers a bit of his mind.



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1940 November. On the sets of Kardar's "Puja", a National Studio picture. Sunny and Sadiq were then assistants and Arora was a recordist. Now they are all producers.

★

★

1940 November. Producer Kardar and Baburao Patel were also once young and handsome and were often seen like this together. Age and success brought wrinkles and worries and now they dare not pose like this.

★

1945 December 27. This photo was taken a little later but it was on this day that they swore to each other loyalty and life-partnership.

1948 Miss Kuku Borooah, Pandit Indra and Sushila Rani Patel at "Azad"

★

Right: 4th April 1948 in Hollywood. Baburao, his family and friends eyeing the birthday cake.

★

Above: On February 16, 1948, Baburao left for New York on his life-and-death mission of removing an ulcer. Mr. Baburao K. Pai is garlanding him at the airport.

★

April 24, 1948, at Niagara with Henry and Helen Kwapis. Henry is a dentist who doesn't hurt.

★★

Mr. Charles Glouner and Mrs. Mabel Glouner of Hollywood—Baburao's friends in need.

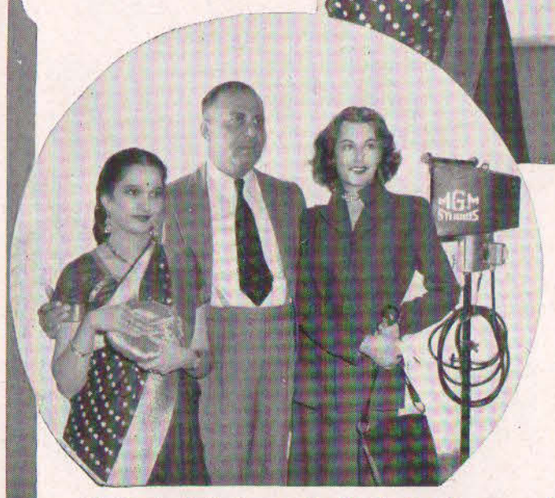
1948 April 4. Hollywood friends celebrate Baburao's birthday in Hollywood.

★

1948 April 1. Right: M. G. M. Star Arlene Dahl greets Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel.

1948 April 3. Above: This was a family gathering. From left to right: Mrs. Dieterle, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel, Mr. William Dieterle, Mrs. Ram Bagai and Miss Sheila Patel. Baburao is behind the camera.

★



1948 April 1. It was the Fool's Day in the M. G. M. Studios but Baburao returned unhurt after being sandwiched between Sushila Rani and Arlene Dahl.

★★★★★

1948 April 1. Ann Miller, M. G. M. Star wondered and wondered when she met Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel. Her beauty and complexion hit them in the eye.

1948 6th April. Lunching with Director William Dieterle at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

★

1948 1st April. Right: Between two charmers, Ann Miller and Sushila Rani, Baburao Patel visited the M. G. M. Studios in Hollywood.

★

1948 27th February. Above: At the U.N.O. in Lake Success with Mr. Jean Benoit Levy, Head of the U.N.O. Film Division. Levy was trying to explain away his three films: "Mother", "Child" and "Community" on India. Baburao got them banned as anti-Indian films.

★

1948 31st March. With Alan Ladd in the Paramount Studios in Hollywood. Alan never forgot the visit. "It was thrilling", he said.

★★★★★

1948 30th March. Genius Walt Disney is explaining to Sushila Rani and Sheila Patel how he made Mickey Mouse talk and walk.

1948 April 4. Hollywood friends of Baburao turned his birthday into a little national holiday and refused to go to work.

1949 May 9. In New Delhi among old friends! From left to right: Baburao Patel, H. E. Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras and Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, famous Indian scientist.

1948 August 5. The two women—Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel and Miss Sheila Patel—at last brought him back alive from New York. But those who met Baburao at the Santa Cruz airport asked him why he had left behind his weight. "The Red Indians were scalp-hunters, the white Americans are stomach-hunters", he replied. He left behind 42 lbs of good Indian weight in America.

1949 April. At the "muhurt" of "Sagar" produced by P. Jairaj with Devika Rani and Nargis.

1949 April 29. Wishing bon voyage to the late Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall, President of IMPPA—a dear friend.

The Photo In A Million ! It was in New Delhi—on 9th May 1949—at the wedding of Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar's daughter that this unique split-second action was snapped by a press photographer and preserved for posterity. The characters in this split-second drama of the damsel in distress are Mrs. Sushila Rani Baburao Patel and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India. Who has a more fascinating smile, it is difficult to say.

★

Above: January 1950. At the Elephanta Caves near Bombay, Baburao studies archaeology.

★

Right: A camera enthusiast, Baburao studies horticulture by photographing hundreds of plants and flowers every month.

★

★

Above: A keen sailor, Baburao likes to travel from port to port in search of —. But with Sushila Rani Patel in the boat the search usually ends at home.

★

The ancient monuments in India attract this versatile student of history. Some day Baburao Patel might write a book on our various monuments.

Whatever producers might think inside them, they still like Baburao to do the 'muhurt' of their pictures. This was when he set "Ghayal" rolling.

★

1950 July 9. (Top) At the "muhurt" of "Malhar". From left: Producer Mukesh, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel, Baburao Patel, Sardar Chandulal Shah and film actress Shammi. Chandulal was then observing armed neutrality to be so near Baburao and yet so far.

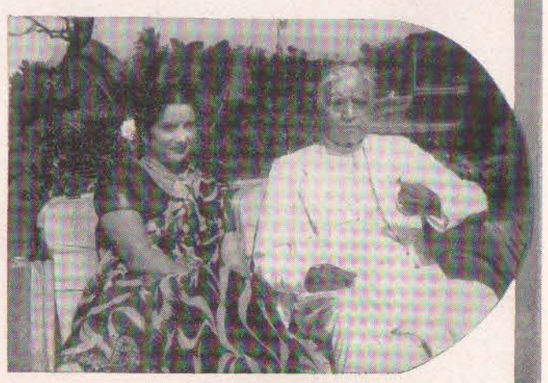
★

1951 (Top) At Igatpuri—on the outdoors of "Aan" by Mehboob. From left: Mrs. Patel, Mrs. Mehboob, B. Patel, Mr. Mehboob, Nimmi, Iris Henderson and Dilip Kumar.

★

1951 April 7. (Left) Papa Patel laid the foundation stone of "Girnar". From left: Mrs. Shirin Patel, Baburao, Mr. Patel (Snr) and Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel.

1951 June 1. At the opening of "Kali Ghata" at Imperial. From left: Mrs. Sahu, Mr. Patel, Kishore Sahu and Bina Rai.



1952 October. In the spacious gardens of "Girnar", Sushila Rani entertains her illustrious father-in-law. He is an intellectual treat.

★

1952 August 1. To build one's own house is an event in any man's life. "Girnar" was a big event in Baburao Patel's life. It took him years. But it was worth it.

★

Below: Shirin Patel puts the auspicious 'tilak' on Sushila Patel's forehead.

Above: The Wastu-Shanti Ceremony was jointly performed by Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel and Mrs. Shirin Patel, the joint-owners.

Mr. Kardar, Mrs. Kardar, Mrs. Mehboob and others felicitate Baburao and Sushila Rani on the happy occasion.

Left: Going round the house is an old Hindu custom—a process of keeping away the evil spirits.

Below: Women like to do this to each other. Watch Sushila Rani's return service.

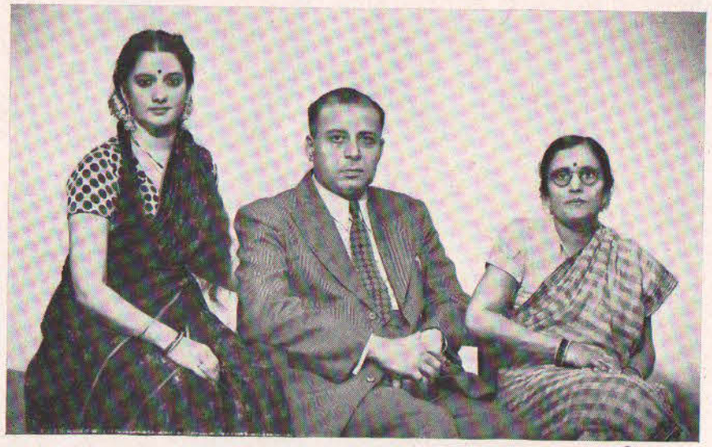
Below: Producer Mehboob and Baburao Patel are old friends and whatever the occasion—sad or glad —they are always found together. This was of course a happy occasion.

Right: Youth always wonders at the exploits of age. Iris Henderson and Vijayalakshmi are of course seeing pictures of Baburao's exploits. Iris is not surprised.

1952 December 2. Receiving old and dear friends is a ritual with Baburao. Here is Mrs. Sushila Rani with Mr. & Mrs. William Dieterle, famous Hollywood personalities, at the Santa Cruz airport.

1953 March 6. Sir Alexander Korda, famous British producer, meets some of India's film celebrities at "Girnar". Try to spot them.

★



★

1953 April. The annual family photograph of those who live in "Girnar" sharing their sighs and smiles with a rare symphony of love and harmony. Mrs. Sushila Ranj Patel, Mr. Baburao Patel and Mrs. Shirin Patel.

1952 December 2. Baburao Patel and Mr. William Dieterle, Hollywood's famous director, together in "Girnar",—old friends with affectionate memories and common love of art.

1953 March 18. They came to meet Pandit Mauli Chandra Sharma but cut away to meet one another. Left to right: Ashok Kumar, Sumitra Devi and Baburao Patel.

★*NOW RUNNING TO CAPACITY HOUSES*

WITH FLOURISH OF TRUMPET AND WITH FLYING WITH BEAT OF DRUM COLOURS

K. B. LALL'S

ANGARAY

★

NARGIS

NASIR KHAN

VANMALA

PARO

JAGIRDAR

PRAN

JEEWAN

K. N. SINGH

SUNALINI

BABY NANDA

&

RATAN KUMAR

Photography
FAREDOON IRANI & MINOO BILLIMORIA

Music
S. D. BURMAN

Sound
KAUSHIK

Particulars :— AKASH CHITRA,
110 - 111 FAMOUS CINE BUILDING, HAINES ROAD, MAHALAXMI, BOMBAY - 11

INSIDE "GIRNAR"

By: Sushila Rani Patel

Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel, M.A.L.T., began life as a school teacher, met with a fatal accident on January 15, 1942, when she saw Baburao Patel and in doing so stumbled upon her destiny. Twins in search of knowledge, the Banjara and the Brahmin married to continue the quest together through sun and rain and through sighs and smiles.

TO thousands and thousands of "filmindia" readers, Baburao Patel is the devilishly clever guy who has a witty, unpredictable answer to every question under the sun. To the screen-struck loonies, he is the lucky man in a million for his eyes feast on glamour girls twenty-four hours of the day but to me—wife, secretary, colleague and a round-the-clock companion—this hefty editor standing six feet tall is an uncompromising work-maniac who breathes work, smells work and even dreams work. Baburao is not different from the village blacksmith of Longfellow's poem described thus: "Week in, week out from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow, You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow." Only he is a word-smith, who shapes words and ideas into new, creative thought. To him work is worship and anyone who loves work becomes his love.

What has given him this obsession for work and will he ever get out of it? I don't think so. For the last twelve years that I have worked with him I have seen nothing else but an inexorable routine of sitting at the table with pen in hand from morn till night. His hours of writing are set to clockwise regularity from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3-30 p.m. to 8-30 p.m. and he observes this schedule scrupulously in spite of pain and illness—something which should make a college boy of today faint on the spot. The rest of the waking hours are invariably spent in reading several newspapers, periodicals, books and attending to his business correspondence. Baburao has no personal correspondence because though he receives many letters, he replies probably to one in a thousand. In Baburao's case furious mental activity gives his alert brain an ever-sharp edge and there doesn't seem to be the remotest chance of his ever resting or rusting.

In the film industry usually known for its trash and plagiarism, quite a few of the writers rush to hill-stations like Simla, Darjeeling, Mussoorie and Mahabaleshwar to capture the correct mood and inspiration. They spend a lot of money, kill time and return with the most uninspired screenplays. Baburao requires no artistic surroundings. He has no time to wait for inspiration. He doesn't require a mood for writing. All he needs are half-a-dozen dictionaries, some ink and paper and that is how "filmindia" was first written and has continued to be written during twenty years of its enterprising career.

AN EYE FOR GIRLS

How did I get into this work-groove? In living up to my father's expectations, I had to work hard for years to obtain a first class first in Botany for my M.A. degree of the Madras University. And more hard work was needed to stand first again while taking the L.T. degree. Reading was my father's chronic obsession. Not satisfied with his legal books my lawyer-father brought home books on several subjects and insisted on my reading them. I also virtually haunted the different libraries of Madras in pursuit of knowledge. After taking my L.T. degree in 1941, I taught for a while in Udaipur and Madras and then made the trip to Bombay, a trip that changed my whole destiny. From a teacher I soon became a journalist and before I realized Baburao's inexorable routine got into my blood without much damage. In fact I felt as if I had met my twin soul who also looked at life seriously.

I still remember my first day at the "filmindia" office, an appointment he gave me the previous evening after an accidental meeting at the Wayside Inn. I had just arrived in Bombay with a copy of the January '42 issue of "filmindia" in which was printed Baburao's photograph. A pastime of many college students (I was not one in the strict sense but the effect of the college hadn't quite left me) is to spot well-known personalities and my quick eyes didn't fail me when a tall, striking man crossed my horizon at the Wayside Inn where I was dining with a friend. I recognized Baburao Patel,

At 11 A.M. Sushila Rani begins the day's drudgery. The back pains but so does the stomach when empty.

the popular editor of "filmindia". And Baburao, whose eyes usually pick up a smart girl quicker than a magnet, soon walked past our table throwing a quick, sharp stare and back again with another straight look. As I expressed a desire to meet him, my friend called him to our table and the next ten minutes were about the most exciting moments in my life. Face to face with the editor of "filmindia"! He promised to pick me up the next morning from my uncle's home and at 10 sharp he turned up and we drove to the "filmindia" office.

At the office in quite a business-like fashion he handed over a big pile of magazines and newspapers to me and asked me to go through them. He sat at his writing table and began writing, attending to the mail etc., while the telephone bell kept ringing off and on. I made myself comfortable and did not shift my eyes from the magazines, except for an occasional sly look through sheer curiosity. This went on till one o'clock and it was time for lunch.

I don't know if those two-and-a-half mute hours during which I sat glued to the chair gave Baburao an instinctive insight into his future life-mate. But I had a taste of his routine on the very first day. The picture is worse today for he writes more now than he ever did before. I have no complaints though, for, Baburao had revealed himself to me at our very first meeting. And yet I must confess there are moments when Baburao's work-complex completely bewilders me—may be because I am a woman. Women, in my opinion, can never stick to a table for hours on end, unless there is a mirror in the landscape.

But if anyone had to go through half the struggle and suffering that Baburao has gone through, he would have probably ended in a lunatic asylum. With Baburao luckily his vicissitudes shaped him into a work maniac without losing his natural wit and sense of humour which make even his working hours seem like moments of recreation.

Baburao never had the care-free youth of the modern college boy. The modern college boy who gets pocket money, the comforts of a home, understanding parents and sees a picture a week, has probably no need to become a man till he reaches the age of thirty. The touch of a girl's hand is enough thrill for him—a thrill which doesn't need to be framed in a home, a wife and children.

With Baburao it was different. Married at eighteen (his romance, of course, began earlier than that) and a father at nineteen, Baburao, thrown on his own resources, plunged into the bewildering maze of life like a full-grown man acutely conscious of his duties and responsibilities and decided that work would be his first and last master. Even the most beautiful angel on earth cannot tempt him from this ideal. He was a non-matriculate then but he had grit and guts and was anxious to improve himself. He took to self-study, a rare attribute at that age and a virtue unknown to modern boys. Once he is reported to have sat continuously for seventy-two hours at a stretch reading the Oxford dictionary. Reverses of life don't drive Baburao to despair. That may be the reason why he tried his hand at a dozen jobs before he discovered himself in "filmindia".

Some of our friends get exasperated seeing this day-in and day-out routine. We are called "automatons", "robots", "machines", "clocks" and what not. Not many of our guests are anxious to stay long with us. The busy, intellectual atmosphere pervading our spacious library makes the "Girnar" air rather heavy for breathing for those unused to books and work. But Baburao has a different way of looking at things. He believes in putting in so many hours of work "to earn his day's lunch" and then so many hours more "to earn his dinner", both favourite expressions. Any man who shirks work, of course, "deserves to be shot", nothing less. That is strong language, typical of Baburao, who finds it hard to think of a lazy man in softer or milder terms. Well, if some of our ministers and Congressmen were

When two women labour over a problem, the man has to solve it. Iris Henderson and Sushila Rani consult Baburao Patel, solve the problem and pat themselves.

half as conscientious, India would not be in such a mess today.

HIS VOLCANIC TEMPER

Working with Baburao, however, is not so simple a procedure because his demands are many and varied and though I have been trained by him carefully for twelve long years, I sometimes manage to bungle and upset him. We have over six hundred files of classified newspaper cuttings not to forget thousands of books on a wide range of subjects in our library. At a minute's notice he needs quotations, references, statistics and sometimes correct idioms. I have to keep them all handy. But his speed and impatience sometimes unnerve me. I might even admit that I sometimes become stupid and idiotic under such pressure. Luckily, his temper evaporates pretty soon and with it goes my fit of stupidity.

To understand Baburao's temper, which has by now acquired almost national notoriety, one has only to remember his Banjara extraction which makes him bold, dashing and often violent. There is no trace of fear in his make-up and he is prepared to face any consequences once his temper is roused. Being an athlete, he is quick with his fist. I have seen him hitting people (I literally quiver at this sight) and later making ample amends for his rashness. Facing such a violent temper is no joke. His word-power in temper is atomic and studded with pieces of passionate oratory. His thundering voice which sinks hearts around him keeps me, a delicate Saraswat Brahmin, trembling in my shoes waiting in silent fear for the storm to blow off. In correct proportion to his temper, we suffer sometimes constitutional derangement, our nervous and digestive systems undergoing some radical changes. People who work for him in the home and the office are all conscious of Baburao's volcanic temper—his cloven foot. For he goes off at a tangent over trifles. When, however, he encounters big problems, he is cool. For instance if

The library has a mezzanine to accommodate books up to the ceiling. But that means climbing. No one has gone up yet without climbing and she cannot escape.

References are tiring but working beggars, even with angel's faces, have no choice and books make you think.

"Girnar" caught fire (God forbid) he might watch the scene coolly and say, "I'll build another", but a speck of dust on his table will bring out the lava in a second. Whatever the provocation, once he cools down, and the transformation doesn't take more than an hour, he is again kind and understanding. Even his temper has a rare character and results in his keeping a high head always.

Baburao is a stickler for efficiency and neatness. In this respect, he is even worse than a school teacher. The manuscripts written by him carry the minimum of scratching and a fine, legible handwriting. And he expects the same from me and the office staff. One small mistake or a slight smudge and the typist has to re-type the letter. Illegible writing, words cramped between lines without proper spacing, subject matter in which references are not carefully checked up and an untidy look for a manuscript are sure teasers which can lead to the eruption of the Patelian volcano. In this volcano resides the hypersensitive critic, who not only criticizes every person and everything in this world but is highly critical of his own foibles and weaknesses. In the early days when both Baburao and "filmindia" were struggling entities, he could ill afford a big staff. He would write the whole of "filmindia" in his unusually neat handwriting and send it directly to the press. No wonder then that slovenliness is his sworn enemy. I am in entire agreement with him on this score—may be because I have passed his crucial test owing to an inherent aesthetic sense.

"Filmindia" receives a voluminous mail every day. The Editor's Mail section is still the most popular and I go through all the letters religiously before selecting the best for Baburao. He is good at repartee and when I see him answering the questions, it looks as if it is the easiest job on earth till I actually try a few and fail miserably. Some friends of ours also thought the same way as I did. When I gave them the questions, they disappeared for months. With Baburao it is more a

gift, an art which is natural to him just as music is to me. He cannot compete with me in that field nor can I in his.

STOP AND FIND OUT

Though some questioners ask two to three thousand questions in a single letter, I enjoy reading these letters. They come from all parts of the world and sometimes from obscure and unheard of villages. So I have automatically to learn some geography and locate these places to be able to answer the editor's favourite question: "Where is this damn place, Sushie?" And I dare not say: "I don't know", for the next order would be: "Stop all work and find out just now."

Many married women write to us complaining about their husbands. I also come across some impressionable adolescents who seek Baburao's advice in love matters or declare that they are in love with Baburao. Sometimes a wicked boy poses as a woman and asks silly questions. I ignore such letters. By now I know the names and towns of most of our readers and even their addresses. I can spot even their handwriting from their envelopes and surprise quite a few at this game. It is interesting work of course though tiring to the eyes. A magazine like "filmindia" would require at least twenty-five editors in America but Baburao's prodigious capacity for work and his vast abilities eliminate this show completely. And even if we did employ 25 writers, Baburao would not like their work and would be still doing all the work himself. So it is good to save the money.

Education doesn't make them simple. They become more fastidious and find shoes to match. Sushila Rani is no exception. No woman is.

Before the mirror—the woman and her vanity! The mirror never lies but a woman never realizes. Sushila Rani needs twenty minutes of consolation.

Though "filmindia" is easily the most popular and successful magazine in the whole country, Baburao's methods of work have not changed. On the contrary, weighed down with a sense of justifiable pride and responsibility, he keeps worrying about every little detail that goes into the making of "filmindia" from month to month. When it comes to proof-reading, he of course trusts me fully and yet reads the proofs himself to be quite sure, just in case —.

However, he seems to have faith in my judgement for it is independent and unbiased. I nurse a certain amount of healthy, intellectual hostility which saves me from being a sycophant or a flatterer. I cannot say that I agree with all that he writes but he certainly expresses a point of view that compels admiration. His rationalist approach and logical deductions often floor me.

In spite of being the editor of "filmindia" he seems to value my opinions all right and teasingly calls me "the critic's critic." As I was a "filmindia" reader even before I met him, I look at the magazine still from the readers' angle. My reaction to his writing is therefore natural and spontaneous. In fact I am as curious as the proverbial Pandora to read what he writes. It is something different and unexpected every time and invariably thrills me. That is the editor's yardstick by which he measures his reader-appeal and I must say I have never yet let him down. Baburao is an inspired writer whose thoughts have passed through the sieve of suffering and no wonder he feels intensely for humanity and its sufferings. He is besides a "non-matriculate"

They grab a husband quickly but can never make up their mind about the dress. Even Sushila Rani has to ask.

—that is Baburao's own epithet—who puts to shame the best graduates of the best Universities. Though a graduate myself, I have no faith in mere degrees but Baburao has a strange weakness for these University degrees. He loves to help the cause of education in his own humble way and he has helped quite a few students.

One little incident I like to mention is that of a college student from Ajmer who badly wanted some history books for his graduate course. The boy had written a letter to film actress Madhubala and sent it to Baburao for forwarding it to Madhubala. Now you can't expect film folks to treasure books as they do money. But Baburao, a scholar all his life, has a passionate love for books and when he comes across a needy student, there is only one alternative for him. He sent the student all the required books in a week's time. Never have I known of such a gracious benefactor and one such in my college days would have made my hard lot much easier because I never had the luxury of owning even one standard text-book prescribed for the graduate course. Now I am in the midst of books and books and books with half-a-dozen little boards reading: "Don't ask for books. You will be refused", to warn off borrowers. Baburao often thinks that the word 'refused' should be substituted by 'abused' to make borrowing more difficult.

HIS SCHOLARLY APPROACH

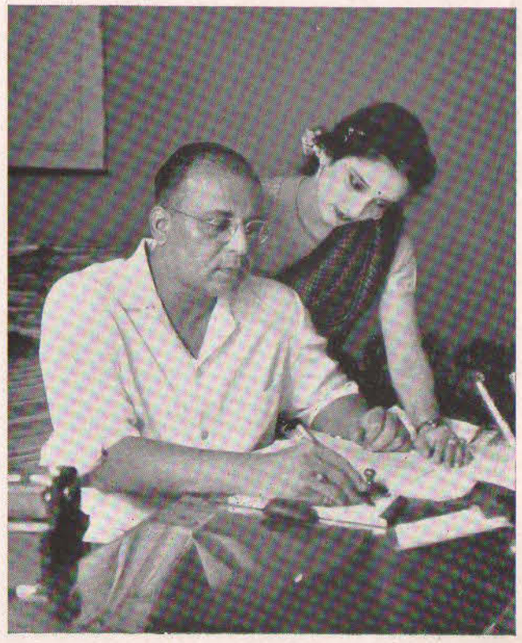
Naturally in a house where thousands of books are loved and fondled like children, Baburao has enough to whet his thirst for knowledge with the result that the man who has untiringly answered thousands and thousands of questions is himself the most earnest questioner going. Everything big and small rouses his curiosity. And every question of his leads him further and not only gives him an insight into the other person's mind but substantiates his own knowledge.

When we came to live in "Girnar", he suddenly acquired a keen interest in gardening. He asked me hundreds of questions on plant life, read a number of books on the subject and learnt to identify practically all the flowering plants like an expert botanist in two months. He can roll out names like Anthurium, Alpinia, Amherstia, Alocasia, Begonia, Bignonia, Brunsfelsia, Colocasia, Caladium, Hibiscus, Ipomea, Manihot, Peltophorum, Poinciana, Lagerstroemia etc. with more ease than he can recite a Sanskrit sloka. Having been out of touch with botany for some years now, I had actually to brush up my knowledge on the quiet, for fear of being caught napping. He has, besides, given a human touch to this plant identification business for he says: "Our plants are not unnamed orphans in the garden of a rich Marwari. In this nursery every baby has a name and family".

Because of his intense desire to learn new things he often gives a headache to his doctors who have to explain fully the etiology of any ailment that worries him from a duodenal ulcer to arterio-sclerosis. He is fully posted with the latest trends and research in medicine that often baffle our family doctor. In his leisure hours, which are precious few, he has studied the essentials of homeopathy, enough to give the poor people around relief from little troubles like cold, headache, fevers etc.

Baburao is versatile and painstaking and that is

Now, how does he do it so easily? That is what keeps husbands in demand. And Sushila Rani knows that Baburao is always necessary, however troublesome.



perhaps the key to his success. He devotes himself fully and sincerely to his work, be it in the field of writing or insurance, medicine or gardening, law or music, architecture or photography, religion or history. A thing worth doing is worth doing well seems to be his maxim.

With an air-tight routine and with something to do every minute of the day, days pass into weeks, weeks into months and months into years. And we even wonder why a day has only twenty-four hours?

I observe a steady routine too but don't stick to it as rigidly as Baburao does. The serious atmosphere, however, makes me feel as if I have not yet left the portals of a college. And that is a wonderful feeling which lends life and liveliness to the work in hand.

In music too, which is my second love, Baburao has initiated me into a similar routine and the daily three hours that I devote to it have already taken me a long way. In short, in our household everything that comes under Baburao's sway, has to be done in a systematic manner with perfect tempo and timing. Anything which throws the routine out of rhythm immediately brings out a growl of disapproval from him and those who know him well rarely take further risk. Nor do I for it is the most joyful sight to see Baburao at the table every morning. Not all women are blessed with hard-working husbands and I really pity the lot of such women. I know a modern, well-brought-up, educated girl who rushes to work at all odd hours just because her husband gets fever at the mere thought of working. The girl gets up every morning cursing her lazy husband, abuses him in choice words and even throws a chappal at his face to shake him from his lethargy. But the man refuses to cast off his allergy to work with the result that their married life has become a regular furnace of bitter quarrels and a cockpit of filthy and abusive words. And this was a love match once, for both the boy and the girl had cried themselves hoarse over love. I am in the extremely lucky category of women

The Editor's Mail needs thinking and both the man and his dog do the thinking together. Shri Moti and Baburao Patel solve many readers' problems.

If quotations and statistics go wrong, Baburao will be in jail. So the little wife has to be careful about what the big husband writes and shouts.

married to conscientious husbands. Baburao who has faced life all by himself from his childhood with only divine blessings from above and hard knocks on earth has a unique appreciation of his responsibilities and anyone who comes under his big fold does not have to knit the brows in worry and suspense.

And I am doubly fortunate in meeting a second mother in Baburao's first wife. I have met hundreds of women in my small life but never a greater one than this lady. She is a pal, a nurse and a mother—all at once—and without her I sometimes feel that my life would be like a ship without a rudder. Even in my dreams I see her tears and anxiety during my several illnesses and once when coming round after anesthesia I called for her in preference to my own mother and thus unconsciously, paid her the greatest homage one woman would pay to another. Bali, as we all fondly call her, is the mascot of our destiny and happiness. She is not only the mother of our children but mother of us all.

HIS NOISY RECREATION

All this time, I have drawn a picture of Baburao—the work fiend—who never rests himself and will not let others round him rest. "Those who work for "filmindia" rest in the other world," says Baburao and proves the truth of his statement by himself working the maximum number of hours per day.

In spite of this work mania, I must say that he has still the capacity to relax and effervesce with bubbling humour at the end of a tiring day. At 8-30 every evening, he is a changed man. Gone is his stern look of earnestness. The darkened elbow and the cramped fingers are lifted from the table, the spectacles are set aside and the pen is set down for its day's rest on the writing table which is generously strewn with papers, books, magazines, files etc.

Friends are most welcome at this hour for the day's work has been done and Baburao literally feels like singing and dancing. He is fond of music, particularly

A moment of relaxation, but fair-faced Iris and brown-faced Mickey must sit close and wonder what Sushila finds so interesting without any bones around.

Indian, and in his inspired moments tries to imitate Faiyaz Khan; that is a treat in itself for he has some talent in mimicry. He has interesting anecdotes to narrate with his peculiar brand of humour. He is, in addition, an entertaining actor indulging in ventriloquism with a devastating effect. Some of his acts on film personalities and well-known leaders and politicians are really amusing. Delphin, our little ayah, once innocently remarked: "Saab achha comic karte hai". And this is the man who demands absolute silence and discipline once he begins his daily writing session. The servants have to tie up their tongues and move on the tips of their toes.

It was only after 8-30 P.M. Miss Iris Henderson, his personal stenographer, played the radio with a vengeance—records of Bing Crosby, Doris Day, Betty Hutton, Ella Fitzgerald, the Andrew Sisters and orchestral melodies like waltz, tango, fox-trot and quick-step. Baburao even tolerates the jazz at this hour and doesn't mind dancing the rumba or the samba as a concession to his friends around, though he dislikes dancing. His gay abandon is infectious and is perhaps shocking to those who have seen him plodding for hours together. The joy is all the more because he believes in earning his bread with the sweat of his brow. An idle day disturbed by thoughtless visitors fills him with gloom and despair and I can assure you that he is quite a problem at such times.

After two or three hours of relaxation, he is ready to rest for the night. But sleep doesn't come to him as easily as work for he rarely sleeps more than four hours and that too in snatches. In this respect, he has one serious competitor and that is our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru, who is said to be a monster in work, burning the midnight oil and fulfilling his ideals of service and sacrifice for the cause of the nation. I don't know if this is the price men pay for ambition but it can make life pretty miserable for people around.

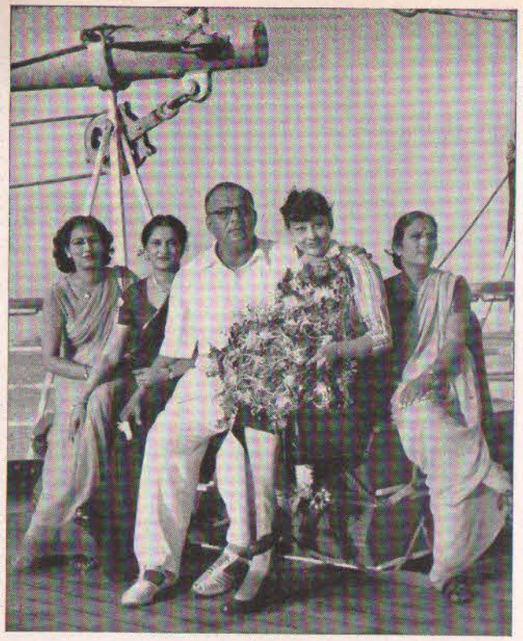
Baburao's sleep has to be wooed every night. One certain way of doing it is by giving him a heavy massage—a ritual I follow practically all the year round. In America, the nurses were quite tickled when they saw me massage his feet during his illness. One American nurse even sympathized with me and said: "If my husband complained of pain, I would fix him up with two tablets of Aspirin." Having been brought up in a household where I have seen my mother massaging my father for years, I don't see anything great or distinctive in this Indian habit. I love doing it for it is the surest way of giving Baburao his minimum quota of three to four hours of sleep. For he possesses a feverish brain and once he starts on a particular train of thoughts, night turns into day and there have been quite a few occasions when he has become frantic and sat down to write. This beats me because I have a brain which collapses completely after the day's work and I sleep quite well though I am not a heavy sleeper.

One habit of Baburao's deserves mention. He often gets into a talking mood at midnight and wants to discuss something serious—may be politics or philosophy—or the day's happenings just when my eyelids begin to droop. I require the world's will-power then (I am no Mahatma) to prop up those unwilling eyes and sound intelligent in addition. It is an ordeal for me but having gone through it for a dozen years now, I take it with a sense of humour.

CRITICISM WITHOUT MALICE

At rest or at work, Baburao has a method all his own which is difficult to emulate. Many people have cock-eyed notions about Baburao, and his writings often tend to accentuate these because of his half-jesting half-serious replies in the Editor's Mail. Quite a few are curious to know as many details as possible about this phenomenon that is Baburao Patel. All I can say of him is that he is a phenomenon where work is concerned. Otherwise he is kind and human with a sooth-

Baburao has become a fashionable gardener. He, of course, calls himself an amateur horticulturist. You may not believe it till you see his garden.



It was on October 10, 1952, Iris Henderson was exported to England. To name them from left to right: Mrs. Gool Sippy, Mrs. Sushila Rani, Mr. Baburao Patel, Miss Iris Henderson and Mrs. Shirin Patel.

ing word for the poor and the afflicted. Poverty and the poor strike a responsive chord in him always and his outlook on life is essentially humanitarian. His ideal world is one in which everyone gets equal opportunities to make good. That is what the right type of democracy should achieve.

Being a blunt and impartial critic, he has hurt someone or the other some time in his life and his pungent, incisive way of hitting out at men and things has created many enemies. These 'enemies', behave like friends in his presence for they have no words to contradict the truth that he writes from month to month. It must be said to the credit of his enemies that though they get angry with him for his writings, they respect his intelligence, honesty and achievements.

That brings me to the film reviews in "filmindia", which create a furore and affect the people in the film industry—producers, directors, film stars, technicians, music-directors, story-writers, song-composers etc. The producer is, of course, the most hurt because a bad review in "filmindia" makes the exhibitors indifferent to his picture. Praise in "filmindia" builds up his prestige while condemnation shakes his morale. When a picture is described as a "flop" and "a risk to the exhibitor", the exhibitor usually avoids the release of the picture.

Strict impartiality is, however, the keynote of "filmindia" reviews. Many so-called 'enemies', like Shantaram, Sohrab Modi and others, have often got flattering reviews for good pictures while their rotten work has been condemned with equal vehemence. But producers who have the misfortune of getting a bad review from Baburao Patel often try to escape their own crime of producing a bad picture by attributing perverse motives to him without knowing how much hard work and sincerity of purpose goes into a single review. Apart from the picture and its inherent qualities, Baburao, who has been in the film industry for the last twenty-five years, is always conscious of the producer as a man, his intellectual background, his production resources, the time taken for production and the manner and method of a man's work. He weighs all these things in his mind carefully before he gives his final verdict. In his utter generosity of heart I have seen him labouring sometimes to find out one good point in favour of a picture or its producer. For this man of practical wisdom always feels that a good picture is a personal blessing to him and saves him from the thankless task of being a ruthless critic and hurting others.

He also draws a distinct line between the man and his work. He often criticizes a picture very harshly but when he meets its producer in social life, he extends to him a warm and friendly welcome. And that is why friends and foes are always anxious to know his opinion of their work. I have heard many actors like Raj Kapoor, Prithviraj Kapoor, Kishore Sahu, K. N. Singh and others proudly quoting verbatim, lines of praise and appreciation of their work and pasting them in scrap books. They remember the year, the month and page on which these appeared. Some who do not know him personally venture to convey their thanks through a letter. When Balraj Sahni's work in "Hum Log" was praised, he immediately wrote a letter of thanks to Baburao Patel "to express my gratitude for the encouraging things you have said" etc. When his acting was condemned in "Do Bigha Zamin", this very Balraj, who had expressed his gratitude once, is reported to have vomited bile. No one can be praised all the time for none of us is perfect. But human nature is funny. It swallows a ton of praise but doesn't relish a grain of criticism.

There are many rumours current about Baburao, some of them colourful, some fantastic but all false. Some are afraid to meet him, others are warned off by their so-called well-wishers but if some one does cross the boundary and come within the orbit of his influence and friendship, he invariably says: "Oh, I never knew you were such a nice man". His case often reminds me of those famous lines of Goldsmith, "And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

HIS STRANGE DETACHMENT

Baburao's character has many illuminating facets. His capacity to help friends without expecting any reward, even a mild expression of gratitude, is known to many. He stands by them knowing fully well that some of them are bound to be ungrateful. For him the joy is in giving and not in taking. Poverty in the early years has made him extremely sensitive to the sufferings of other people. His contention is that "the other man needs the money more than I do" and in this way he has lost over a lakh of rupees helping "friends." Being independent and self-made he hates to borrow money. Even his routine business debts sit on his chest and conscience till they are paid off. He has not yet once taken advantage of his friends. He has been known to search for his creditors and pay them. He is proud of his promise which he says is better than a legal agreement. He never makes wild promises and feels quite insulted when some one asks him to sign an agreement. The film people know this and admire this great quality because most of them talk tall and give promises and cheques—both post-dated and rarely honoured.

Though strict in business and fond of the good things of life, Baburao has no pride of possession. He is curiously detached from these worldly things, though he sweats hard to earn his money. This may be perhaps due to his racial heritage as a gypsy who possesses nothing except the earth and the sky. Or is it his ingrained Hindu philosophy of life that makes him conscious that this is a transitory, illusory world? Whatever the reason, I know that he slaved for thirty long years to build "Girnar". And when his dream became a reality, he lost interest in it in a day. Within a week after we shifted to "Girnar", he began to look upon this beautiful, artistic house as the biggest folly of his life, which he says "is growing bigger every day in the midst of a suffering and starving humanity." He is now prepared to give away "Girnar" as a gift to the nation. For him the joy is in creating and building, be it a magazine or a house. He is not a capitalist by the widest stretch of imagination though at the moment he owns a house built by the sweat of his own labour. As a boy he saw his father's big house, from which he was thrown out, and decided that one day he would build a bigger and a better one. Today "Girnar" is the envy of many but having realized his dream, Baburao does not show even

Miss Bubbles Engineer, Advertising Manager of the Commercial Section, uses "Filmindia" as an appetizer before lunch. And how she eats!

"Now what does this man mean?", thinks Vijayalakshmi, the bedroom-eyed belle of Bengal. Filmindia makes her think. It helps to reduce her weight.

Film star Nimmi likes stories with illustrations and Baburao Patel is, they say, very good at both. This one seems to be a ticklish one. Is it?

a touch of natural pride. Success makes him bow down his head in humility and count the blessings of Divinity.

His other dream, still to materialize, is the building of a Pain Relief Centre where everyone will be treated alike—rich and poor, young and old—where pain will be the criterion for admission and relief from pain the noble mission. I pray that this dream also comes true in his life-time as it is an elevating ideal under any form of government, for pain is the inseparable shadow of life.

There is no malice and jealousy in Baburao. He loves success whoever achieves it. He believes in the grand two-way traffic of live and let live even though his rivals often descend to mean levels to attack him. This however does not perturb him. He keeps his composure of mind and often makes even small fellows look like big giants. If he likes a colleague's article, he praises it openly. He has a heart that appreciates the good points of others but he doesn't like deification of human beings.

By instinct he is an iconoclast who debunks human idols and their acts. Human idols have feet of clay and in this land of hero-worship, some one like Baburao is needed to show the people that they are also mortals with frailties and weaknesses. As a man he loves Nehru and admires him for his hard work and sincerity but when he judges him as a Prime Minister and finds that India has not improved in spite of her six years of freedom and is facing new dangers every day, he criticizes his beloved Nehru mercilessly. To Baburao, the passionate patriot, the country is more important than the individual even if that man be Pandit Nehru. That is why he often shatters heroes and explodes myths and fantasies prevalent in our national life.

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A LIAR IN LOVE

Baburao's artistic self manifests itself in a hundred different ways. One such is his love of beauty. Beauty in the abstract makes him philosophic while the sight of a beautiful young woman shows that he is human, made of flesh and blood. I am inclined to think that his conquests in the woman-sphere must have run easily into four figures and he still keeps on adding to this formidable list. According to the prevalent Congress code of hypocrisy this sounds very sinful but woman to him is a book of life from where he gathers his experiences. Mere reading of the thousands of books collected by him can never be as exciting as a woman. As he doesn't believe in the hypocrisy of platonic relationships, I am sure he has had more than a mere nodding acquaintance with the women he has met in his life.

Though very straightforward in his business dealings Baburao is a versatile liar in love. He must have melted a number of frozen hearts and warmed many a woe-begone soul under his pet philosophy: "Why not cheer up some one for a while seeing that smiles are so rare in this life?" His sense of beauty gets outraged if he comes across something ugly in his environment. When he is ill, he insists on good-looking nurses, because according to him a pleasant face is half the cure.

He has a charming way with women which sometimes gives them wrong notions. He can talk in such a convincing manner that an ugly woman fancies herself to be a beauty or an Ajanta frescoe. Some start imagining that Baburao Patel, the great critic, has fallen madly in love with them. But he is shrewd and cunning and he knows best how far to go and how much to pull the wool. He has not yet allowed any woman to interfere with his home life which is happy and blissful. Though a gipsy with a proverbially roving instinct, he is strangely enough tied down to his home. He is a perfect domestic animal who loves his home and realizes his duties towards his family.

In fact he is absolutely possessive in his love and makes the most jealous husband imaginable. His views in this respect are orthodox and he believes in guarding jealously the one whom he loves dearly from evil and prying eyes. He doesn't permit the so-called liberties which modern men allow their wives, a practice which ruins many a home and breaks many hearts. I am like an ivy clinging to an oak being always well chaperoned. Personally I feel happy to be protected thus. On many occasions, at parties or at social gatherings, he keeps a close watch on me. Even my eyes dare not wander in the wrong direction without his previous permission. He feels that it is a part of his pride and manliness to look after a wife. According to him the man who lets his wife run wild doesn't deserve to marry one.

FAITH IN GOD

I have often wondered what has given Baburao that supreme self-confidence that keeps his mental equilibrium steady and goads him to do useful things. In a word, it is his implicit faith in God. Faith can move mountains, they say. In Baburao's case, his blind and unceasing faith in God has seen him through many ups and downs. With it he has withstood the slander of malicious tongues, successfully overcome the attack of his enemies and managed to pass through two crises during his major operation of partial gastrectomy at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York in June 1948.

It seems almost like a miracle to me today when I recall the second crisis in which internal haemorrhage had brought down Baburao's blood pressure to 60 and 30 on the ninth day after the operation and Dr. White. his surgeon, lost his nerve. His daughter and I were weeping helplessly and praying. So was Dr. White for in those few days, he had learned to love his first Indian patient who bore the pain of a big thirteen-inch cut with a smile and without a fuss. Baburao was hovering between life and death but from his expression none could gauge it except the doctor who knew his science and its limitations. Thinking that Baburao was within the sight of the Kingdom of Heaven, the kind, old doctor asked us softly to say our prayers for him and himself bent over Baburao to kiss him goodbye. Baburao smiled and pulled him by the ear gently and said, "Don't worry doctor. I will not die here and spoil your reputation. I will go back to my country and die." With these words, he began to mutter those three beautiful words of strength and courage, "Om Namah Shivaya" and closed his eyes. Dr. White wore a puzzled expression and asked me what he was muttering. He did his job by giving him blood transfusions and stayed the night in the hospital. Next morning, believe it or not, Baburao returned to us and picked up health fast. His recovery is still a puzzle to the great and kind Dr. White.

Baburao has gone through so much pain all these years but to him pain is the presence of God and the sincerest form of prayer. It does sound anomalous that the man who cracks jokes—sometimes even smutty and suggestive—and gives glimpses of irreligiosity, is at heart a god-fearing soul who has made his blind faith in God the sheet-anchor of his life.

It is easy to praise one's own and when the words come from a Hindu married woman, readers will probably accuse me of painting my husband in rosy colours. That is not my intention. I am a keen observer, sufficiently objective in my views and have enough education and sense of discrimination to know what is going on around me. Baburao is no god nor is he anxious to pose as one like some of our Congress ministers who keep playing on the Gandhian harp hundred times a day and then lead a life of hypocrisy and dissimulation. Therefore, we should not lose sight of some of Baburao's sterling qualities which can act as a source of inspiration and guidance to the younger generation.

Readers of "filmindia" are familiar with Baburao's love for dogs. It is an expression of his kindly nature, for dogs excite his love and tenderness more than the human beings. He seems to have developed that love from a young age living in the company of a strict father and a die-hard step-mother. Dogs, loyal and loving, must have been his only consolation then and after fifty years, he is convinced that no human being can rise to those heights achieved by these dumb animals in selfless love and unflinching loyalty. His first book, "Grey Dust", compiled and edited by me, was dedicated to Moti, his pal and companion brought from Khandala nine years ago. Now we have Iris, a snow-white Pomeranian and Mickey, a little chap, in addition to Moti.

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He loves them most tenderly and I think he must have showered more kisses on them than on the lips of all the women he met put together. He also looks after them with the same affection when they fall ill. If he is in an angry mood, the wagging tail of a dog can chase away his temper immediately. Though dogs have an easy time with him, I, a human being, cannot claim their good fortune. For where we are concerned, he is a critic first and last.

LIFE WITH A CRITIC

Living with a super critic is, therefore, taxing and that is what he is during his waking hours. For Baburao is critical not only in his writing but in every little thing that he scrutinizes. He has an uncanny knack of spotting anything wrong within a second. Something might escape my eye but never his. The man who criticizes others so correctly and meticulously will not let his own go unscathed. And speaking from personal experience let me tell you that he can be very cold and biting. His sarcastic remarks can send a chill down the spine and cause cold sweat to the touchy types. The only relieving feature is that he always means well. I once wore a rose in my hair, a size too big for my face. Baburao, the critic, was sorely hurt and he made me replace it with a smaller one. If he sometimes finds my music not up to the mark expected of me, he doesn't mince words to bring home the truth. If I walk slightly fast, he calls it a spasmodic gait. When the steps are slow and steady it is far too leisurely. The colours I wear should be neither too gaudy nor too sober. The jewellery should be delicate. Anything loud and showy is out of the question. Harmony in dress, talk and manner is what he insists on and his hawk's eye is ever-ready to find out one small mistake in a second. Quick in perception and quicker still with his tongue, he doesn't keep me in doubt when something is not to his taste. Every gesture, every word and every movement arrest his attention and where I am concerned he gives me many moments of suspense when he eyes me from head to foot. If you ever have the misfortune to submit to the quick head-to-foot scrutiny of Baburao you can appreciate my position better. I am far from being self-conscious but on such occasions I become most uncomfortable and start muttering: "Oh, Babs, please stop looking at me that way."

Though I have learnt a great deal in all these years, I still do not know what will rub the wrong way with him. As a result I am careful and cautious and that does put a strain on the mind. Life with a critic is not all smooth sailing. There are quite a few bumps but when we come ashore, we become wise. And with every mistake I learn. I have learnt more from Baburao outside college than I did in the college. And the irony of it is that he has never been to a college. But experience has been his teacher and you can't get that in a college.

When I used to read "filmindia" in college, little did I dream that my life was to be so intricately woven with his. Destiny has a strange way of bringing people together and I thank my stars that an outstanding personality fell to my lot. Intellectual appreciation showed me the way to his fine, sensitive nature which is hidden from the less fortunate. It is this soft fibre that has held me captive, for the hefty editor of "filmindia" is a softie at heart. He has a magnanimous heart devoid of petty prejudices and hatreds and that cannot be said of many.

Baburao completes half a century on April 4, 1954. His friends and admirers have decided to celebrate his golden jubilee not merely because reaching the fifty mark is something unique in the annals of a man's life. Many people continue to live up to even a hundred and don't do anything useful to themselves or to the world. But Baburao's golden jubilee has passed through tortuous paths, overcome many hurdles and given to the world "filmindia", the pride of all intellectuals. As "filmindia" is the creation of Baburao Patel and I love both the man and the magazine, my only prayer is "Long Live Baburao Patel." For "filmindia" lives with him.

"Girnar", Sushila Rani Patel.
15-1-1954.

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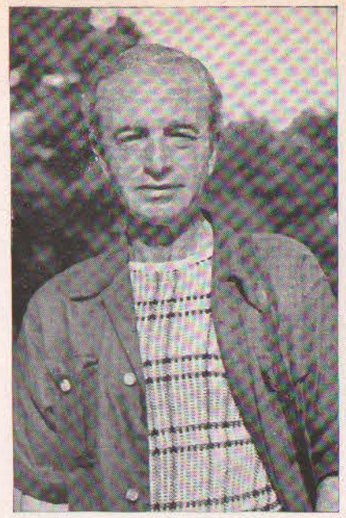
Like Shaw Baburao Patel Makes Us Think!

By : ADRIAN BRUNEL



Mr. Adrian Brunel, British author, director, playwright and scenarist, is one of the pioneers of British production. He has also made pictures in Germany, France, Algeria, Morocco, Italy, Austria and Spain. Some of his best known films were: "The Constant Nymph", "Blighty", "Variety", "The Man Without Desire", "While Parents Sleep", "The City of Beautiful Nonsense", "Badger's Green" and many others. Apart from several plays and scenarios, he is the author of two technical books, "Filmcraft" and "Film Production".

"I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress and grow brave by reflection."

Thomas Paine.

To begin with, I like the **name** of BABURAO PATEL—it has an unconventional rhythm, which seems to fit the man, and it is like the chant of ecstatic fans at a college football match. It recalls the rhythmic sound of RABINDRANATH TAGORE and the delightful picture I once saw in a German newspaper some years before Hitler began to debase his people. The drawing showed three merry-making students, stopped in a street by their Professor of Poetry, who was delighted that they were chanting the full name of Tagore in unison. One of the young men explained the reason for this: "You see, Herr Professor, we always do this as a test of our sobriety. If we can still enunciate the name of Rabindranath Tagore, then we can go back to the Beer Garden and drink some more."

But his name is not the only reason for my liking Baburao Patel. It began in 1946-7, when my son Christopher, who was in Bombay as a film editor, was working under Colonel Naval Ghandi for the Combined Kinematograph Service. That was seven years ago, when Christopher was only twenty-six years old. He was not then an established personality in films; he was just a very friendly Englishman who had fallen in love with India and Indians. Because of this and partly, perhaps, as a gesture of kindly courtesy to me, Patel invited my son to dinner.

Needless to say, it was a good dinner, and it was followed by stimulating discussion and a recital of Indian music by the talented and lovely wife of his host. Midnight arrived only too soon, when Christopher announced that he must get back to his quarters and asked if it was possible to call a taxi for him. "Certainly not", said Patel. "I have my car and driver waiting outside for you." That was in itself sufficient example of Patel's kindly **hostmanship**, but he added that since my son was in uniform, he had also arranged for someone to accompany him, as he did not wish any "incident" to happen to his guest during those troubled times. That I considered the height of kindly attention from a host to his guest; I have often quoted this to my friends in England, and they have always been impressed by the warm humanity of Patel's action.

It is deeds of this nature and such-like acts of friendliness, which make for peace and understanding between peoples. I have always treasured the memory of such evidences of the basic humanity and friendliness of the people I have encountered in my travels. Fourtunately I have these same instincts myself, which is one of the reasons why, in spite of troubles, trials and tribulations, my life has been such a happy one—which sounds rather as if I were preparing for the grave, whereas I am not nearly ready for it, since I have never regarded this world as a "veil of tears" and am anxious to remain in it till I am tired and useless.

Since then, my knowledge of Baburao Patel has increased — by correspondence and by means of his self-revelation in the pages of FILMINDIA. In his correspondence Patel shows a rare and valuable dual quality—he shows clearly that he has read what you have written, and then proceeds to answer you fully and clearly. Believe me—and I speak as one with a wide field of correspondence with people all over the world—that is a great quality, and one that is almost rare. It is always dangerous to generalise from one's own experience, but I am tempted to believe that with the coming of telephones, aeroplanes and other examples of absorption in and concentration on speed, people have become careless of their obligations in such things as correspondence.

RESEMBLES G.B.S.

And finally, the Patel as revealed in FILMINDIA. The London **Times** once had a leading article on Bernard Shaw, in which it remarked that it didn't really matter **what** Shaw thought—the great thing was that he **made us think.** A further resemblance to Shaw lies in the fact that Patel's method of arresting our attention is through the exercise of his gift of humour.

I have noticed, as a playwright and as a film director, that in an atmosphere of lively wit and humour, the reactions of audiences are at their quickest; at such times, they are more receptive and usually get a point quicker than when put over solemnly, however clearly. It is for this reason that Patel projects himself and his ideas so effectively.

As I have hinted, you don't have to agree with Baburao Patel all the time. I don't myself, but disagreement is never embittered by resentment at dullness. Further, because of the method and the character of his outspoken comment and criticism, FILMINDIA has an important readership outside India. My own copy I always forward to various people likely to be interested and I have many times noticed that what Patel has written has been quoted by them in articles or speeches, and I am sure others have taken up the facts, figures and comments in FILMINDIA without necessarily quoting the source of information.

Like kindly deeds, these things are cumulative. They build up knowledge and understanding of India and Indian pictures, and this in turn and in time, becomes a two-way traffic. Ultimately it will result in a wider exchange of pictures throughout the world, which is of vital importance to us all.

THE ROLE OF FILM

Because I have continually criticised and resented the American stranglehold on the world's screens, it does not mean that I am against American pictures, deeply as I deplore the increasing concentration in their productions on stories dealing with war, violence and crime. I shall always feel indebted to Hollywood for so many grand productions, for so much fine acting and for a great technical contribution to the craft of picture-making, just as I am grateful for the many fine and very different contributions from the studios of other countries.

I suppose films will always be made primarily for the home market. I think they should be—one might almost go so far as to say that films should **not** be made for export. I remember a period in French film productions when French producers were obsessed with the idea of selling to the American market. They spent more and more money, with little result, except a crop of bankruptcies. The next phase came when a group of bankers and other backers said to the French production industry, "In future, you must make pictures for the French market; budget according to your returns from France; make your pictures for the French people, with French people." The result was a comparatively stable industry and a tremendous revival of interest abroad in French pictures—and increased sales to America!

Films are a medium of expression and while being open to foreign influences in a natural and reciprocal flow of ideas, screens must never be under foreign domination. To this extent, I am a nationalist—but never to the exclusion of foreign pictures. Indeed, I believe that an infiltration of foreign pictures from many lands is a necessity for the industry as a

whole. Cinema patronage is, in many countries, being assailed by the competition of television, as well as by the influences of a rising cost of living; therefore, variety of attraction is essential.

Exhibitors are inclined to be unadventurous in this respect. It is a failing common to most countries. In America there has always been a resistance to foreign films—not only because they competed with the products of Hollywood, but because many exhibitors honestly believed that the public didn't want them. Yet the little "art theatres", showing only foreign films and American "classics" (i.e. worthwhile revivals), rose in numbers from 15 to 927 in about seven years. Success in this line may come your way easily and at once, or it may need patience, ingenuity and clever salesmanship before it catches on, but the fact remains, it is a growing custom throughout the world and is bringing millions to the box-office, millions that might otherwise be lost to us.

But what has all this to do with Baburao Patel on this auspicious occasion? you may ask. A great deal, for it is in **his** paper that you are reading the views of an English friend many thousands of miles away from you. It is because he has aroused my interest in Indian pictures that I am impelled to send you my views, however much some aspects of these problems may differ from your own conditions.

In closing, may I once more express my gratitude to Baburao Patel for his many fine qualities and may I wish him many more years of valuable service to films in general and to Indian films in particular.

Baburao, A God-fearing Bohemian!

Patriot, Politician And True Editor!

By: PANDIT MAULICHANDRA SHARMA.

Like many others of my generation I could not escape knowing Shri Baburao Patel through his writings, which reached me through the younger generation who loved and adored his pen. Soon enough I fell a prey to his spell and "Filmindia" has become one of those magazines that find their way to me every month, wherever I am, through one source or the other. His banter, his contempt for faked greatness, his giggling mirth, his infectious nonchalance and his capacity to ridicule that which deserves to be so treated is really so original, so engaging and so intoxicating that once you take up his "Editor's Mail", you simply can't put it down till you have reached the end of it; and then you feel sorry why it could not be longer. His pen has the vigour of life and sincerity, the point that a keen and all-observing intellect alone can give, the earnestness which his disinterested, impartial criticism breathes into his otherwise brutally cutting language and the precision of expression which comes from a complete mastery of the English language. Indeed, it is a rare treat to read what he writes.

Pandit Maulichandra Sharma, President, Bharatiya Jana Sangh — the silent prayer of 320-million Indians in Nehru's India.

But that was not the whole of Baburao, as I learnt later when I met him. For one thing, I did not expect to find him a six feet giant, strong and hefty. My whole concept of a journalist or a writer had to undergo a revolution on seeing him. On our first meeting he completely brutalized me for a moment by using some of his frank but unparliamentary epithets, which however, were superbly apt and descriptive. But a moment later when the shock to my social sense had been absorbed, it began to dawn on me that Baburao the man is clearer even than his writings. He walks under no false masks. He is crystal clear, his whole mind, soul and being. It is a rare delight to meet a human, as truly human as Baburao.

I immediately fell for him. To complete my surrender, appeared his pretty, talented, captivating and versatile spouse, Sushila Rani, who combines in herself all that we understand from beauty, grace, elegance, sophistication, hospitality and charm. Naturally, I was charmed. I said to myself, I hope without being noticed, that Baburao is an exceptionally lucky guy.

When you meet them at home, you feel as if their life is one continuous spring of joy and youth. But they have both to work hard to pour forth their brains for the delectation of their readers. To criticize is not necessarily being pleasant and Baburao is more frank and relentless than most critics that you come across. Still, the world has come to know by now that he carries no illwill. He writes, as he feels and carries no unspoken innuendoes in his mind. If there are certain people who could not make a friend of such a friendly duet, it is no fault of the latter.

HIS UNIQUE THOROUGHNESS

Everything around them breathes the fine spirit which pervades their beings. A visit to "Girnar" will prove to you that the writer of the "Editor's Mail" is a rare gardener, and knows as much about flowers that grow in the garden as about those that flourish in the society. And if by some lucky chance you can bore into their confidence, you will find that the huge and brutally frank Baburao is a connoisseur of fine arts and that his talented consort can sing better than many of the so-called classical artistes who have neither voices nor training.

But Baburao is not merely that. He is a thorough-going patriot. He is a politician. He is an editor in the truest sense of the term. No paper in India has spoken the bitter truth about the wrong policies of our Government, with greater persistence, vehemence and purposiveness than Filmindia. Some of Baburao's articles have become classics. He writes after studying his subject with unique thoroughness and backs up his arguments with unanswerable facts and statistics. He is really effective. India should thank him not merely for entertaining her people by his ready and superb wit, but also for educating them by bringing a proper perspective to the study of Indian life, its cultural, economic, educational and political problems.

He calls himself a Congressman, but he flays the Congress Governments and bosses most mercilessly. He is a film man and loves his film friends, but never spares one, when it comes to looking at his produce as a piece of art. He is a Bohemian, but believe it or not, he is one of the sincerely god-fearing good Hindus, of whom so few are to be seen inside our temples or in our public life.

With all this he is by far, not a paradox. His whole soul is laid bare before you, the moment you talk to him as a friend. To me it appears that Baburao, above all, is a friend and it is a great privilege for an intellectual to hold him as one. In hoping to do so, I am paying myself a compliment.

That he is fifty now need have no meaning to him except that this is the way people keep a count of time. I cannot imagine him ageing and I was very sorry when some time back I heard that he was not well. How could it be? His intellect is as alert as ever and his heart is warm. His presence exudes well-being and amity. He must live long to make the lives of all of us worth a little more. May he live long!

"Baburao Lacks Moderation", Says Vasan

Mercurial Mind Behind A Paper Facade!

By: S. S. VASAN

It is somewhat embarrassing for one in my position, not merely as the Chairman of the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee, but as one who has enjoyed the warm (I was almost saying fervent) friendship of Baburao Patel to write dispassionately about him.

One will have to be as objective as himself to achieve this feat. At the same time, however, I would not like to miss this opportunity of paying my own personal meed of tribute to a self-made man who has made himself a factor to be reckoned with, not only in the field of film journalism, which he has chosen as his special medium to broadcast his views and opinions, but also in other vital matters of contemporary interest and importance.

I find that his monthly journal, "Filmindia" deals not only with matters filmy and flimsy, but also with more substantial, political and social subjects of topical interest including, lately, sound advice on insurance, based on irrefutable statistics.

I know what a tricky matter it is to publish a journal of wide popular appeal and at the same time to make it into an instrument of education. In the face of the rising cost of every item in the publishing field — not to mention the licences, permits, and official red tape which involve profitless extra clerical work — a newspaper or a periodical can survive only on the support of a large reading public. And this broad-based readership cannot be sustained on weighty reading matter alone. It has necessarily to be a mixture of the light and the heavy. That is why we find that even the great London *Times* had to introduce Crossword Puzzles in its august columns. Nearer home, we also find that staid old conservative newspapers, which would not have considered "cinema matters" as worthy of publication, have now come to realize their social importance.

LOVES OUR PRIME MINISTER

Viewed in this perspective, the necessity for the introduction of much of the apparently frivolous — sometimes even flippant — matter in the columns of "Filmindia" can very well be appreciated. After all, no reader is under an obligation to read everything that is printed between the covers of a periodical, even as no visitor to a restaurant, is obliged to consume all the items in the menu card.

The diligent reader would read only what appeals to him and ignore the rest. Otherwise he would be like the hypercritical old lady who complained to the police against the nude bathers in the pool in front of her house. When the police came and found that there was neither a pool nor nude bathers in the vicinity, the irate lady handed them her own powerful pair of binoculars and directed them to scrutinize more thoroughly. With the help of the binoculars the police did find that what the lady said was just the naked truth — only it happened in the far distant horizon, invisible to the naked eye.

The besetting sin of Baburao Patel, however, appears to me to be his lack of moderation. He goes all out either way. The targets of his editorial darts may have ample cause to consider him a malignant fiend. But his galling criticism and ebullient praise are merely the sallies of a mercurial mind working behind an apparently formidable, but really thin, paper facade.

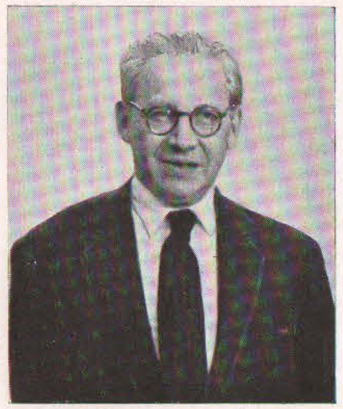
To read his tirades against Mr. Nehru, for example, one would think that he is his Enemy Number One. It was a pleasant surprise for me therefore to find Mr. Nehru's portrait reverently installed in the sanctum sanctorum of "Girnar". It was this intimate gesture of sentimental sincerity that revealed to me the real regard and esteem in which he holds our Prime Minister, all his vituperative verbiage to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am sure, therefore, that it is this warm heart behind an apparently cold exterior that should have made half a hundred of his well wishers — ranging from Abraham and Alva to Torney and Yudhvir, with ex-officio, temporary enemies like Karanjia and Kardar in between —sponsors of his Golden Jubilee Celebration.

I remember to have read that according to his numerology, number four is his lucky number, because he came forth into the world on the 4th day of the 4th month of the 4th year of this Century — all adding up to four. His "Filmindia" was also founded on the 4th month of 1935—the individual figures of which again add up to 4. No wonder, therefore, that he is in the forefront today! Though his astrologer has predicted that he will live a full six years in excess of the Biblical three-score-and-ten I would rather prefer for him the Hindu score of a century—and "not out"!

Mr. S. S. Vasan — writer, director and producer — is the proprietor of Gemini Pictures of Madras. Journalist and sportsman, Mr. Vasan owns and edits "Anand Vikatan", the most popular Tamil magazine of the South, and at one time was a leading race-horse owner. He has produced many pictures, the outstanding hits being: "Chandralekha", "Mangala", "Sansar" "Mr. Sampat" and "Avvaiyar".

"Youthful As Ever", Says Sir Alexander Korda



Sir Alexander Korda, leading British producer and director, has produced and directed pictures in Austria, Germany, France, America and England. He was knighted in 1943 for his meritorious services to the British film industry.

I myself started life in films by editing a trade paper, like my friend Baburao Patel. Alas! I was not a success at it.

Film Trade papers arrive on my desk from all over the world and some of them are excellent, some of them mediocre, some of them bad, but very few of them if any, have the character of Mr. Baburao Patel's "FILMINDIA". His whole personality is reflected on every page of that colourful magazine. If he does not like something there is no mistake about his meaning, if he likes something he expresses it just as eloquently as his dislikes.

I read "Filmindia" with pleasure and amusement every time I receive it.

I remember with gratitude the lovely day I spent in Mr. and Mrs. Patel's beautiful house on the hills overlooking Bombay. There I met a bevy of great beauties and many personalities of the Indian Film Industry and was shown round the most beautiful gardens by Mrs. Patel.

After 50 years one would imagine one could detect a sign of oncoming mellowness or even decay in the temperament of Baburao Patel and in "Filmindia", but not a bit of it. That publication and its creator are just as youthful as ever, and I hope that this youthful spirit and his love for his country's film industry, and for films of the whole of the world, will remain many years with us.

Mighty Colossus Of Film Criticism !

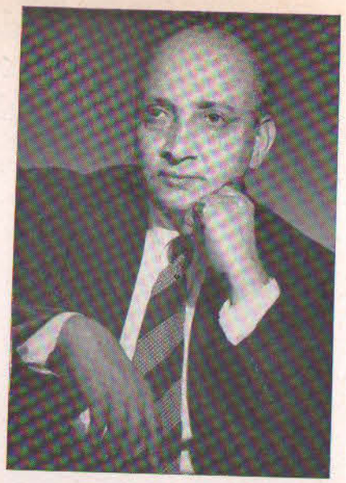
Baburao, A Bohemian Gipsy !

By : DAVID ABRAHAM

An old adage still current in human society which says 'that a man is known by the company he keeps' does not apply to an institution which has disturbed the peace of an otherwise complacent and peaceful community namely the film community of India. That institution is Baburao Patel, editor of "Filmindia".

The soothsayers predicted when Baburao made his presence felt in this world, thanks to his hardworking parents, that an enfant terrible was born. The prediction proved to be true. Baburao Patel is a bundle of complexes and contradictions—more sinned against than sinning. He has a tough veneer but when skinned off that veneer one meets a charming sociable and very affable hail-fellow-well-met type of a guy. His manners are bluff, his speech is gruff but behind all that is a head which contains plenty of grey matter.

Precise, meticulous, hardworking, he does not like delays, he hates laziness and detests compliments. Success which has not been thrust upon him has legitimately entitled him to a certain amount of conceit which some people find intolerable and overbearing but a lot depends on the approach of these very same people. The fifty eventful summers which Baburao Patel has successfully encountered have been packed with dynamic courage and the sterling capacity to jump into any fray and fight to the finish. His scholarship has stimulated his versatility, given sting to his vitriolic pen, sharpness to his wit, warmth to his humour and a peculiar sheen to his intellect which puts him in a niche specially carved in the wall of Fame and decorated by the delicate hands of the Muses.



David Abraham, B.A., L.L.B., missed his bus to the law courts and boarded the wrong one to reach the film studios. His racial perseverance turned the mistake into profits and ended by making David a top-notch character actor. David has worn the mask many times and given great performances — his best being as Shakuni —the villain of Mahabharata. His present performance with the pen is, however, without the mask.

Baburao Patel is a persona non grata with many people and institutions. He has the uncanny knack of rubbing people the wrong way and when Dame Fortune smiled her favours on him as a result of this, this technique which he employs with devastating effect has become second nature. And habits die hard.

Baburao Patel is an unrelenting egotist. His early days of struggle have given him a perspective on life which suits his personality. Whatever he does he likes to do on a grand scale. It may be the get-up of his paper, the pattern of his house, or the set-up of his library! He likes everything in the grand style. Affected modesty does not suit his mental make-up. If he tries to put it on he'll look ridiculous and cut a very sorry figure. He has perhaps more enemies than friends. He is always tense, alert and on guard, he relaxes but rarely and that also in the company of a very small coterie of friends. Baburao has the capacity of laughing at himself and has the generosity to appreciate the good in others. His vanity has been embellished with success which came to him the hard way and who is not vain in this world.

In the world of film criticism in India he stands like a mighty colossus, defiant, unflinching and with the courage of his convictions. Like a well-trained boxer he hits straight from the shoulder though many have accused him of playing foul and hitting below the belt. His accusers are numerous and he has been called blackmailer, public enemy, unsocial, low, selfish, and many such ungracious epithets have been hurled against him but with Spartan tenacity and courage he has faced his accusers boldly and proved himself not guilty in the court of public opinion. He is sentimentally generous and that too to a fault. In the course of his work his helping hand and charitable disposition have helped poor students, deserving institutions, needy and down-and-out individuals which defy enumeration. He practises what he preaches.

Baburao Patel is a normal person and as such susceptible to all the weaknesses which assail man. If he weren't he would achieve godliness and that would not suit his temperament or character. His vibrant exuberance and the joy he derives from living well do expose him to the green eyes of envy and the caustic tongue of slander but his own weapons of stinging satire and biting sarcasm save him from his assailants. In fact the attack and counter-attack are mutually invited and treated with the contempt they deserve.

Baburao Patel is no angel otherwise he would have attempted flights which would have ended in grief for him. He treads his own world with the pride of a peacock—steady, firm, and with a studied carelessness that fits him like a glove.

Baburao Patel is a keen student of life. He is aware of his shortcomings and has the unique talent of learning even when he dons the mantle of a preceptor and holds court in his own hospitable home. People from various walks of life have enjoyed his congenial and warm hospitality and Baburao entertains lavishly without having an axe to grind.

Fifty interesting summers and so full of events colourful, warm, sometimes empty, frustrated and yet he, with bull-dog tenacity, achieved what he desired.

His life can be summed up in a line from Robert Browning :

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed
his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for."

Bohemian by temperament, accentuated by gipsy blood in his veins, he is a great votary at the Altar of Beauty. He is a great connoisseur of all the niceties of life. In short he has all the attributes of an eastern potentate which if the bounds of decorum had permitted him, would have enabled him to possess an entourage of court musicians and dancers, wise men and philosophers, courtiers and courtesans, fools and parasites and last but not the least a harem which would have included the most beautiful women in the world.

But man cannot have everything he desires and Baburao is no exception. May he live long and may he pattern himself for posterity in the words of a great poet :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

However pious in pose, a woman in her youth is still a challenge to men and gods. Roopmala is in a prayerful mood in "Madhur Milan", an exciting tale of love produced and directed by K. G. Punwani for Film Show Productions.

BHARAT BHOOSHAN —

This little god of the Indian screen creates the thirst in millions of eyes to see him. And in this essentially idol-worshipping country even heroes of the screen become the glamorous gods of a dream world of emotions. A gentle sigh of millions of maidens, Bharat Bhooshan is also the ideal of the male filmfans of India. His pictures draw crowds which turn a motion picture into a festival of entertainment. Watch him in the new ones: "Pooja", "Meenar", "Saheb Kabir" and "Kavi". Never before has a gentle face won such fanatic following as Bharat gets from his millions of fans.

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Produced & Photography : A. G. DHANIK
Music : ANIL BISWAS
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"What Makes Him Tick ?"

By : MAHESH B. KAUL

Only the other day he called me names, the mildest of which was 'a waster'. Now it is my turn,—so here goes and help him God!

Come, let us review this golden-jubilee-hit. You know what most of these jubilee hits are, —just low-brow stuff cast before the—well, the masses. Only they lap it up off your hands and ask for more. Curse 'em! Yessir, he's a hit all right and has been one for longer than I can recall. I won't be surprised if he was born that way. You never can tell, —not about him.

Of course, I have known him over a number of years,—from a safe distance. Distances can be very useful, you know, especially if you are looking at a mountain. Or a giant! From close quarters all you can notice is the rugged bulk, often risky to negotiate. It is only from a distance that you can appreciate or even perceive the meaning and the majesty of 'the thing'. Don't think of beauty; it is irrelevant here. Besides, we are not talking of FILMINDIA. We are talking of a dynamically institutionalized ego, of which FILMINDIA is by no means the beginning and the end.

Come then, let us look at this almighty critic, who has been insinuating for almost a quarter of a century that he knows all about everything under the sun,—including your neighbour's wife! And yours too!! Come and hear him and be dismayed,—from sex-appeal to world-politics, taking in his stride the original source from which the Buddha plagiarized the idea of Nirvana and back again to your neighbour's wife and the Irani across the street,—till you feel smaller than a mouse and begin to eat your hat. Just look at this bully of bullies, whose wit is like no man's business, whose written word is almost legendary but as nothing compared to his spoken word, for he can proceed to sit on your head at the least provocation and he thrives on 'flaying 'em alive!' Come and take a good look at this high and mighty mortal, who has the amazing audacity of showing yourself to yourself and adding a foot-note to explain the italics. Come, get closer, you!

"Go ahead yourself, I can see from here".

"Afraid, eh?"

"That's right".

"But why?"

"Fear of the unknown, I suppose!"

"Unknown my foot! He's just a man like any other man, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

No, Sir, he isn't.—not like any other man. Why he is fabulous. He is fantastic. This golden-jubilee hit is a downright preposterous proposition and he is out of all proportions with the landscape in which he has chosen to plant himself and stay planted. Of late he has gone and built a castle around himself to keep the riff-raff at bay. "Girnar"! Ever heard of it? It's a mountain in Kathiawar;—'get me Steve!?'

Goodness only knows why he came into the films. And even goodness doesn't know why he continues to 'wallow in the mire', as he might put it. I have never asked him. But I know his answer.

"Money!"

It isn't true. And he knows it too. But he also knows that it tickles you, for that's what we like to think of successful men, to feel superior to their 'mean grabbings at filthy lucre';—leastways, in the film-trade we do.

"And what else is there in the films except money, unless it be—er—well, easy virtue!" I don't say so. You don't say so. But they do. Now, don't ask me who they are. Ask yourself.

"Money!"

Is it all that makes Baburao Patel tick? Remember, he has dozens of contradictory reputations to keep, including that of a hooligan! So we had better think again. Well, you start guessing, while I reconnoitre a little more.

* * *

Years ago Bengal made great films. Then Bengal developed an ego and she began to look down upon the rabble from her high horse. And then, with her nose in the air, she sent forth a celebrated film, 'ANDHI'. And a good deal of high-brow talk was handed out and bandied about. Then Baburao went and had a peek at it. And he came out with a review,—just one staggering line if you please: "If Andhi is a motion-picture, I am Mahatma Gandhi."

And he has kept on perpetrating such forthright atrocities year after year. The road to his jubilee is strewn with the corpses of a multitude of assorted egoes. He could always start a fray when there wasn't any,—this writer with the ways of a world-citizen, the manners of a Bohemian and the tastes of a bull-fighter. But you should see his eyes! And also his heart, or whatever functions within him! The eyes contradict him, they are of a thinker suffering from loneliness,—the loneliness of a soaring intellect. And the heart is, oddly enough, that of an incorrigible idealist, the 'knight-errant', who is eternally and constantly asking for the Moon!

They say the whole thing was just cultivated by him and put on, that it's only his line,—his technique. I don't know about that. But money rained on him fast and furious,—during one spell in any case. It appears he was lousy with it. So he turned into a film-producer-director and promptly streamlined his bank-balance. He was a 'hit' even if the audiences flopped here and there. To make up, he married his star-discovery and acquired a free monopoly for life as well as a permanently unpaid dream of a secretary to drudge for him,—the tyrant! Trust him to grab the whip-handle in every situation.

* * *

Then came 'Grey Dust'. It's a book, if you don't mind. Telling name, isn't it? If you haven't read it you are an

Mr. Mahesh B. Kaul — thinker, writer and director — is one of the very few intellectuals found in our film industry. Good education makes his mind subtle, good manners make him silent. He desperately needs the film to express himself through others or he might pass through the world dumb. And that would be a tragedy of thought still-born.

ignorant person and you don't know the worst. Most of his women readers swear by it. Touch it and you will be afflicted for good—for his good.

And then he went and.....hey, wait on! I have no intention of detailing his multi-coloured biography. He will do that himself before he is done, I daresay. Besides, who can match his 'brazen vividness, charged with talent and inspired by egotism'! (Remember, he has been calling you names for years and this is our only chance!)

And is he going strong! Just read his editorials. High politics and Baburao Patel all mixed up, till you can't tell one from the other. It's mostly first person singular masquerading ever so decorously and telling the high and mighty off on every count. And he has been coming out with all manner of presumptuous stuff regularly. I thought he was merely ageing. Then I got a jolt in August 1953 when the whole country sat up and took notice of the Sheikh Abdullah affair. And I recalled all that this film-journalist had been saying in the matter,—he let them have it in September, by the way;—and I was not the only one whose eyes were opened. If that wasn't a smart bit and a large bit of real 'seer-y', I should like to know its better from his so-called betters. Show me even an equal to match this feat of his and I'll be silenced. But we started to call him names, didn't we?

* * *

Well, let us revert to the theme-song! For sheer sneaking he takes the cake, doesn't he? He might scream from house-tops, but nobody can pay the least attention for nobody understands him. They think he is being funny. Funny, mind you, not witty. The reading public, he spent half his life in building up around himself, takes him for a mountebank like the rest of us and expects to be

entertained at every turn. (In this he is in excellent company, however.) And he knows it too, for his reactions are getting Shavian. Hence, perhaps, the castle!

* * *

Which brings us back, quite illogically, of course, to the question;—what makes Baburao Patel tick? I still don't know; so you may continue guessing some more. (Conversation-piece; the result of an evening spent in eavesdropping, given for whatever it is worth.)

Location: A Marine-Drive drawing-room.

Time: 1953.

Occasion: A hen-party.

Subject: The man.

" . . . . Look at all his replies to readers, especially the women!"

"Obviously, a man with a past, my dear . . . "

"Past! I'm talking of the present."

"Must be as scarlet as a poppy! And isn't he proud of it all?—the dissolute man! But what of the future?"

"What future?"

"But they say he is reformed now!"

"I know,—age!"

"No my dear, not age,—good resolutions!"

"You don't say . . . . !"

"Must be soon after he became the star's husband. You see, my dear, he forbade her to work elsewhere. So she forbade him too!"

"Serves him right! Think of all the damage he must have done before that!"

"Or could do now!"

"Not now."

"No? Well, you don't know him and I do."

"You do?"

"Well. . . . . !"

"You . . don't . . say !!!"

"No my dear, I certainly don't; but then . . . . . "

(A prolonged whispering and giggling session follows. Probably censorable. Shows another class of his extensive readership,—hungry females with I.Q. of pre-bobby-soxer-age.)

And this might explain 'the castle' a little more. By the way, have you seen the castle?—stone-walls and steel-gates with sentries! I have a suspicion they carry hidden arms, just in case they don't like the look in your eyes. But then, of course, your guess is as good as mine; which brings us back again, by sheer force of insistence, to the question; what makes him tick?

And being quite sick of the question by now, I shall evade it once again, while you can do your worst or otherwise please yourself.

* * *

Incidentally, I'm also sick and tired of this plain cussedness, which makes me want to tear him apart. And it just can't be done, any way, for he is used to being mauled day in and day out. So let's try a new approach. How about some gentle stuff, eh?

Coming to think of it, this hard-boiled man has been extra gentle to some people,—and without any warning too. Well, I am one of them, I'm ashamed to own, for I'm also one of the very few who let him down; or was it the great public? I don't know. But I have neither deserved his good opinion nor justified his expectations so far. That I will some day is certain! And just because he said a few things, that's all.

Love is always a sad theme for youth. It breaks the back of even a beautiful woman because beauty has only the short age of a honeymoon. Poor Madhubala! She looks tired and disillusioned in "Amar", a tragic tale of love produced and directed by Mehboob.

Personally, we don't know each other much. In all we have met about four times so far. And the first time he chose to rain laurels on me without as much as 'by your leave', it was before he could tell me from Adam. His review of my 'GOPINATH' overwhelmed me and gave me a swelling in the head, which I am still trying to hide. With my 'NAUJAWAN' he was patient, though he treated it with the indifference it deserved. But it was only after my 'JEEWAN-JYOTI' that I came face to face with the real man in Baburao Patel.

You see, we had put in tremendous efforts and had laboured lovingly and long and with all our hearts in the making of that film. But obviously something went wrong, for we came to a sudden grief soon after its release. The great public dropped it like live coals and brickbats were hurled at me by almost every reviewer. I don't blame them; they just didn't like it, that's all. I too was aware of its shortcomings: but it was my 'child'. And it doesn't take much to break a 'mother's heart' when her child is dying —nor a father's.

Then Baburao went and had a look at it. And he could sense the blood of our hearts oozing out of the dying picture. And this hard-hitting killer of films was gentleness itself. He noticed every device, every little piece of business in every single shot, to the minutest detail. He saw that film almost with his entire being and he moved us by being moved himself. The poignant tragedy in the film and of the film was given a point and a grace by him, as he sat through half the night speaking to us of that which we had ourselves made, scene by scene and shot by shot. (How he could retain all that is a mystery to me still?) But he was employing all his tricks to hide from us that he was doing his best to stay the disintegration of our morale. And he succeeded.

* * *

That night, for the first time, I began to suspect that the core of his complex personality was perhaps not as much in his mind as in his heart, if you know what I mean. And when I read his review I could faintly perceive the answer to our question;—'what makes him tick?'

The number of people, known or otherwise, whom he has befriended in their struggles and crises must be large indeed. Most of them have been and are filmfolk, I suppose;—just the men and women who love the film and work hard and ceaselessly, endeavouring to express the longings of their hearts, through this difficult and complex medium, in spite of the ruthless demands of a heartless box-office and often the heart-breaking reception given to them by their fickle mistress,—the great Public!

So here's the weakest spot,—the secret of the giant! And he needs must build a castle around himself and hide shamefacedly from you all, lest you notice that he carries in his 'mighty' bosom the heart of a child!

That's right. It's the heart!

But what makes *it* tick?

Well, this 'Golden-Jubilee-Hit' is just another 'sucker', like you and me. He is nuts about films. Has always been. That's what makes his heart tick. And that's what keeps him planted in this queer landscape! But he is also a sucker for mankind. And so he will go on and on for ever, God bless him!

* * *

(I could give anything to see his face as he reads the last line.)

"As I Know Him"

By : KISHORE SAHU

(Mg. Director : Hindustan Chitra Ltd., and Sahu Films Ltd.)

I can vividly recall at this distance of time my first meeting with Baburao Patel. It was way back in 1938, when I had launched my first independent production "Bahurani", that I was one afternoon asked by the editor of "Filmindia" to tea at his office.

The office was in Apollo Street, hardly four furlongs from my own on Hornby Road. Filmindia then had a cover which gave one the impression that it was a botanical-cum-zoological magazine, a small-sized portrait of Sulochana or Kajjan or Devika Rani appearing in tricolour in the central panel of the art cover. As far as I remember there was always a girl's portrait in the panel. "Filmindia" sold for four annas as did a hundred other monthlies and weeklies, some of which sold even cheaper and some at a higher price too. The difference between "Filmindia" and the other magazines was that "Filmindia" issues flowed out regularly every month. The other difference was that the matter was spicy and made interesting reading. The magazine threatened to eclipse other journals in due course, if it survived. I was twenty-two and fresh from college and was bent on knowing all the people that comprised the Indian motion picture industry. My publicity officer had accompanied me to the "Filmindia" office for my encounter with the guy called Baburao Patel.

The office, as I recollect, was partitioned into two compartments—one occupied by the clerks and typists and the other by the editor. A big-made man, who was seated behind an enormous table that almost occupied half the room, came forward blusteringly to greet me. I was not prepared to meet such a size—either of the man or the table! He was in a simple dress and his table was crowded. But then I was meeting a struggling editor in his workshop. This workshop reminded me of the artists' studios that I had read about, situated on top of the garrets in Paris. Other young journalists frequented Filmindia office during tea time. Obviously this big-made man was attracting attention of those with whom he came in contact. He was fair in complexion and had a baby's face. He seemed to be in a hurry to make money and talked nothing but 'shop' during the full one hour that I was with him. He didn't appear to be intellectual and he didn't appear to be literary. He didn't even appear to be the editor and founder of the monthly magazine called "Filmindia".

This was Baburao Patel. But still I enjoyed the meeting. Baburao raises his voice when he wants to impress a point upon his friends; and he certainly wanted to make an impression on me. He viewed me from head to foot and made an immediate discovery. "You certainly are the youngest producer in the world!" he declared to me loudly and pleasantly. I was not listening to what he said. I was hearing the raw, high note of his voice and was watching his winning smile. Baburao laughs like a brazen child and smiles like a coy maiden. But few are lucky to see him thus because he relaxes only with his very intimate friends. He was eloquent and witty and honestly vulgar in speech. He was not the sort of man one meets round the corner everyday. He was uncommon. I like uncommon things. So I took an instantaneous liking for Baburao Patel. It was later, when I came in intimate contact with him, that I discovered the great qualities and unique traits that lie deep down in Baburao Patel.

Though not always in perfect accord, Baburao and I have still been very good friends ever since our first meeting that afternoon fifteen years ago. Our friendship has been intellectual and the few small misunderstandings and disagreements —we do occasionally quarrel—have not been able to strain, much less break it. Baburao is emotional like Tagore and temperamental like Nehru. He is a man of strong likes and dislikes, whims and fancies and he has a temper — a terrible temper which his friends have to nurse. He is also affectionate and loyal to the people he calls his friends, but I wonder if he is capable of truly great friendship.

I AM AN ADDICT

I have grown quite addicted to his pleasantly raw high pitch of voice and I miss his light, loose talk when I find him serious too long. We dine together very often either at his residence or at mine and we do not invite anybody else at such dinners — just we two and our wives. His secretary, if she is a good-looker—she usually is—manages to sneak in. Baburao is smart during the day but charming in the evening. Our dinners are long drawn-out affairs. The topic invariably begins with our gardens and dogs. Then it drifts to politics, then to sex and finally to religion and philosophy.

Baburao has struggled his way to the very top as a journalist. He has made "filmindia" the most popular film magazine of India. "Filmindia" is today priced at Rs. 3|- and it sells. That speaks for its popularity with the readers. The bulk of his readers are intellectual people. Baburao is a clever penman and a cleverer salesman. He sells everything between the covers of his journal. He sells his thoughts, his wit, his moods, his troubles and his epithets. That is some achievement indeed. Frank Harris would go green with jealousy at the man if he were alive today.

I have seen Baburao at work. He drudges from morning till night like a mule. He cannot remain idle and he will not let the people about him remain idle. His good wife, Sushila Rani, is a great help and inspiration to him. I believe he thinks and writes better when he has a feminine audience. I do not know another journalist who has written so much good and interesting stuff all by himself. I like the way Baburao writes. The style is the man. He has a style peculiar to himself—witty and provoking. He can both write good English and make it interesting reading. And what is more, there is always a thought behind his sentence—sometimes lofty, sometimes clever, sometimes witty and sometimes dirty. He is a thinker and all manner of thoughts originate in his fertile brain. He is sensitive to sound and image and to smell. And, strangely, he is frank and courageous. He writes what he feels about a thing or a person. This immediate expression of his impressions and opinions has turned a lot of his friends and admirers into inveterate enemies. He does not suspect (or does he?) that his writings sometimes leave their sting behind. If he does, he doesn't worry because Baburao never looks back. It is his gipsy blood that sees only the tracks ahead.

It is really surprising what an odd combination of contradictions is this Baburao Patel. He who has done such a lot to publicize and glamourise the film folks in the eye of the people of our country is probably also, wittingly or unwittingly, guilty of tarnishing their hard-earned reputation. In a hurry to sell his writings, Baburao at times forgets that he has made himself the custodian of the honour of the film folks and that most of his readers take his writings literally and a few almost religiously. There is always a tussle going on between the businessman and the human being in him—sometimes the one and sometimes the other having the better of him.

OUR OSCAR WILDE

Baburao is an intelligent and well-informed critic. His reviews are often shrewd, incisive and competent. He is likely to be swayed by his temperament at times; but when he is in a detached,

Kishore Sahu — producer, director, actor and writer — is one of the very few really intelligent producers found in our country today. A graduate of the Nagpur University, Kishore Sahu took to films early at the age of twenty-two and has produced a number of pictures — some of them outstanding in their lyrical and spiritual contents judged by world standards.

dispassionate mood, his reviews have been masterly performances.

As the writer of the answers to the questions, his wit, his paradoxes, his aphorisms and even his platitudes are on a par with Oscar Wilde's and as enjoyable.

His editorials and criticisms on politics are both original and daring, and therefore laudable.

Baburao is both calculating and extravagant, careful and magnanimous. He despises poverty and loneliness. He has known both. He wants things in great measure. So he possesses many hobbies, many virtues, many vices, many moods, many dogs, many houses, many books and many women. He has also several ailments and almost enjoys them. When he is not ailing, he is writing, often doing both with equal absorption at the same time. "I am a frustrated youth of fifty who cannot afford a holiday," he confided to me when we were last dining together at "Watika". I often wonder how, in spite of so much pain and so many distractions, he retains his sense of humour. Shaw had a sense of humour, too. But Shaw was old and had a beard to hide his face. So, Shaw could utter anything and escape the public wrath. Not so Patel. When he laughs, we laugh with him. But when he bites, we harbour a grudge against him. That is why when he has such a crowd of friends and admirers the number of his enemies and detractors is no less formidable! But then it would be strange if Baburao Patel, fashioned as he is by the gods, had all admirers and no detractors. If that happened he would still probably edit Filmindia but he certainly would not be Baburao Patel!

Baburao Patel is fifty today. I wish him all joy and happiness and may he be spared for many many years so that we may continue to get the wit and digs from him without which our life will become too drab. I feel persuaded to believe that if Baburao Patel had been born in the British Isles, today the whole nation would have been celebrating his Golden Jubilee with great gusto.

The Baburao I Know!

By : D. G. TENDULKAR

[The man who wrote the immortal book "Mahatma" in eight volumes.]

For fifteen years I know Baburao. When we met first in the Filmindia office, he greeted me with his patent laughter. He joked about my dress, about my hair, but I knew that our friendship was sealed. There was one thing common between us —love of books. He expected nothing from me; he wanted to help me if he could. He asked me to write a couple of articles on the Soviet film industry. I badly needed money and I promptly wrote them. Filmindia was not prosperous then, but he paid me more than any other journal.

D. G. Tendulkar, Gandhiji's famous biographer, also thinks he knows Baburao Patel.

It was K. Ahmed Abbas, who had introduced me to Baburao. The journalist crowd, who wanted to earn some extra money, visited him often. Baburao was always prepared to entertain the visitors even lavishly, but he would accept an article, only if he liked it. Filmindia, for him, is a mission. He knows the Indian film industry thoroughly. He has worked in it and is always in close touch with it. One might disagree with his views, but none can question his knowledge of the film industry. He knows everyone in the film industry; he sees films carefully. His critical nature has endowed him with an extra eye—as sharp as the lens. His criticism is sometimes devastating, but he is capable of forgiving shortcomings, if the general effect is to his liking. He considers film as the most powerful medium of instruction and therefore he applies his ideas of ethics to every film. This makes some people think that he is vindictive, malicious and what not. Like all men, he is capable of erring; but fundamentally he writes what he believes. Although some of his utterances and sometimes even his actions might lead one to believe that he is what is popularly called a "film man", Baburao is fundamentally a godfearing and orthodox person. He is a queer combination of rationalism and religiosity. He believes in God, Hindu ceremonials, astrology, palmistry and what not, and still one can find him often abusing everything religious or conventional. He himself perhaps is not clear in these things. If he abuses Muslims, equally he can abuse Hindus. He has studied the Gita, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, the Puranas, as well as the Koran and the Bible. He perhaps knows the fundamentals of all faiths, which can't be said of many. He is more fond of serious books than cheap literature. Law, history, philosophy, medicine, astrology and palmistry are his favourite subjects. He reads many topical journals for his work in Filmindia, but the serious other subjects he studies for sheer enjoyment. He knows half a dozen Indian languages well and is always prepared to learn even a difficult language like Sanskrit. As a lover of books, he buys and reads books almost on all subjects. He is not even a matriculate, but his thirst for knowledge and grasping capacity is immense. He bows before learning and goodness.

ALLERGIC TO TEARS

I have seen Baburao even in ugly moments. In temper, he is capable of anything; he is slowly overpowering it. But he can be extremely kind and generous. A man in distress shakes him. He can face a powerful opponent, but not tears. Helping the ill is his mission—and this aspect of Baburao is scarcely known and he never likes it to be known.

Although he loathes hero-worship, he wants to be one. That perhaps leads him to attack in his writings men like Gandhiji and Jawaharlal. And still he adores Gandhiji and loves Jawaharlal. If he meets Jawaharlalji, he will dance with joy. It might change him completely.

He is a dynamo of energy; he can never rest. He gives the best to Filmindia, with which he is busy most of the time. He is systematic and careful of details. Filmindia is Baburao and they will live and die together.

His family relations are something unbelievably unique. He proves the old proverbs wrong. His second wife Sushila Rani and the first wife move together like sisters and there is not a trace of jealousy between them. In this respect, what credit Baburao deserves is difficult to say. In Sushila Rani, Baburao has found a unique companion. She possesses high academic distinctions but she behaves like a traditional Hindu wife. Hers is a fine education. Baburao secretly adores her. All the adoration he can shower upon, she indeed deserves.

He has many children. His eldest, a daughter, is an exact replica of Baburao. To see them together is to me a unique experience. The best in Baburao comes out, when he is with his daughter. I have yet to see such a frank relationship between a father and a daughter. She is brutally frank and he is no less. What freedom a father can give his children is hardly to be believed, till one sees Baby and Baburao together. It is an elevating sight.

I could give many more good and bad points about Baburao. Many a time, I disagree with his writings. Sometimes I ask myself: whether he could be my friend? He is no hypocrite. Nay, he paints himself black, in order to attract attention. That is perhaps his technique —and a successful technique.

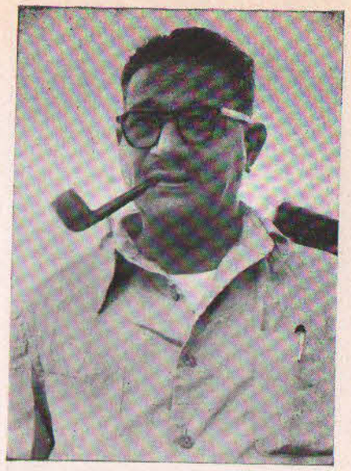
As an opponent, he is ruthless, even indiscreet. As a friend, he is generous and warm. He can bark, but seldom bite. At heart, he is humanist.

This is the Baburao I know.

Know His Race To Know Him!

By: Dr. N. M. Jaisoorya, M.D. (Berlin)

Member of Parliament



Dr. Jaisoorya is an old bard, being the son of the great Indian poetess Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Literature is his family disease and though the theme of Dr. Jaisoorya's song may vary from labour in our coal mines to labour in our maternity hospitals, his words never lack the lyrical complexion so distinctive of his illustrious family.

I figured out that I would tell you all about Baburao. That's just not possible just now. It would have catastrophic results and create a major social and political crisis if not a revolution. I am not his biographer; but if you should ever get to read his autobiography which is to be published 100 years after he is safely dead, its effects are expected to be beyond calculation terrific and colossal. So I'm going to tell you something of this magnificent guy as I know him, that is if anyone can know him completely.

He was born some time after this century had been ushered in and had some chance to stabilize itself. Heaven only knows what would have happened if he had been born in the "Gay Nineties". The hangover would have made this century quite groggy and probably this universe would have been more hilarious instead of having two major world wars and several minor scraps, mainly to maintain the prestige of the late lamented British Empire.

As you may be aware he was born of a long list of Banjaras as long as the Book of Kings in the Old Testament. With this guy being born the whole clan ceased to be Banjaras rearing cattle, scratching the soil and zealously maintaining the sacred tradition of high living and plain thinking. For this, his robust old father is solely responsible. The rugged old man taught himself to read and write and both father and son gathered up a mountain of useful knowledge because they never were forced to become victims of university education as I, and probably you, were condemned to. So both father and this precocious son have something very uncommon, namely, common sense and horse sense.

FED ON DICTIONARIES

I learn on the highly unreliable authority of his highly secret autobiography that as a baby his mother ran out of milk. So his father promptly fed him on the Oxford and, to compensate for British prudery, the unabridged and unexpurgated editions of Webster's Dictionary of the American Language which is mainly modern slang which goes round the world and on which mainly the world goes round. So little Baburao learnt from early babyhood each word in the dictionary and knew how to give a double and sometimes triple meaning to every word. You will also notice that this is also the secret why he is never at a loss for words: and in an argument has invariably the last word, except perhaps when he argues with Sushila Rani. I learn that in such instances he is word-bound and spell-bound. That's perfectly understandable and as clear as mud.

From early childhood this Baburao was a precocious and insufferable little brat, always arguing, putting inconvenient questions, and some say that at the age of six he wrote a completely new commentary on the Bhagavad Gita and the Gautama Samhita giving a twist and interpretation which puzzled all the learned pundits and even himself. Unconsciously, too, I'm told, he would rattle his father whom exceedingly few could ever rattle. On one occasion, I'm told, round about his seventh year, he suddenly surprised his proud father by asking: "Daddy, where do I come from?" The grand old man nearly choked at his dinner and, clearing his throat, said: "Well, my boy, time we had a serious talk; we'll have it after dinner, as man to man; and I'll tell you first everything about the flowers and bees . . . ." "What flowers and bees", yelled little Baburao, "little Chunilal down the block says he comes from Surat; all I wanna know is where do I come from?"

That's Baburao all over; and even as a grown up man who is about to hit his half century, even his plainest and most innocent queries and statements are being misunderstood and misread just as his rugged old Papa misunderstood ages ago in regard to the incident I just related to you out of his autobiography which will be published long after you and I are dead.

Now why is this guy so often misunderstood? The reason is again as clear as mud; namely, because as a Banjara he thinks and acts in an honest to goodness straightforward manner while our honourable society thinks and acts in a manner as crooked and warped as a question mark. That is called civilization and culture in the name of which we say hush-hush to everything and, in moments of enthusiasm, call Birth Control "Family Planning" and the Hindu Code Bill takes a century to be passed; by which time, likely, we'll all cease to be Hindus just as the modern Chinese have ceased to be Confucians, because of the confusion Confucianism has created all these centuries. By the way, Bertrand Russell has said that the ancient Chinese were the world's wisest people. A member of the British Embassy in Peking told me that the modern Chinese were the world's most practical and sensible people. And the ancient Chinese said that if you wish to soften a man's heart you should abuse yourself before him; if you wish to soften a woman's heart you should abuse her. Try it out yourself; but be sure you select the right woman for this experiment. Consult Baburao in this. He always knows the right woman.

FROM THE FLUTE TO THE PEN

I must tell you something about the Banjaras, otherwise you won't understand Baburao rightly. If you analyse our ancient Indian history correctly, most of the Hindu dynasties of our ancient history came out of the Banjara clans. These Banjaras have always been cattle breeders and, in the ancient days, wealth and power were measured by the heads of cattle one owned and not by the number of promissory notes of the Government of India or the silly Reserve Bank as today, which is illusory wealth anyway. And if you read your ancient history rightly, you'll remember that Sri Krishna of Brindavan, of whom Mira sang, was a Banjara who tended his cattle directly instead of through the Go-Sevak Samaj which is all hui.

Now this gave him time to do some solid thinking apart from winking at quite a galaxy of pretty girls; and when silly Aryan kings thought of a bit of civil war just to get away from their ennui, Krishna made war quite a plausible and desirable thing quite unlike our Peace Movement of today. The result was however very catastrophic and global. The Mahabharat scrap, I'm told by authorities, extended from the Bay of Bengal right up to Balkh and Badakshan and destroyed almost all the male Aryan population. So the ancient Aryans, whatever remained of them as residue after this blood-letting, brought out an ordinance, just as our Government does when it does not find anything in our new Constitution, and got their Aryan Putris married off to non-Aryan, probably Dravidian, sons-in-law and gave the latter the status of Aryans, just as the Nazis suddenly classified the Japanese as Aryans when the Axis was formed.

I am telling you all this out of intensive researches I have made in our dead and half-dead past. So you see the Banjaras are important to know because they played an important role in the past and are making a full cycle today again

through Baburao. Remember also that the Hindu kings of Golconda were Gowli King's therefore Banjaras. I can't definitely say that Baburao is in any way descended from Sri Krishna or the Gowli Kings of Golconda; but in the confused state of our history and the convulsions our country went through in the past 1000 years and more one never can be sure about our ancestors. So it is quite on the cards that Baburao may have come down directly, or by the various paths and by-paths of historical accidents, from Sri Krishna or some other ancestor very similar to him; because, the more I see of this guy, I'm reminded inescapably of the other historical guy whom our goofy Indian women won't forget even till today, I mean Sri Krishna whose residential address was Brindavan Villa, Brindavan, just as Baburao's is "Girnar", Pali Hill.

I am informed that women go crazy over this guy, Baburao, those women that are not already crazy. What they see in this puny fellow of a mere six feet and a feather-weight of two hundred and odd pounds, whose constitution is as delicate as a bulldozer, a fellow that has to use both his hands to swing a tooth brush and yet smashes a typewriter every day because of his weighty thoughts, is something that makes me despair of women as a whole. It only means that they haven't learnt a thing since the days of that other historical guy, Sri Krishna, in spite of the bucketfuls of algebra and logic and palaeontology and other dreadful things modern women have learnt at universities and such other institutions that should be prohibited by law.

BIG ALL ROUND

As you already know, this guy edits an expensive rag of a journal named "Filmindia" which makes many see red, including Morarji. Thousands detest its very existence but just have to read it in order to know what is what. I met this guy, Baburao, many years ago. I still like him. After all, that sort of thing is likely to happen to anyone, especially if that guy you want most heartily to detest, but cannot help liking, is Baburao.

What angers most of his friends and enemies is that his rag of a Filmindia has become a social necessity. You just can't assess a film rightly unless you read what Baburao says about it. For quite some time I was the final authority on films for my niece. She looked upon me as the infallible oracle whose word was law. Then after some time she began to anticipate and complete the sentences that I was going to utter and I discovered to my horror that the little beast had been buying, entirely on the sly, her own copy of Baburao's Filmindia and my little game was up. In despair I bought and studied other film journals only to be challenged by her on every statement. Several film journals have come and gone, most of them because they tried to be too smart.

This guy, Baburao, is really a big guy in every way. He thinks big, acts big, talks big, lives big and does big things in a big way. His stomach is still big in spite of having sacrificed three quarters of it to an operation in the mistaken ancient notion that a man must conquer his stomach. I may be exaggerating a bit when I say three quarters; it may have been just eleven sixteenth part of his stomach. But his heart is twice the size of his body and it has room within it for all the world besides women and his enemies.

Well, what's the use of my writing more? It's like gilding the pill. The fact is that you like him and I like him. In the finality, that's the only thing that matters.

"You Don't Say, Madam ?"

By : PROTIMA DASGUPTA

Have you ever been chased by a Banjara? I have! It happened twelve years ago, when I first came to Bombay from my province. I was a young and guileless belle from Bengal, and he, the mighty Banjara named Baburao Patel from the Deccan.

He pursued me long and ardently inviting me to dinners—lunches—teas and heady wines—even to look at his racehorses (though his sole interest was in two legged fillies!!). Changing his tactics he then tried interesting me in nature study and geography. We had plenty of fun. I studied his nature and he studied .....Well, let's skip it!! As far as geography went his main interest was in physical features. So I am afraid my "volcanic eruptions" was the only progress made.

I like an unsuspecting Cinderella did not even realize that the big bad wolf was after poor little me. His sublime ego thought I would fall another victim to his moonfaced charms!! But to his utter surprise he found he had come up against the Rock of Gibraltar—unshakable, unfathomable, and un-attainable. Even his sharp-edged sense of humour could not possibly cut through my self defence. His all-embracing pincer attack cut no ice, all his blitzkrieg movements bounced off the armour of my absolute and Byronic indifference. But this Banjara was not going to be an easy thing to shake off. For he is the typical male who hates to take "No" for an answer, and is quite a persistent suitor—but an impatient Romeo—disliking subtleties and stalling.

Madame Protima Dasgupta — artiste, producer and director — is one of those rare personalities very rarely found in life. She has the courage and intelligence of a man and yet the sex and charm of a woman. That makes the problem at once exciting and tantalizing. Her emphasis on the word "platonic" should not be missed. It makes Baburao a frustrated saint.

I have wondered many a time in the past so many years of my very close friendship with this King Arthur of today what he was like in his "salad days"? Was he then a knight in shining armour rescuing fair damsels in distress? Come to think of it—he is still "Sir Galahad" though the armour is trifle rusty and the damsels sometimes cause him the distress! Remember Iris? Alas! What remains of her now in the modern Camelot called "Girnar"? Nothing but a little pomeranian answering to the name of Iris which keeps ever-green her memories. He vastly enjoys the chase and conquest. Sometimes, however, he is not too discriminating in his choice of women. For he is quite easily attracted by a pretty face and figure neglecting to note that the surface beauty camouflages a shrew or a "shypoo".

Anyway, his war—rather love-cry left me unconquered. His — "Hai . . . . Hai . . . . Protima" and my—"nai . . . . nai . . . . Baburao" was a battle royal for years till he acknowledged defeat. We became friends!! In his life I pride myself as the only female who pinned him down to platonic friendship. Boy!! Did he need pinning down???! And how!! I am the only female in his life to whom he says, "Hi, pal, how goes life?"

All said and done though we have often been sparring partners—and this comes straight from the shoulder with the gloves off—Babu is a mighty fine fellow—generous and large-hearted, blunt and full of fighting spirit and not afraid to mince words when plain speaking is necessary.

So hail to Babu and Filmindia! May they both celebrate a century!

Baburao Patel, Patriot And Critic !

Man Who Makes Hollywood Tremble !

By : RAM BAGAI, M.A.

(Our Hollywood Correspondent)

Fifteen years ago, at a time when India was ruled by the British, Hollywood took advantage of India's servile position and made such films as "Lives Of The Bengal Lancers", "Gunga Din", "The Rains Came", (England made "Drums" and "Four Feathers"). All of this was to make India the laughing stock of the entire world. All that the western world wanted was to make money at the expense of India and her helpless position.

Upon the scene came Filmindia and Baburao Patel, its editor. And he blasted these films out of India — by pressure on the British rulers. (See Filmindia —years 1938, 1939). A print of "Gunga Din" was burned in front of the Indian theatre in which it was booked. The Indian people and even the British Government would not allow it to be shown.

Then Baburao Patel came to Hollywood. They spread the proverbial red carpet for him in an effort to win him over but Baburao gave them a good piece of his mind. His personality was great, his words greater and his patriotic theme greatest. All the weight was against Hollywood, she had no recourse. Hollywood acquiesced. The war came — and all was forgotten. Where profits are concerned Hollywood has a short memory.

Now 15 years later — and India is free! A nation newly born is trying to gird its loins to support, educate, uplift and provide for itself as best as it can.

Since the war, a growing world menace (other than Communism) has been forming and growing at an alarming rate in the minds of the world's people. This menace is crime. The prime reason is crime and sex films. Most of these films come from Hollywood. Hollywood controls 20% of India's motion picture playing time but it influences 90% of Indian motion picture production.

And now — not dulled, but sharpened, by time, again come Filmindia and its editor, Baburao Patel ! This time to lead the fight against all foreign films which glorify sex and crime and tend to rip away the morality of the Indian people.

Especially the younger generations who now try to ape and outwit Hollywood's ingenious gangster and criminal-minded story-tellers of perverted entertainment (so-called). This is a fight which someday the entire world will join — against Hollywood. But today India alone is striking the first and recurring blows against these warped entertainment celluloids emanating primarily from Hollywood. This time it is the Government of India, together with Filmindia, who are successfully combating the worst of Hollywood.

Here in Hollywood we have kept abreast of what is going on in India and noted India's reaction to Filmindia — but what is Hollywood's reaction to Baburao and Filmindia?

Officially it is silence—complete silence! And this in the area where normally publicity and gossip are poured out by the bucketfuls. One of Hollywood's first acts was to bar Filmindia's correspondent here (here for 15 years) — from visiting the studios and previewing the latest Hollywood films. This was done after Baburao Patel debunked (in Filmindia) the Indian Film Delegation to Hollywood in late 1952 as a Red Delegation. (The excuse I was given by Duke Wales — the studio spokesman, was "You're not doing us any good".)

It is history now — but Patel's special bulletins regarding the Delegation (and sent to every American influential person, trade paper, and government official from then President Harry S. Truman down) embarrassed the Motion Picture Producers Association no end. Since then Filmindia, Baburao Patel, and myself have been considered poison by the Hollywood film industry.

What has Hollywood been doing since then? Unofficially — plenty !

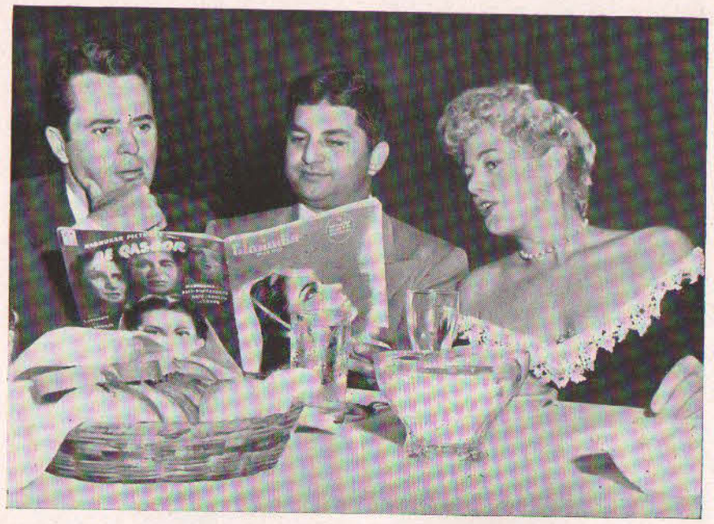
They have corralled by wining and dining any and all Indian officials that they can get their hands on — from Vice-President Radhakrishnan down to Ambassador Mehta — consuls — visitors and anyone else they can find to excoriate Filmindia, Patel, and myself. And mainly to stop the Government ban on their films. No step is being overlooked to reprimand Filmindia and fight back against this Indian wave of opposition that has hurt Hollywood where it hurts most — in its pocketbook. And Hollywood is spending thousands of dollars every month doing this. Indeed a rare compliment to "Filmindia" and Baburao Patel !

We here in Hollywood wish to first commend the Government of India for having an alert censor board in preventing films of an immoral nature to be shown in India, regardless of the country from which they may come.

HATS OFF TO A FIGHTER

Next — Baburao Patel's Filmindia is the only film journal in either the United States or India that constantly has the intestinal fortitude (guts) to unhesitatingly ask for and demand the banning of any films which glorify sex, gangsterism, crime, drinking, etc.

Tyrone Power has to stop shooting and start reading a new copy of Filmindia. The studio can wait but he cannot. That is a popular story wherever Filmindia goes. The addicts are always impatient.



As Ram Bagai reads some of the jokes from the "Editor's Mail", Larry Parks and Shelley Winters wonder. No studio lunch tastes well in Hollywood without the popular Indian spice—Filmindia.

Charles Skouras, President of the 20th Century-Fox, asks Ram Bagai, our Special Representative in Hollywood, what vitamins Baburao takes to write like that.

In America — occasionally a Communist paper may come out against a certain Hollywood film or two, but only because of different ideological reasons. Or a Catholic paper may arouse its people against a single film (currently RKO's "The French Line" — starring Jane Russell) if it is shockingly sexy. But still these are only occasional outbursts. According to William Mooring (motion picture editor of the "Tiding" — leading Catholic paper in the U.S.), there is no one paper or group of papers which would dare go so consistently and persistently against Hollywood's filmed orgies of gangsterism and sin. The papers in the United States do not review motion pictures anymore — they merely 'write them up'! The newspapers cannot afford to attack the Hollywood product. It isn't expedient. They dare not offend one of their leading customers. (Just the same as papers here dare not say much regarding the ill-health effects of tobacco. Too many advertising millions involved!)

All of this goes to prove what nerve and imagination is required to buck up Hollywood.

When a studio representative asked me, "Why don't you write for another film paper in India other than Filmindia?—and we'll reinstate you in five minutes?"

I replied, "I am not interested in being re-instated. I believe in the convictions for which my paper stands and fights, and I am with them 100% all the way. To me Patel is right and the Indian Censor Board is proving it. It's as simple as that." That silenced him.

And what does Hollywood say about that?

They shrug their shoulders and say "so what?" India contributes ½ or 1% of our total income—a mere drop in the bucket. So if a dozen pictures are banned in a year—so what? But underneath they are sizzling and doing all they can to bring diplomatic pressure at its highest (even on New Delhi) — to preserve a foul dollar.

The good that can come from this campaign will not change Hollywood for the better now. The only thing that can happen will be that Hollywood's worst films will not be shown in India. If sufficient world publicity could be attained from what's happening in India so that other countries — to their peoples' benefit — would also apply the pressure against Hollywood's worst films, then the only alternative for Hollywood will have to be to change its tone and tactics, and produce once again more of the fine films that made Hollywood famous instead of the decayed rut into which it has submitted itself.

Make no mistake — Hollywood has, can, and will make the best film fare for the world to marvel at because it has both the talent and the know how. But even Hollywood can get into a rut and stagnate. And even Hollywood must be whipped into line when needed!

Every producer, director, and star in Hollywood that sees and reads Filmindia (and many many do) wonder what is wrong with this or that Hollywood film which India has banned. Why did India ban it? (You see even the Hollywood people themselves have been so conditioned to their own film fare.) But when the explanation is put to them on a personal basis — Would you Mr.——— send your 12-year old son or daughter to see "Salome" or "M" or "The Moon Is Blue"? The answer, of course, is a profound 'No'! And then they immediately admit from their hearts that Filmindia's great crusade is right.

Robert Hardy Andrews, a well known Hollywood producer (who is to make "Life of Buddha") recently requested me when I next write to Baburao Patel to tell him to keep up the good work. Others have told me the same thing— but cannot be named for fear of losing their positions.

Anyone with a clean and honest mind has to take his hat off to Baburao Patel and Filmindia for what they have done,— for in their hearts (if not in their pocketbooks) even Hollywood tycoons admit Filmindia is right.

"Can you beat that Gary?" asks Bette Davis. And Hubby Gary Merrill wonders how Baburao Patel can go on cracking new jokes from month to month.

"Filmindia" And The Students

By : B. S. FOLTON

In the North, kissing the feet of the Himalayas lies a little town, silently shivering in the night and quietly humming during the day. Once notorious for its mice, it is famous for its rice and largely produces litchis, lawyers and sometimes loafers. Once it had idlers, now they say it has gamblers and small-time speculators. Though time has destroyed much of its traditional stupor, changed its shape, altered its calm complexion and driven ample activity and civilized worries into its existence, some years ago its inhabitants could be easily taken for professional opium-eaters. It was then a town offering a motion picture camera an ideal opportunity to study it in detail, because the town always moved in slow motion. The town is Dehra Dun.

Those who don't know this town well, may dispute this description. But those who know it should be too lazy to express agreement. The raw material from which generally lawyers and sometimes loafers are made is, of course, students and the town has a teeming number of them. Among other educational corrals which absorb the youthful population during the day and keep the fragile roads of the town from impairing under the restless feet of the students, there is a missionary school which, though, it has woefully failed in bringing the youth nearer to Christ, has yet succeeded in popularising basketball among them. The school has a huge, gigantic bell with many legends attached to it.

When the town was traditionally calm and idle the gigantic bell tolled with a disciplined fury reminding one of the historical Cathedral of Notre-Dame and as the tiny town resounded with its thunder, one felt the presence of some emergency. There was an emergency every morning and it was the opening of the school for the day. The angry bell disturbed the traditional idlers and rushed young boys from all parts of the town to the school and by the time its last echo dissolved in the air, the boys were well inside the classrooms ready to begin their daily gymnastics with the text books.

But during the first week of the month a good number of ears became deaf to the impatient school bell and its fury became impotent. The classrooms had several empty seats, the missing students being collected a few yards away from the school round a shabby, fly-infested shop with their heads bowed over a rectangular object which kept them too fascinated to notice anything else. Nothing disturbed them, neither the unpleasant thought of the school teacher, nor the plainly impatient stare of the shopkeeper, nor even the persistent exploration of their faces by the flies. Their eyes remained glued to that object which silently challenged the authoritative thunder of the school bell.

The little shop dealt in stationery but the hypnotized boys were not there to buy a rubber or a pencil or stare at a pretty fountain pen. What made them so scandalously curious was the output of a pen. What turned them deaf to the town-shaking school bell was a country-shaking repertory of literary detonations. The group of boys with bent heads, tilted heads, dipped heads, craning necks, shoving shoulders, with curiosity dancing in their eyes and with their lips formed into various patterns of smiles, stood there near the shabby, stationery shop oblivious of the rest of the world scanning the pages of a magazine. That magazine was "filmindia". It reached the town in the first week of the month and the boys began to arrive late in the school during the spell-casting week.

Time has changed the shape of the town including the shape of the stationery shop but the popularity of "filmindia" seems perennial. As in any other town in this town also "filmindia" forms a part of the students' life. They rush to sip at its fountain of humour, to feel the sharpness of its double-edged wit and to swallow its spicy pills of concentrated wisdom. They read it standing at the bookstalls, inside the classrooms, outside the cinemas, in the restaurants, under bedcovers, in the bathrooms and sometimes even while riding on the carrier of a bicycle. And these boys are not all truants. Some of them are brilliant and many of them are above the average in intelligence, healthy curiosity and alert imagination. While other school boys try hard to remember that sodium chloride is the chemical name for common salt, the Filmindia addicts already know this and in addition want to know what is the 'salt of life?' But if they put this question to their science teacher he would probably cane their palms and make them taste the salt in their tears. So they turn to the Editor of Filmindia, who every month delights in perhaps one of the most annoying jobs in the world, that is, to answer hundreds of questions from his readers on all possible topics under the sun and some even beyond it. The Editor does not disappoint them and tells them tersely and significantly that the salt of life is 'the sweat of your brow'.

Mr. B. S. Folton, himself a graduate from Dehra Dun but now a journalist, tries here to recapture the thrills of his good old college days.

School boys don't seem to mind being late to the school to enjoy such epigrams.

WITH THE COLLEGE GUYS

Where Filmindia often halts the journey of school-bound boys near a stationery shop to give them some extra lessons soaked in sound sense and seasoned with literary spice and lends fragrance for at least a week to a stinking, fly-infested shop, it wields a bigger magical influence over college students. Groups of college students with a copy of Filmindia between them and smiles on their faces can be found inside and around the solitary single-storied degree college in the town, on the college lawn, on the seats in an empty classroom or inside an adjacent restaurant. They read and chuckle, smile and burst into untamed laughter sometimes making the old gloomy professors passing by wonder if they had been somehow guilty of encouraging humour in the students.

One cold morning a bunch of students sat shivering inside one of the restaurants in front of the college wringing their hands and blowing hot breath over their painfully cold fingers to bring some blood and warmth to those pen holders to answer their examination papers. There was still half-an-hour to go. This is the usual tea-and-text book prelude in which students sincerely try to recall a year's work in half-an-hour in a grand effort to retain it at least for the next three hours. They close their eyes, knit their brows and work up their faces in different expressions in these very serious pre-examination gymnastics. It would be a pity to disturb such intense scholarly pursuit. But then there is always some well-to-do student, with understanding parents, who accepts an examination as a boring but inescapable interlude in his life and decides to enter the hall with all his spirits well-tuned. One such boy now entered the restaurant and began to read a magazine. His giggling attracted attention. The worried boys looked up. The chap soon burst out into a laughter. That disturbed the others. One of them asked

"Now, what's so funny on a day like this?" The fellow said, "Nothing funny! Everything fine. Look!" And he showed a new copy of Filmindia to everyone around.

And then the boys asked almost in a chorus, "Hey! Is Filmindia out?" "Yes buddies. What do you think! That is the first thing I saw in the morning. And I am the first person Baburao Patel met in this town without, of course, counting the agent. That usually happens." "Eh, but where did you get the ammunition?", asked another. "Oh, dad gave me a tenner to put me in good mood for the exams, you know!" was the quick reply.

After that the stinking little stationery shop with virgin copies of Fimindia lying there looked more important than the spacious examination hall. Normally nothing would have stopped the students from rushing to the shop. But then examinations are different and parents are difficult to understand. So the tantalizing treasure of wit and humour had to wait for three long painful hours.

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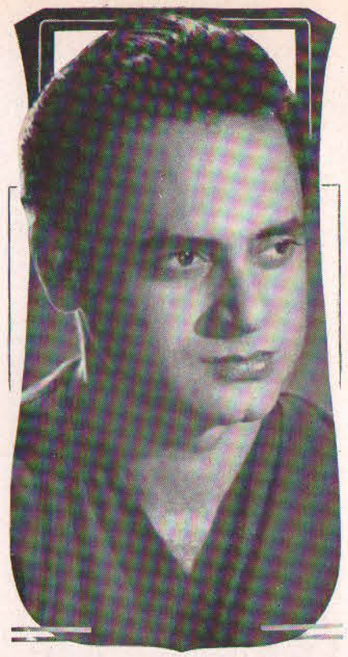


Bengalis eat rosogollas and then make a sour face when they see a girl. Funny chaps and Abhi Bhattacharya looks the funniest of them all in "Sailaab", a social theme of Emar Films.

ANAND, THE SCIENTIST

One person whom Filmindia brings varied interesting experiences every month is Anand, a science student with a large family of father, mother, two sisters, a younger brother and a couple of unemployed uncles. Anand's father is a lawyer, who has been reading Filmindia for years and loudly wondering how Baburao Patel escapes the long arm of law. Father's admiration for Baburao Patel naturally provides the passport for Filmindia's entry into the family. Anand is usually asked to buy the copy every month. Now, everyone in the family knows that Filmindia is out in the first week of every month. So every one asks Anand whether he has bought the copy. Whatever time Filmindia may come into our little town, it invariably comes four days later in Anand's family, though the little shopman will tell you that Anand—a proud and regular buyer—starts making frantic inquiries about a new issue a week in advance. But Anand is a science student who has made a careful scientific study of the behaviour of the different members of his family after the arrival of Filmindia. He, of course, applies his Kinsey findings in a practical manner. For instance, if father sees the copy first—and father of course pays for it—then Anand has to submit the new copy of Filmindia quietly and wait four days till his lawyer-father has read the whole issue and wondered loudly about the legal aspects of some of Baburao's editorial articles. Sometimes, father calls two or three other lawyer-friends for a forensic debate over the writings and then one of the friends borrows the copy for further weighty thought. That keeps a new copy out of Anand's home for a week with brother, sisters, mother, uncles and of course Anand all in agony.

The two uncles, elders by profession, are always keen on getting some employment and when they see Filmindia, they consider it a job worth doing for two days each. The little brother must see the pictures first and then rush to the questions and answers, while the two sisters have evolved a game called "Now answer that one". This game begins with the first page of the Editor's Mail with one sister picking up a question and asking the other for the reply. It invariably ends with "No! You are wrong! Baburao says this" and then the reply is read. This cross-reading goes on for three to four days punctuated by giggling,

laughter and often several monkey-jumps over the beds. Mother, the traditional symbol of silent suffering, of course gets the copy last. But she cannot read it quietly because the sisters often try to refresh their memory by bending over her shoulder and asking the usual question, "Which question are you reading, mummy?" Mother takes a week to get through Filmindia, before the copy starts its monthly travel to friends and neighbours. Now no one learns science without an inventive bent of mind. It is in the first week of every month that Anand has to use a camouflaging device to keep a new copy of Filmindia out of sight till he has read and re-read it to his heart's content. Anand, of course, uses the big Physics Practical record book to cover Filmindia but he has to change his locations from day to day to avoid the inquisitive members of his family. Having tried bathrooms, bedrooms and other solitary corners of his house, he has often to climb up the banyan tree in his backyard to snatch a quiet hour with Filmindia.

Anand is a wise boy. He knows the babel that Filmindia causes every month. And he also remembers the hot tempers which his sisters show when Anand accidentally gives the copy to father, of course after Anand has himself finished with it, before the girls have had even a peep into it. That is the time Anand is called a sadist because father doesn't like anything with a legal complexion like Filmindia to be removed from his table unless all the law points arising out of it are finally debated and settled.

THE LITTLE PUNJABI

Dale Carnegie's famous book may or may not be an effective guide to winning friends in this unfriendly world but a subscription to Filmindia is a sure way of gathering friends around one and winning personal popularity. There is, however, a queer case of a queer chap in this queer town which proves that Filmindia-ownership is a double-edged device which can make friends and collect some bitter enemies too. In this little town there is a five-feet tall guy—possibly the smallest Punjabi in existence—from a rich business family. He is still a student having nothing better to do. Short in height, slim in girth, fair in complexion, tall in fancy, long in wind and gruff in speech, this puny guy with a pug nose has strong likes and dislikes, more dislikes of course, and believes in spitting out every word that comes on his tongue. He believes in idleness outside but very hard work at home and has already quite a few children at the age of 25. He smokes like a lime-kiln but won't let anybody draw a single spiral of smoke from his cigarette. He sees pictures practically every day but mostly alone because he cannot always find company which should pay its own admission. He drinks about a dozen cups of tea a day but wouldn't offer anybody even a spoonful of tea. And yet he is not a stingy person. He is polite like any normal person to his friends of whom he has about a quarter dozen. But beyond that tiny circle of friends he draws a sharp line and insists that he has no obligations which are legally binding. Since it is not legally binding to offer a cigarette or lend Filmindia, he refuses to do it.

He openly declares that he likes Filmindia and that nobody can do anything about it, as if somebody had threatened to do something about it. He further declares that he hates those who borrow Filmindia and adds that nobody can do anything about it. And this is where the trouble starts. Many wish they could do something about it. Nobody minds if a person buys a copy of Filmindia, reads

it quietly in his home, hides it from friends and when asked to lend it lies that he hasn't got it. But a person who buys a copy of Filmindia, reads it in public, flaunts it in restaurants, roadside cafes and billiard saloons and then curtly and firmly refuses to lend it or even let anybody have a hurried glance at it, becomes something of a public menace, a danger to public peace, law and order. At least this is how many people feel in this town. And yet this is what this guy does. He manages to get his Filmindia early in the month, takes it with him to all the places he goes during the day and reads it amidst a lot of people. But if anybody even as much as sneaks behind him to have a look at the magazine, he promptly closes it and turns on an icy, unfriendly stare on the sneaking onlookers and bluntly tells them that if they want to read Filmindia they must buy a copy.

"GHOST" BABU

Today of course he is cordially disliked by many people and is almost the most unpopular guy in the town because of his refusal to share Filmindia with others. He was especially disliked by a Bengali boy who has since joined the Artillery Corps of the Army and no one is yet sure whether the Bengali boy will return to the town one day to hit his favourite bull's-eye. This Bengali boy, however, was the anti-thesis of the Punjabi guy. His name was Ghosh but he soon came to be known as "ghost" because of his monthly visitations to the homes of Filmindia buyers.

This Bengali chap was a chronic reader of Filmindia, and most probably still is, but he never purchased a copy. He was a professional borrower and believed that a copy of Filmindia is public property to which everybody should have free access. He thought it to be an act of blasphemy for one to refuse to lend the magazine to others. According to him, the Punjabi guy was an incorrigible sinner, one sure to be turned down by St. Peter. Being a professional at the game of borrowing Filmindia, the Bengali 'ghost' had developed a subtle and refined approach to his monthly problem of reading the magazine without purchasing it. He would go to a Filmindia-subscribing friend, start conversation with the day's most sensational political topic and after half an hour's discussion loudly wonder what Baburao Patel was going to say on the subject, adding that whatever Baburao would say would be unique, witty and more interesting and convincing than what anybody else would do. Having cleverly shifted the talk to Baburao Patel, he would begin quoting some of his past witticisms, of which he remembered hundreds by heart, and then having put the Filmindia-subscribing friend into good humour would softly bewail that he had not seen a copy since long, always adding "I wonder if Filmindia is still as exciting as it used to be." This would have the desired effect and the Filmindia-subscriber, as if challenged, would immediately fish out the latest issue to convince the Bengali fox that Filmindia was not only as interesting as before but more interesting. The Bengali would read here and there, laugh heartily and then abruptly ask, "Can I take it today? I'll return it tomorrow." He always succeeded that is, except with the Punjabi lad who was too damn clever for the Bengali strategist.

WHY THEY LIKE IT

Filmindia thus lends life and colour to the students in that tiny town. It prompts them into numerous battles of wits, plunges them into various discussions —political, cultural, filmic—and affords them new experiences of life. But students are not blind worshippers of Filmindia. They are perhaps the most intelligent and discriminating section of Filmindia's readership. They sometimes disagree with it violently on political matters. They sometimes seriously differ with its film reviews. They don't always agree with some dictums handed out from month to month in the Editor's Mail section. But they cannot shut their eyes to its spicy, exciting quality attained with a rare wit, humour and rhetorics. They are those clever people who when they don't like to gulp down some Filmindia pills, roll them in the mouth just the same, suck off their coating of wit and humour and then quietly spit the pills out. They thus manage to relish Filmindia's delicious wit and humour without always having to swallow its contents in toto.

Students like Fimindia for a variety of reasons. They find in it the only magazine in the world which reviews pictures with hurting honesty and devastating frankness. Students like it because it can say of a picture "The picture is a killer. And if you find it accidentally running in a town within 50 miles, avoid the town for three months at least. That should be enough time for the stink of "Dolti Nayya" to leave a town. Seeing the picture is inviting premature death."

Another thing that beats them is the chronic unpredictability of its Editor. Students read the questions to the Editor and try to anticipate his answers. But they never succeed. Leave alone the exact phraseology of the answer they find it impossible even to anticipate the strain of thought in which the Editor would give the answer. Once a group of students saw the following question to the Editor and tried to speculate what its answer would be like. The question was "What sensation does a full moon cause in you?" All the students predicted that the answer would be some highly emotional paragraph written in poetic English. When they looked up, they found this answer, "She reminds me of a thousand idiotic film songs wickedly thrust on us under her aegis. I get nausea when I see the full moon these days." The unexpectedness of the answer gave the students a surprise and a thrill. Without an element of surprise a statement does

not become completely witty. But students always rely on Baburao Patel to give them more surprises in a month than they would get from a hundred other magazines in a hundred years. They like Baburao Patel because he is always ahead of them in the use of his dizzy imagination and the flight of his fancy.

REPLETE WITH REALISM

Every student reader of Filmindia likes Baburao Patel for his robust, frank and absolutely unhypocritical personality as it emerges through the Editor's Mail section. They like him for such realism as is revealed in his following answer.

Q. Have you ever felt what it is like to be inside a Khadi suit in mid-summer?

A. I guess you feel like a rotten onion wrapped in burlap. I don't believe in hand-spun, hand-woven Khadi with our mills turning out millions of yards of good cloth.

Some of his well-aimed and well-rendered hits give many a chuckle to students. Once somebody asked him "In publicity shouldn't the slogan "ladies first" be followed? How is it that Shantaram, in advertising "Dr. Kotnis", bills himself before his wife Jayashree?" The answer was "With Shantaram the slogan is, "Shantaram first, Shantaram last, Shantaram in front, Shantaram behind, Shantaram here, Shantaram there and Shantaram everywhere. The rest of the world, nowhere!" If you are thinking of inviting Shantaram for a funeral, you must guarantee that he will get more attention and importance than the corpse."

Whether Mr. Shantaram liked this description of his ego or not, the students of that little town got a great kick out of this answer. The characteristic, down-to-earth regard he has for Indian films and their producers catches students' imagination. Students can't help feeling tickled when he answers such questions as "If you were given the choice of shooting one man, whom would you shoot? A stereotyped story writer, an ugly looking hero or heroine, a nauseating comedian or a money-mad producer?" with "I would not accept such a niggardly choice. I require a wholesale privilege in this matter."

EPIGRAMMATIC DEFINITIONS

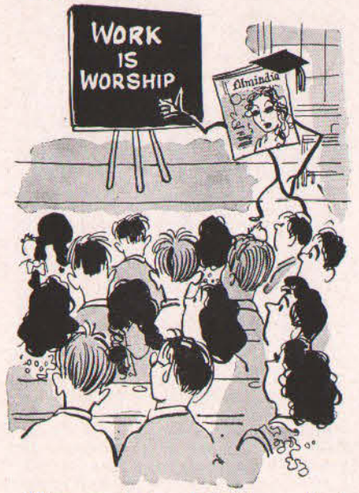
Then there are those occasions when a reader makes a slip in asking questions and is promptly punished to the delight of others. As, once a reader from Pakistan asked the Editor "Which sex do you like more?" The reply he provoked was, "In our country the opposites attract. How is it in Pakistan?" That reply made students laugh for days.

The Editor of Filmindia is perhaps the biggest single manufacturer of definitions. There must hardly be anything which he has not been asked to define. And there must hardly be a time when he does not come out with a definition and throws up the sponge. Numerous of his pithy definitions full of wit, wisdom or satire are as easily remembered by students as their love affairs. Thus, they remember that "dream is an evidence in the head of water in the bladder"; "middle age is the stage at which the feet are set to the future and the mind is hitched to the past"; "Nira is toddy in its virginity"; "reputation is the goodwill of creditors" while "pain is a reminder of God" and so on and so forth there must be hundreds of juicy definitions coined by the Editor of Filmindia and avidly memorised by the students.

Talking of definitions, there was an aged father in that little town who would not let his son go near Filmindia. He of course had never read the magazine but declared it a taboo because it seemed to be a fashion among the men of his age to do so. His son however as usual rebelled and smuggled a copy into the house every month. But one day the father came upon the young smuggler while he was almost caressing the contraband stuff. He snatched the magazine away from him and still noticing a mischievous, irresistible smile on the son's lips angrily demanded what he was so happy about. The son put his forefinger on a sentence on the open page. The angry father read it. It was an answer defining an embrace in the following words "Four good arms in wrong arm-pits".

The father suddenly turned his face and marched off with the copy to his room emphasizing his annoyance in his gait. He didn't want the son to see him struggling to prevent a smile involuntarily lighting up his own face.

One thing which no consistent reader of Fimindia fails to notice is the one abiding belief of Filmindia's Baburao Patel which he emphasizes from month to month. A student may not able to anticipate Baburao Patel in any other matter but he knows that to the question "What is work?" Baburao has only one answer, "worship".



When somebody asked Baburao Patel, perhaps expecting a frivolous reply, "Do you write poems on a rainy day?" he gave a singularly significant reply, pregnant with all the meaning in the world. He answered, "No, I collect the rain in buckets and use it for washing my clothes."

Students of this once idle town like a man who can give them such a valuable tabloid of practical wisdom. They like a man who entertains them, thrills them, surprises them and yet manages to give them such concentrated bits of sound sense. To retain its human quality, of course, every like is qualified by an accompanying dislike and at least students —with pride in the spring of their feet, arrogance in their youth, a thirst for learning in their minds and a rosy hope in their future—don't easily surrender their intellectual stature to anyone and declare complete allegiance to him.

Before Baburao Patel's wit, humour and charm, however, they seem to be fairly overwhelmed. For him and his Filmindia, it seems, they would even miss a day's examination and often let even the school-bells toll away.

Beaconlight And Sheet Anchor!

By : R. G. TORNEY

I never knew my friend Baburao was born on the 4th April at Maswan until recently. It is a strange coincidence that my birth date happens to be 13th April at Malwan. And it is but natural that a Man from Malwan happens to be a closest friend of the "Man from Maswan".

It was sometime in 1926, when I was the manager of the once-mighty Imperial Film Company, that I first came to know Baburao Patel as the editor of the English Section of "Cinema Samachar" a trilingual film weekly. Even then he slashed every one from top to bottom. His pungent criticism hurt many but it also made them do some heart-searching.

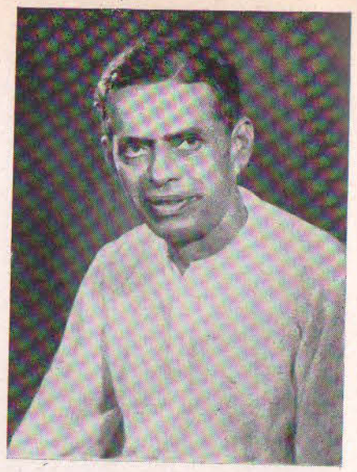
Baburao and I became great friends and film people often asked me to win over Baburao and remove the sting from his writings. But I knew Baburao to be a missionary in spirit and purpose. I had therefore to emphasize the truth of what Baburao wrote and ask the film people themselves to improve.

Even though I was one of his dearest friends, Baburao did not spare my own pictures which I produced under the banner of Saraswati Cinetone. I always conceded to him his right as a critic and often learnt from his criticisms. Baburao is not an erratic critic. He is a deeply educated critic, fair and balanced in his judgement and absolutely impartial, friend or no friend. His pen has a character which I, as a Maharashtrian, loved and respected. No one could buy it and I know how many tried to do so through all these long years that I have been in the film industry.

Like all those born in April, Baburao is fearless, dislikes restraint, is frank and ardent and likes to go straight to the point. Strong-willed and purposeful Baburao Patel is an individualist, a leader of men, a doer and not a dreamer. He is an honest man — an impulsive person cannot be otherwise — and extremely loyal in friendship. Baburao acquired wealth but did not hoard it. He often gives it away freely and I know many whom he has helped.

What else can I, an old buddy of his, wish him but many many years of life, good health, success and happiness?

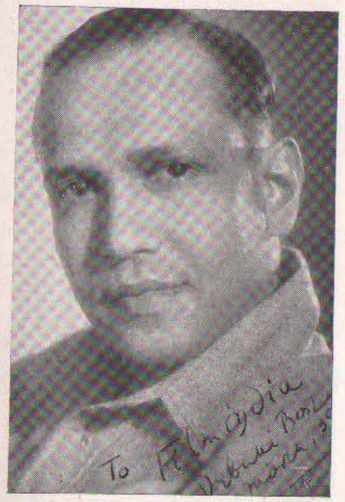
He is not only the beaconlight of our film industry but also one of the sheet anchors of our nation. God bless him.



R. G. Torney, popularly known as Dada Torney, is one of the early pioneers of our film industry. As the manager of the Imperial Film Company, the largest producing concern in India at one time, he was largely responsible for the progress of technique in our films. In association with Mr. Charles Glouner of Hollywood, Dada was the first one to import the Audio-Camex Sound System into India to produce several of our early talkies. Dada also opened his own production studio called "The Saraswati Cinetone" and gave us some rare pictures, the best known being "Shyam Sunder". Dada has now retired but the pioneer is not tired and he still inspires many even from his cosy little bungalow in Poona, which has become a spot of pilgrimage for old friends.

Baburao Patel, A Dynamic Entity!

By : DEBAKI KUMAR BOSE



Mr. Debaki Bose — writer, director and producer — is one of the most intellectual members of our film family. In the realm of film art, his work is almost immortal — his great pictures like: "Seeta", "Rajrani Mira" and "Vidyapati" having set up new and rare standards in the film production of the country.

"Life begins at fifty" — may be true of men of the ilk of Henry Ford, but to the average mortal fifty is quite an age.

In spite of the Biblical span of life being fixed at three scores and ten, an ancient Indian sage had advised all to shun the world on crossing over the half-century mark. We may not take him too literally. But there is no gainsaying the fact that fifty is a crucial age for a man—as deeply significant as Nature's transition from summer to autumn. The season of rain and storm and excessive heat is over: there is calm and serenity in the atmosphere, a dewy softness leaves its mellowing effect on the landscape.

The King in Tagore's "Falgooni" interpreted the first grey hair on his head as an invitation letter from Father Time. Without being unduly philosophic about it, at fifty a man can be said to have developed a more objective outlook than at any time before. For a critic of the passing show, which we call life, this objectivity is a definite asset.

Baburao Patel has attained that age of maturity, for which he certainly deserves the warmest felicitations. He has been a warrior all his life, and although his sword has been his pen, the sharpness with which he invests his tirades can be favourably compared with the sharpest of steel blades. Now has come the time when he will be in a better position to realize that a sharp instrument has also other more beneficial uses than merely inflicting gory gashes or weeping wounds. The same steel that cuts the flesh also ploughs the soil, bringing out the golden harvest from the wombs of mother earth. Baburao Patel, 50, will turn from a swordsman to a ploughman — that is my wishful thinking on this auspicious occasion.

It is customary for an elder to bless the younger one by wishing him all prosperity and a long and happy life. To wish Baburao Patel more prosperity in worldly wealth than what he has already had would only add to his Income Tax worries. And to bless him with the conventional "Satam Jeebatu" (Live for a hundred years) would be simply redundant. For although his physical age may be fifty today, he has already lived for more than a century by the quantity and quality of his turnover. And in my reckoning, he is going to last for a couple of more centuries, if a man's energy is any measure of his longevity. So my wishing him more prosperity and a long life today would be meaningless in the context of the dynamic entity known as Baburao Patel.

I shall therefore do the next best thing and express my admiration for the man whom I have found through my long years in films as a singularly dependable person. Unlike the mealy-mouthed variety, Baburao Patel has never minced matters while showering praise or sending a man to perdition. He has been forthright alike in his praise and censure, and we have certainly a lasting need for a man like him.

"It's Filmindia, You Know!"

From

R. K. KARANJIA

I am happy to write this in response to a request from the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee for an article on "Baburao Patel, Friend and Comrade." For whatever Baburao has left wanting in his rather controversial and tempestuous career, no one will grudge him the fact that he has always been a good friend and an excellent comrade.

Baburao, of course, is FILMINDIA. And FILMINDIA is Baburao. You cannot think of one without the other. And if you divide the intelligent, thinking, newspaper-reading public of India into two roughly equal parts, you will find that one worships Baburao as some sort of a Press God, while the other denounces him as the most villainous of the Seven Deadly Devils.

That does not worry a man of the mettle of Baburao. He is a writer and a campaigner made after the mould of the master who said: "I want you to love me. If I cannot make you love me, I want you to hate me. But I don't want you to ignore me. That would kill me."

Who can ignore Baburao? Some of us love him. Some of us hate him. I must confess to having done both, sometimes while reading the things he writes about me in one single issue of FILMINDIA. But none of us dare ignore him. For he is an institution of his own type—good, bad or indifferent, as you please.

Which reminds me of a story. I was flying to some place, via Hyderabad, where a Congress Session was about to be held. In the plane with me were some dozen Congress leaders, a rather joyless, sullen, gawkish crowd of Morarjums. They not only looked the genuine "Depressed class" of Bharat that was India, but cast depression all around.

Then a miracle happened. The air hostess brought a copy of FILMINDIA to these *miserables*. I don't know how Baburao gets round these air hostesses, but somehow they always make themselves the best salesgirls for FILMINDIA. To return to the subject, however, I have never seen the face of people light up with such joy and hope as did those of the Congresswallas. They literally ducked for FILMINDIA, almost mishandling the air hostess in the process. One of them, a secretary of the Party, finally got hold of the copy.

I wish Baburao was there to see the transformation that came over him. He turned the pages like a man watching different stages of a strip-tease act. He smiled and laughed and roared and hiccupped. He turned round, showed the pictures to his colleagues and read out juicy bits from Baburao's questions and answers.

After he had finished with it, FILMINDIA went from hand to hand. And when the crowd got down at Hyderabad and our plane took off again for Bangalore, the air hostess was searching in vain for the only copy of FILMINDIA. "Apparently the scoundrels have pinched it", she explained in disgust. She told me this sort of thing often happened.

"IT IS FILMINDIA, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. R. K. Karanjia, the Editor of "Blitz", is one of the major national problems of the Congress Party. They intend to tackle the problem in the second Five-Year Plan.

Dr. William Crawford White

(Clinical Professor of Surgery, Columbia University Consulting Surgeon, The Roosevelt Hospital, New York.)

"My First Indian Patient"

By : Dr. William Crawford White
M.D. F.A.C.S.

Back in June 1948, I was called one day to The Roosevelt Hospital to see in consultation BABURAO PATEL, acutely ill because of a massive gastric hemorrhage. He was pale and washed out, but of good cheer, and he greeted me with a smile. We immediately ordered blood transfusions (3000 cc. in all), with prompt temporary relief to this very acute phase. After this I began to know him. I had never met an Indian gentleman, so I was interested and curious. We were strangers, but the "ice broke" when I first discovered his grand sense of humour. Sick as he was, he noticed the label on the transfusion bottle with the name of the donor "JONES". As the blood went in, he smiled and said, "Now I am an American." We grew to understand each other. I came to respect him for his courtesy, consideration and great courage.

There is no reason for going into the technical details of the surgical treatment of this very sick man. Suffice it to say that after he had been out of bed, after the operation, on the ninth day, he had a severe relapse from a new hemorrhage, with deep shock. Both of us knew it was serious. He turned to me and said: "Doctor, I will not let you down, I shall recover and return to my India and my work." What greater help could a doctor ask?

As a surgeon, I am acutely aware of the emotional support that comes from an understanding and loving family. So I must pay my deep respect to his wife, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel and his daughter Sheela, who were constantly present. They could not have been more understanding and co-operative. They were indeed pillars of strength in these trying days.

None of us had ever met Indian ladies, and we were all entranced by their beauty and charm. As for our nurses, if they could have had their way, they would all have been wearing sari, and I wish they had done so!

After Mr. Patel's recovery, he came up to my office to bid good-bye. I rejoiced in his good appearance, and also an increase in weight, which I suspect was partly due to his love for our American ice cream. I felt sorry to see them depart, for we had become such good friends.

May Baburao Patel have a long life and happiness, with continued success in his journalistic endeavours.

"Work Will Kill Him One Day"

Says Dr. P. V. Mandlik !

Meeting Baburao Patel is a misfortune for a medical man. Every medical man expects a patient to be reasonably careful of his health, a little respectful of his suffering and not quite wilful in disobeying a doctor's orders. Baburao Patel is all that and more. He rushes to a doctor only when he cannot sit in his chair any more and work. The bed of rest frightens him and he wants his doctor to cure him of this fear with the quickest acting medicine in the shortest time possible. "I cannot afford to fall ill, doctor, I am too poor", says this man who owns "Girnar", one of the most beautiful houses in Bombay.

I was introduced to Baburao eight years ago through a common friend of ours. Baburao was then suffering from a duodenal ulcer and had tried many well-known doctors of Bombay but without any great relief. Since that time I have seen Baburao through different illnesses and operations and one fact that stands out in bold relief is Baburao's capacity to stand pain quietly and patiently and often with a sense of humour which makes even the humdrum life of a doctor interesting.

During the last eight years his health career has been pretty eventful. He has had an operation of partial gastrectomy with two-thirds of the stomach left behind in America, his appendix has been removed, his tonsils chopped off and goodness knows how many more things are in store for him. He jokingly refers to his two abdominal cuts as the Central and the Western railways and is always prepared for subsidiary meter and broad-gauge branches. His impatient scientific mind seems to like surgical operations because of the radical relief they give and the excitement they provide. The element of danger in them probably appeals to this dynamic man of adventure.

Recently Baburao had a heart attack and as I counted the reckless beats of his heart, I was seriously disturbed in mind and ordered him a week's rest in bed. The moment I turned my back, he is reported to have begun work again in his bed—answering the Editor's Mail questions— like a normal person. Well, that is the incorrigible Baburao, one of my favourite patients, and no doctor in the world is going to reform or improve him.

Being intelligent and brilliant, he is by no means an easy patient to get along with. He wants to know the why and how of everything. He is even inclined to bully me in the choice of medicines and often prescribes a medicine or injection for himself or his family before I can even decide on its usefulness. That is probably the hang-over of those days when he worked as a pharmaceutical chemist. He, however, listens to me like a good child only when he is very very ill. Otherwise Baburao smokes fifty cigarettes a day, works sixteen hours a day and sleeps four hours every night.

One would expect a professional sick man like him to be dull and grumpy but Baburao dispels these notions immediately you see him. He possesses a scintillating personality and what is more he radiates it through his "filmindia". I have seen precious few films but as I got to know Baburao more and more, I got slowly addicted to "filmindia" and now I make it a point to read it every month, as do the other members of my family, and more so since the scope of his writing widened considerably and embraced other subjects besides the films.

Dr. P. V. Mandlik, friend and free adviser, is Baburao's family physician. In addition to medicine he often gives Baburao massive doses of socialism of the Praja-Socialist Party. But Baburao still says: "Vote Congress". All drugs have stopped acting on him.

One of the qualities of Baburao known only to me and a few of his intimate friends is his kindly feeling and sentiment for his fellowmen around him. He has donated generously to many a cause and yet always eschewed publicity for his philanthropy. Very often he doesn't want the benefiting party even to know his name.

He wields a notoriously hard-hitting pen in condemning all that he feels is wrong with the present ruling party. But at the time of the elections his championing the cause of the Congress in his Filmindia did more to inflate Congress prestige than the collective speeches of Sadoba Patil and Morarji Desai.

Assertive, combatant and dogmatic, he has never hesitated in calling a spade a spade but endowed as he is with a rare personal charm he has more friends than foes.

As his family doctor I am in charge of Baburao's body (his mind being absolutely his own). I have to keep his body going for years without a day's cooperation from him. It is a tough proposition but then Baburao is also a tough man.

On his golden jubilee what more can I wish him but a long life for he is not only a useful member of society but also a keen patriot doing national service through his popular "filmindia" by his bold and straightforward writings. And may the future years give him rosy health as well so that his bubbling zest for work continues unhampered! They say that work doesn't kill anyone. But it will kill this work-fiend some day. Let us hope that day will be years and years away.

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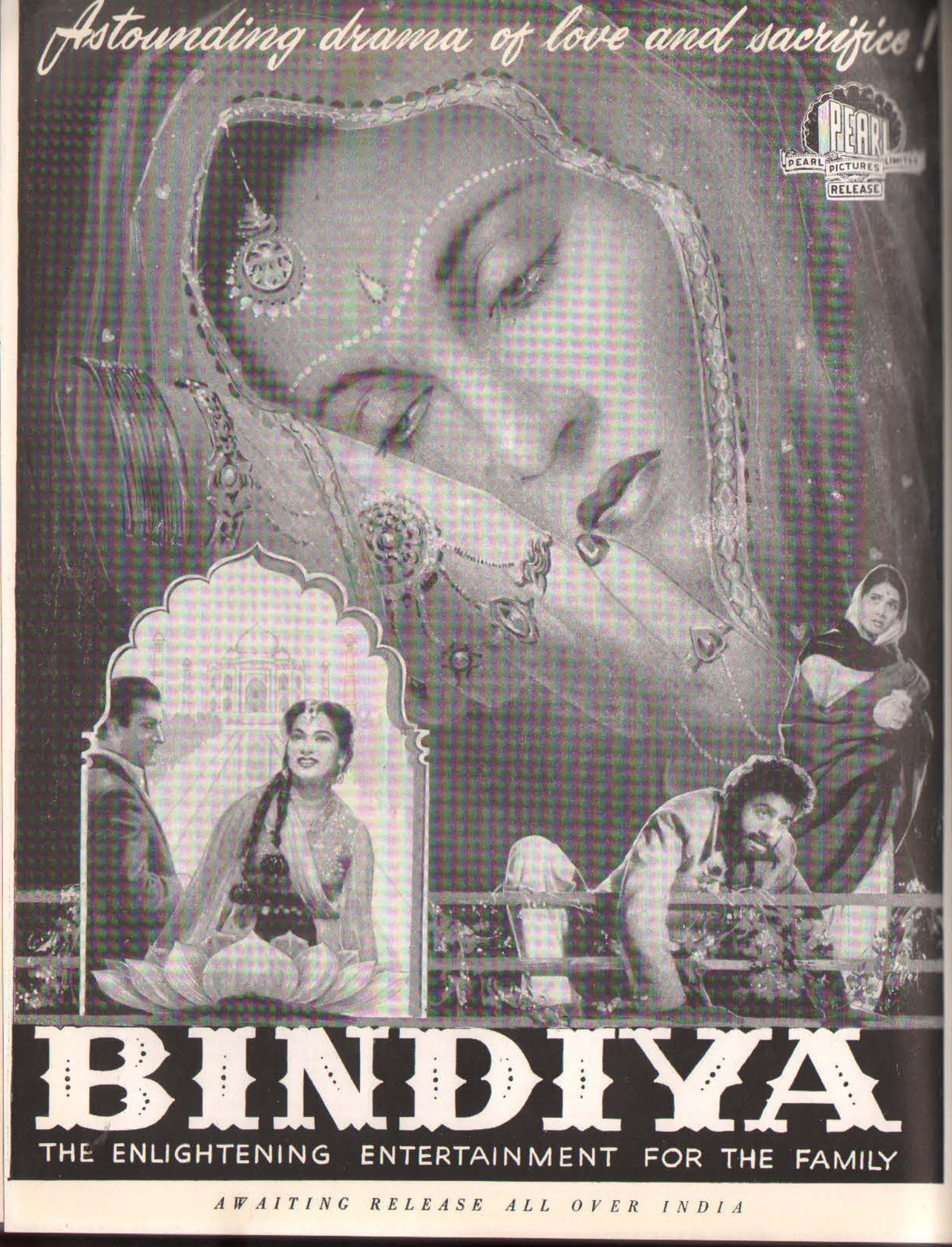

AWAITING RELEASE ALL OVER INDIA

BABURAO PATEL & HIS WORK

By : SUBHASH J. RELE, M.A., Bombay.

[This essay has been awarded the 1st Prize of Rs. 300|- in the Filmindia Readers' Essay Contest.]

The bold sculpture of the face, the significant massive forehead, the black lustrous eyes looking out at the world with fearless directness, the high aggressive brow, the firm broad chin, the tenacious mouth with lips tight-pressed together convey an impression of decision and power which is irresistible.

Baburao Patel, The Man

Baburao Patel is a colossus of a man. Before he has spoken a word, his presence attracts you.

There is about him something of a quality of General Kleber of whom it was said that it made men strong to look at him. If Baburao Patel does not make you feel strong at least he makes you feel brave.

His talk envelopes you like an atmosphere. It comes straight from life. It is as fascinating as his writing. Indeed, his writing is only his talk written down. It is the talk of a breezy masterful man who is strong enough to be frank and to ignore the secretiveness with which timid men protect themselves. He can be sardonic, but the acid of his tongue is always qualified by an essential good nature. The utterance is unusually rapid, the cadence so wonderfully preserved, the articulation so clear and penetrating, the emphasis so just that nothing is lost either to the ear or the mind. There's the man, boisterous, irresistible, aggressive, honest as the day, full of the egotism of the child.

Baburao Patel has filled the world with the rumour of his name and shaken it with the thunder of his pen. Nevertheless, when we glance through his work we find that he is greater in intentions than in attainments and perhaps there lies the stamp of his versatile genius. Moreover, his work is the crystallization of his character. He will take nothing for granted. Whatever it is, it must stand criticism and pass its tests. He has the intellectual suppleness of the East and something of the mystery of his Banjara blood. There is a spaciousness as well as simplicity about the drama of this man that has no parallel in our day. His gifts are astonishing. For he has in an unrivalled degree the gift of being unpleasant and cruel. It is a rare gift. Most of us are full of tenderness for the susceptibilities of others. We cultivate the art of polite falsity. We lack the courage to be unkind. If we stab at all we invariably prefer to do it in the back.

Some men fail because they have too much respect for the world and too modest an estimate of themselves. Baburao Patel has no respect for the world and no one has ever accused him of exaggerated modesty. There is something to be said of his frankness. It clears the air. It tears away the cloak of sham and confronts us with naked realities. True, it does not make him loved; it does not make him flattered. But then he would hate to be loved and to be flattered.

Baburao Patel had little school and no college. He thus acquired that peculiar sharpness of mind which comes from not going to school and that power of independent thought obtained by not entering college. He had, however, the full share of the careless happiness of childhood and the free adventure of youth on its frontier. It is impossible to minimize the value of such a start in life. It is likely that if he had attended college and learned to rehearse the wisdom of other men and to repeat the standardized judgments of the authorities, he would have been badly damaged in the process. Perhaps, had he gone through the ordinary machine of culture he would have emerged a learned professor of whom the world would probably have heard next to nothing. But Baburao Patel was educated in the school of poverty and suffering. And so he emerged an authentic voice from below—a critic—with something of the impacted audacity of the swift-witted man. Unlike most of us, he cultivated learning and came learned to the struggle with practical wisdom and proved the most successful man.

Educated In The School of Poverty

But the successful man lives under a perpetual challenge. Baburao Patel is no exception. Moreover, he has the defiant spirit of the challenger. A challenge is music in his ears. For the fundamental fact about him is that he is an all-weather fighter; a tireless worker; his hands know no rest, his heart, no fear. He is always unconsciously playing a part—a heroic part. Adventure is the breath of his nostrils and the fire of his blood. We see him moving through the smoke of battle. We see him running forward to the conflict with big drums and thundering war-cries, sure of his big battalions. We see him fighting with a rapier, now with a bludgeon. In his stride he shrinks from nothing. He will never avoid an issue because it means a fight against great odds. He will attack it the more cheerfully for the fact. He had to fight every march forward for himself and the innumerable jealousies which are aroused by the first steps in success. Each task, however subversive of former tasks, finds him perfectly equipped, for he knows his subject and convinces himself first.

It will take a lot to make him stare that way but Motilal has seen something shockingly new in "Mastana", a social theme produced by Black & White Movies.

Baburao Patel has no precedent in the journalistic annals. His masterly analysis of the current political tension between India and Pakistan has exposed Pakistan's designs on India. At the risk of being served with prosecution he has from time to time displayed rare courage in denouncing the unfriendly behaviour of Pakistan. He is the voice of disquiet. He hurries with breathless eagerness from point to point, the lighted torch ever in his hand. He follows no lead, except that of his own intrepid spirit. He is indifferent to consequences. He brooks no interference, drives straight forward. Friends cannot persuade him; parties cannot hold him. He is like "the wind bloweth where it listeth".

"The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth."

Few men weigh things more dispassionately than Mr. Patel. His sense of logic is keen and vigilant. His view of the forest is not obscured by the trees. He is direct and rests his case on a plain argument and avoids all dialectical cobwebs.

Take, for instance, his extracts from his famous article, "The Crescent Over India". "Through ages Indians have been a peaceful people. All the battles they have fought through their long history have been battles of self-defence against foreign invaders. Never once, in thousands of years, have they waged a war of aggression against a neighbouring people or territory. Indians have no territorial ambitions like Pakistan or some nations of the West. Nor have they any patent ideology to be rammed down the throats of other people. They have made maximum sacrifices for peace. And they even suffered the cutting of their motherland into bits to preserve peace with the Muslims, whom, in spite of their black record of murder, loot and rape, they had accepted as children of the same soil and brothers in blood."

'The Crescent' The Masterpiece of Fearless Journalism

He further continues—"Do they (Pakistanis) want to pull out the eyes of Pandit Nehru, our monarch of millions of hearts, to trample upon? Or do they want to tie our little princess, Indira Gandhi, to the tail of their war horse and drag her through the streets of Pakistan till she joins her beloved mother in heaven, as was done to the Indian princesses of Sind by Qasim's master in Damascus?"

No journalist in the country has the ability, and I dare say the courage, to put forth bitter but real facts in such a bold and blunt manner as Mr. Patel has done. A man of letters, who uses his pen as a sword, he has a combination of vigour and imagination of mind which are rare in their intensity. They bring out unchallengeable facts in a cogent and intrepid language.

Baburao Patel has no abstractions and his ideas are flesh and blood. His analysis is thorough and penetrating. Every word he employs has its mark. It invariably suggests spacious hinterlands of thought. His vocabulary is abundant, but it consists of plain and serviceable words. He possesses an extraordinary passion for intellectual truth combined with a rare talent for communicating it with a sense of importance. He lives each day without departing from his convictions, or seeking sensational effects, or courting popularity or losing heart. No political writing goes more ruthlessly to the heart of realities than his. Take for instance the following extract from his very recent editorial "The Living Dead".

A Man of Convictions

"With a Prime Minister constantly trembling between his fears and ambitions during the last six years, we have become a nation of nervous wrecks unable to help ourselves, benumbed by the staring fears of the present and the unknown ones of the future. All that we can do is to take an occasional consolation from our hoary past by reminding ourselves of the grand deeds of our dead ancestors and continue to mark time waiting for a miracle to save our country and our people.

Fear has thus become the keynote of our foreign policy. Fear makes us at once silent and talkative, friendly and hostile, wise and stupid, trusting and suspicious and peaceful and warlike in our relations with the rest of the world. With this strange conflict of contradictions in our national behaviour we have become an enigmatic people to the rest of the world."

What strikes me most in his writing is the easy command with which he handles his materials. His generalizations are based on endlessly patent and careful study. With perfect lucidity and unrestrained vigour there is a sense of aboundingly overflowing knowledge which inspires confidence in the reader, making him feel that he is in the hands of a master. He astonishes us by his accomplishments, by his mastery of ideas, power of statement, grasp of facts and air of authority. Facts, instances, proofs flow out in a torrent; they submerge you. Besides, each of his article is a classic specimen of fearless journalism.

For a considerable portion of the last few years some of his less palatable words of wisdom have gone largely ignored, with the result that the nation has been mired in a hell of a mess. He has that prophetic instinct which transports him beyond this ignorant present to tell the future in the instant. This is no exaggeration. Many of his political forecasts have come true. The way he prophesied the political treachery of Sheikh Abdullah almost three years before the world saw this traitor in true colours proved that Baburao's political writings are not only analytical, not only thought-provoking, but also enviably prophetic.

A Political Prophet

His outlook on life is frank and practical. "Should an educated girl marry an illiterate boy?" asked a reader. He answered, "No, that is suicide outside the bed". His individuality is extremely strong. He sees life in the large, with the eyes of the first man to the day of creation. He has a huge appetite for life, both intellectual and material. He stands for independent views, political or otherwise, and unreservedly condemns all hypocrisy, bigotry with the exceptional force of his pungent pen. "How are you serving your country?", asked a reader. With his characteristic sarcasm he replied, "I am keeping the people entertained—something which the Congressmen, whom we voted into power, have failed to do. I teach people to laugh on empty stomachs and postpone Communism for a while." What he says always penetrates us and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with a genius.

Mr. Patel's services to the film industry are of considerable magnitude. No one will deny this fact, for facts must be accepted. Before him, the Indian film industry had hardly known a critic. It is true that in his anxiety to improve the quality of films he often thunders at the producers but then it is thunder which conceals light and rain of mercy. He is capable of loving all men; but he refuses to love their opinions as well. His honesty is above suspicion. Money cannot buy him. Threats cannot coerce him. His mind is at once capacious and minute and it is extraordinarily luminous. There are no dim recesses and no mysteries. His intellect is bold rather than subtle.

"Adam" of Film Journalism

No one has stated the philosophy of life with such breadth of vigour and fervour, and with more economy and conviction than he has done. All his lessons come straight from the mine of experience. "Have you anything to declare?", someone asked him. "Experience!", he replied, "I have already paid a heavy duty on it." Year by year as he grew, his style gained in maturity and colour and won for him, both abroad and at home, an extensive circle of readers. In the capacity for writing interestingly on almost any matter he stands supreme. He is not merely "a thing of beauty" but "a joy for ever". That is undoubtedly one of the secrets of his great influence and popularity.

Whatever he writes is stamped with his personality. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clean drop of every sentence and behind each word we divine the force of a nobler character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. To some it was a grave defect. Nevertheless, by this process much of his humour was formed and all of his philosophy. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. "What is the theme of India?" "Plenty in birth and plenty in death and nothing in between", comes the spontaneous reply.

His "Editor's Mail" provides an unrationed quantity of fare for all appetites (though devoid of liquids—alcoholic or otherwise). It is a veritable book of wit and wisdom. But it is wit and wisdom born out of suffering. His humour lies in his point of view, his angle of vision and the truth with which he conveys it. This enables people quite suddenly to see things as they are and not as they are supposed to be—a process which creates the peculiar sense of personal triumph which we call humour. While his originality of writing is commendable, the excitement of his humour is intense, but it is healthy and vital and in a very real sense ennobling. For instance to a query, "Why do women love money so much?", he replied, "Women don't love money. They love merely to spend it."

"Brevity, The Soul of Wit"

He has a remarkable gift for words, for achieving crisp, arresting sentences. Becoming an artist in the use of words, the more artistry he puts into his craft, the more individual his style. He seeks to say the most he can as briefly as possible to give the gist of his criticism in a few sentences, or when at his best, in a single phrase, "My heart is Congress but my stomach is Communist", is an instance in point.

Baburao Patel is a rare satirist. The object of his satire is twofold—to give amusement as well as instruction. It is at once subtle and broad, because it is impartial and philosophic. He does not heap indiscriminate abuse like the common satirist nor does he indulge in cheap snobbishness. If he exaggerates he does it in order that you may see the truth to which familiarity and convention have blinded you. His object is invariably to lay fingers on the plague-spots and to remove them by his biting sarcasm. "What is fascinating about the ballrooms of Bombay?", asks a reader. "Nothing! You see a lot of venereal disease dancing on two legs. The sight is disgusting", is the reply.

In satirizing men and manners, his aim is not destruction but correction. His entire approach is in a mood to make and not to mar and in this lies a considerable revelation of his character. His influence is the influence of a character of absolute purity of motive and of unyielding independence of thought. It is the influence of one to whom the world can offer no bribe. His freedom from jealousy is one of the rarest and precious virtues of public life. There is about him the PRIMAL ENERGY and directness of nature. He is a Niagara of a man, a resistless torrent of inexhaustible force, thundering along in a sort of ebullient joy. Miracles and adventures are the stuff of his everyday's life.

"Mr. Patel, how about your future?", I asked him once. "Subhash, I am a working man and I have no future. The future is a problem for the indolent."

"To The Living The Roses"

Only prejudice can deny the quality of his writing though in the long run such prejudice makes not a jot of difference to history's estimate of an author. "To the dead the roses, to the living the thorns" has been said in irony. Let us sometimes offer roses when well deserved to the living also. Baburao Patel has often been pricked, scarred by bitter thorns. Let us offer him now the roses of our gratitude.

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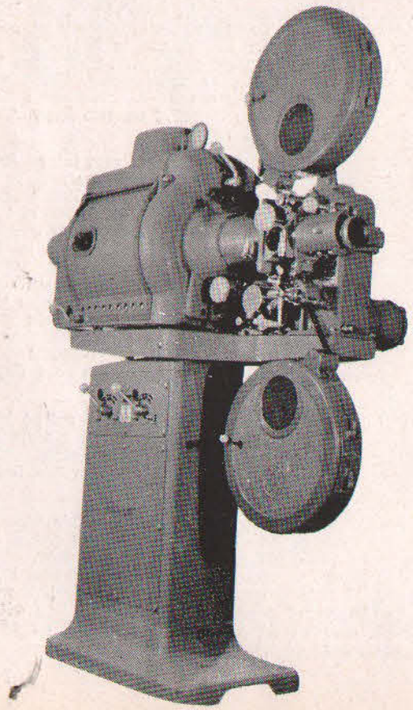

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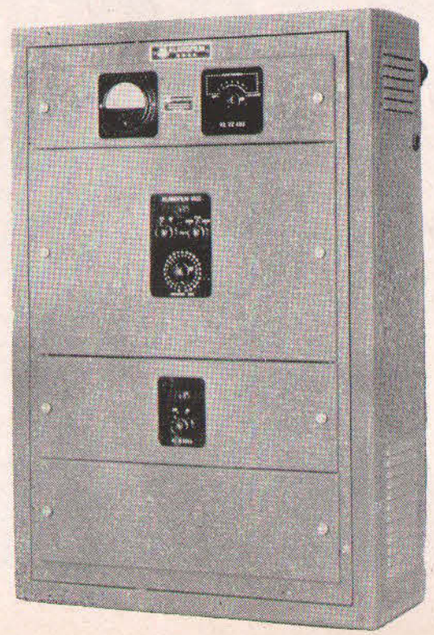

KLANGFILM AMPLIFIER

BABURAO PATEL & HIS WORK

By: RANJIT MAL KOTHARY, Jodhpur

[This essay has been awarded the 2nd Prize of Rs. 200|- in the Filmindia Readers' Essay Contest.]

Baburao Patel is one of the most gifted writers of today and the editor of the best film magazine in the world. His writings have a refreshing charm and originality.

He has a great command over the English language. It is said about Swami Vivekananda that his English was better than perfect. This can be very well said about Baburao's English.

He, like the great Bernard Shaw, never had any university education (He is not even a matriculate). But he is in fact more educated than most of our university scholars.

It is said about Gurudeva Rabindra Nath Tagore that one may change his well-chosen words, but not his thought. I say about Mr. Patel that one may disagree with his thought sometimes but can never change his well-chosen words (Does he ever care for his words? I think the words choose themselves).

As he grows older, his pen grows stronger. His editorials for the last few years bear testimony to this fact. Though he is now old, yet his heart as well as his mind are still young. Once he asked Vijaylakshmi, "How do you manage to remain so slim and pretty?" But his readers would like to ask him, "Well Mr. Patel, how do you manage to keep your mind and heart so young, despite your old age and failing health?" It is probably due to his being in the company of young women, or is it in order to keep Mrs. Sushila Rani young? (As the famous sexologist "Koka" has said, "If you want to keep your woman young, keep yourself young or at least pretend to be young.")

His editorials are not only widely read but they are widely acclaimed as masterpieces of literature. Some of his writings have become classics.

People say that he is a man of eat-drink-and-be-merry principle, and likes wine and women. About the first, people say much. They probably exaggerate. But his views about 'prohibition' are well known. And his permit (though on health grounds) shows that he takes alcohol. And above all he never denied this charge. He often quotes these lines "Mosame gul hai ajab rang hai maikhane ka, Sheesha jhukta hai ke munh choomle paimaneka."

About the second, well, there are many fairy tales. Here too people may be exaggerating. But nobody will deny this that he takes great interest and pleasure in the company of women (Of course, young and beautiful women). People say he is never cheerful except when in the company of young and beautiful women. They further say that whenever he is cheerful, you must be sure of these two: one on the table and other in the bed.

But what is the wrong in being in good company? Even our Bapu and our Gurudeva preferred and liked their company. And who could doubt in their honesty?

THE BOLDEST LIVING CRITIC

He is the greatest living critic in India today. Really few journalists have the ability, and I daresay, none have the courage to put forth bitter but real facts in such a bold manner. None has escaped from his pen. He censures all, from a layman in the street to the top-most official in the Government, from an adorable man like Pandit Nehru to the ironman Morarji Desai.

He has literally killed with his pen where the sword would have failed, thus proving once again that pen is mightier than sword. The influence of his pen is felt in almost all the spheres: political, social and religious. Though a staunch Congressman, he is a bitter critic of the Congress regime. Everybody knows this. "Under the rule of this man of 'principles' scandals are growing, starvation is increasing and taxation is crushing the people. No one knows what these Congressmen mean by Ram Rajya! Is it the kingdom of eternity to which Sriramulu went?"—Editorial, January 1953.

". . . . . Our Congress is an institution with numerous faces. It has a different face in every province . . . . . We have therefore complete Prohibition in Bombay and Madras, half-way Prohibition in Madhya Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Bengal and some other provinces and liquor flowing through the Jamuna in Delhi."

". . . . . We have also different codes of morality for different provinces. While in the States of Bombay and Madras, a second wife is a sin in bed and a penal crime against society, in Bengal and other provinces a dozen wives would still keep the bed virtuous and the law inviolate . . . . ."

Commenting on the death of Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerji, he says, "It is a strange irony of fate that after achieving our freedom after a hundred years of struggle Dr. Mookerji should have died in the captivity of a man who had once said: "I would do some plain speaking for the sake of the Indian press . . . . . "—("Father, Forgive Them"—August 1953.)

"Like millions of Indians, I am a devout Congressman. I don't wear the white cap because I am a shade more intelligent than the masses. Besides, the white cap makes me look more funny than I do usually and gives me a worse character than I have actually. Being a shade more intelligent than the masses I don't want to lose what I have in looks and what little I possess in character because of the white cap under which some of the world's greatest sinners and criminals live a life of ease and hypocrisy . . . . ." (Bombay Calling, January 1953.)

Though he has criticized the Congress regime and the Prime Minister of India severely, yet he is a staunch (a true) Congressman and a great admirer of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

"No one in the world can dislike Nehru—not even the Pakistanis. Nehru is born to be loved by every one in the world. I dislike some aspects of Nehru rule because I love my country more. I criticize Nehru the politician but I have spent Rs. 2,000|- on a painting of Nehru because I love the man with all his faults."—P. 42, April 1953.

"Who says that the days of miracles are over? We saw them happen for six long days every hour, almost every minute. We saw over a million people with chronic hunger in their bellies smile as if they were living in a land of milk and honey. We saw thousands selling pots, pans and little trinkets to buy themselves a new shirt, a new dhoti or a new sari to present themselves properly before the human god they worshipped . . . For six long days there was no hunger in the millions of bellies of Maharashtra, there was only thirst in their eyes to see the divine presence . . . . It was a six-day harvest of smiles in which wrinkles of want never disfigured the human face . . .

"Who is this miracle monger, who took the sting out of starvation and added thirst to a million eyes? . . . . He is India's greatest dream-seller, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the world's biggest crowd-catcher . . . He is the man whose dynamic personality has enslaved a nation of 360 million people all over again after their long spell under the British boot." (Bombay Calling, June 1953.)

This piece of prose has become a classic in English literature. No other writer can give a better description than this. Nay, I doubt if any other writer in the world has such a beautiful piece of prose to his credit.

Though this piece is in prose yet when we read it we feel as if we are reading poetry. This was possible only because the writer's great love for a great man and his strong pen were in perfect tune to produce this classic. Can anybody now say that he has no eye to see the good qualities in a person? He has even praised the documentaries produced by our Films Division.

POLITICAL PROPHET

Posterity will hail him as the most famous political prophet.

From the very beginning he had suspected Sheikh Abdullah to be a designing communalist and was the first to expose him. But at that time nobody had the vision (and Pandit Nehru, certainly not) to see him in his true colours. But people called him a communalist.

In his editorial article "Biting The Hand That Feeds", he wrote, "And the fact is that after all said and done, Sheikh Abdullah is just another Muslim politician. And the sooner we realize this truth with all its political and religious implications, the better for this ideal chasing secular state called India that is Bharat." (Editorial, May 1952.)

Once again he wrote another editorial, "Save Us From Nehru" April 1953, and warned our leaders. And on August 9, 1953 when Sheikh Abdullah was at last arrested on charges of disruptionism, corruption, nepotism, maladministration and establishment of foreign contacts of a kind dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the State came Editor Patel's editorial, "An Old Tale Of Traitors" where he says: "But in our secular democracy those whom Nehru protects even God cannot destroy. The warning of a journalist therefore went unheeded." (Editorial, September 1953.)

His plain speaking made our leaders angry and he was threatened with prosecution. But now we know who was correct. This was a practical triumph of his political insight and a personal triumph over Pandit Nehru.

He did not think it a wise move to take the Kashmir issue to U.N.O. He frankly told, "U.N.O. will not only not solve this problem, but will create new ones."

He rightly predicted that the talks leading to the union between the Congress and Socialist Party would fail, and they did fail.

And again he had predicted (December, 1953, Filmindia) that the U.D.F. will soon break up, and lo, before the ink had dried on the paper of "filmindia", there came the news, "Break In The Opposition".

SOCIAL CRUSADER

As far back as 1943 (July) he wrote against crime pictures from Hollywood. He spoke with an intense sincerity of the tragedy these Hollywood pictures would bring into millions of Indian homes.

But at that time nobody took his warning seriously. "On April 28, 1953, almost every person who could open his or her mouth in the Council of States opened it wide and spoke in condemnation of Hollywood pictures while the Cinematograph (Amendment) Bill was on the anvil for consideration."

Thus in his own words, "What we wrote in 1943 (Filmindia, July) is now being echoed in the Parliament after ten long years."

Once again in his editorial article "Save Us From Hollywood", Filmindia—July, 1953 he wrote, "..... There is only one way to avoid this national tragedy. And that is to ban all the bad pictures from Hollywood without even the slightest hesitation. It is better to starve without American wheat than allow Hollywood to poison our whole life." "To help the censors to save our people we have made special arrangements to review all Hollywood pictures in Hollywood itself as they leave the poison factories on their fell career."

Like Pandit Nehru, Baburao Patel is ever chivalrous to help "a damsel in distress". He has a great respect for womankind. "We comple-

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BOMBAY KANPUR CALCUTTA NEW DELHI RANGOON.

tely disapprove of the sentence of six month's rigorous imprisonment awarded by Mr. J. M. Barot, our Additional Chief Presidency Magistrate, to one Shridhar Gopal Dhole, a 50-year old street philanderer, for molesting and pinching a young college girl while on her way to a college in Bombay. We do not consider this sentence to be either severe or salutary." "We have to respect our women round whose person we have built our entire culture, religion and civilization." "Public whipping is the only punishment that can stop posterior-pinching, purposeful pushing, inelegant scratching, filthy remarks, wolf-whistles and criminal molestations." ("Whip Them And Teach Them" P. 9. Bombay Calling, July 1953)

He has bitterly criticized our society women for taking up Western ways of life. He wants that our women should remain goddesses of our homes rather than become butterflies of the club. He has done well to emphasize and impress upon our women the great evils of drink, ballroom dancing and clublife.

He says, "Adultery begins with ballroom dancing and ends with bedroom fencing."

In his article, "Bombs That Blow Up Homes" (Bombay Calling, November, 1952) he writes, "However innocent a kiss may appear, it is never wholly asexual and constitutes a stage between desire and possession." "It is the most direct incitement to sexual fulfilment." "In India the city women smell of kisses these days—kisses collected in clubs, kisses planted in gardens, kisses stolen in cars, kisses stamped while dancing, kisses delivered in drawing rooms—kisses that are crimes in India because none of them has the sanctity of a husband's affection nor the innocence of a child's love." "With their little lips these women have virtually blown up their homes, blasted the lives of their husbands, and damned the future of their often illegitimate children." "It is this fashionable indiscriminate society kiss popularized by Hollywood pictures that has shaken the very pillars of Indian culture and traditions—a kiss that is still being delivered to our married women by foreigners at the Palam Airport under the smiling patronage of no less a person than Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, our champion talking parrot on Indian culture."

A DOYEN OF FILM JOURNALISM

The influence of his writings on film people is very great. He is called Dr. Johnson of Film world (Indian). Nobody wants to incur his displeasure lest he becomes the target of his bitter criticism. Every producer knows well what the fate of his picture would be if the picture is condemned by the Editor of Filmindia. The success or failure of a picture depends a great deal upon his review of that picture and according to his praise or condemnation.

It is a strange irony of selfishness that whenever he reviews their pictures satisfactorily (of course to the satisfaction of the producers) these producers, proud of their product, quote the words of Filmindia on wall-posters, cinema-slides, and in newspapers for the advertisement of their pictures, but when he criticizes their pictures, these very producers call him a blackmailer.

Nay, some producers abuse him with these words, "Biting the hand that feeds", meaning thereby that though they advertise their pictures in "filmindia" yet he criticizes these pictures. Here too, the producers rob him of his words.

Many producers have stopped advertising their pictures in Filmindia (the first being the New Theatres, Calcutta) because he gave 'bad' reviews. Probably these producers don't know the difference between an advertisement and a review (or are they blind with selfishness?). Here I would like to ask these producers the reason for advertising their pictures in Filmindia. Is it due to the wide circulation of the paper or in order to get favourable reviews? If it is the first, I like to congratulate them for their wise choice. But, if it is the second, well, then these producers are trying to blackmail the editor. But our producers are not such fools. They want both—'To kill two birds with one stone'.

Despite the fact that Shantaram and Sohrab Modi accused him of being a blackmailer, the Editor of Filmindia gave good reviews of their pictures—"Amar Bhoopali", "Parchhain" and "Teen Batti Char Rasta" (of Shantaram) and "Jhansi-ki-Rani" (of Sohrab Modi).

Now what do these producers have to say regarding this? And these are some of those producers who do not advertise their pictures in Filmindia.

To praise the work of those who have openly accused him needs chivalry and nobility. And by writing an editorial article, "The Man Of The Year", November, 1952 (an appreciation of the work and life of Mr. Mehboob) he has once again given a slap in the faces of Indian producers, who called him a blackmailer, as well as to those Muslims, who accused him of being a communalist. Is Mehboob not an Indian producer? Is Mehboob not a Muslim?

EVILS OF THE STAR SYSTEM

He was the first to point out the evils of the star-system. Since the stars began to demand a lakh and more for a single picture he has been hitting hard to make producers realize the gravity of this problem. "Time and again it has been proved that good stories have made stars and that the stars themselves have failed constantly to make the pictures successful." (Editorial, November 1953.)

He is spellbound without knowing that she is ready to jump at his throat. Shekhar should find out what Smriti Biswas is about in "Chandni Chowk", a romantic story directed by B. R. Chopra for Hira Films.

He was the first to grunt against 'the same old familiar faces'. Some years ago this nuisance was at its zenith. Sometimes it so happened that almost all the cinema houses in a city (and not less than 10) exhibited pictures starring alone—either Suraiya or Nargis.

Some producers took heed of his advice, and went for a hunt of actresses (Only actresses mind you. Our producers are not interested in actors.) and thanks to them, we got some new faces. Kishore Sahu gave us Bina Rai and Asha Mathur and Kardar gave us Peace Kanwal and Chand Usmani. But Asif returned empty handed.

He had been watching with pain the selfish nature of the foreigners, who believed in one-way traffic in trade. He still remembered, what had been the fate of our pictures, like "Court Dancer", "Dr. Kotnis" and "Shakuntala" in foreign countries. "These pictures spent their life in tins and rarely saw daylight." He did not like the same thing to happen again in the case of "Aan" and "Jhansi-Ki-Rani". So he advised Dr. Keskar, our Minister for Information and Broadcasting, to watch the interests of our pictures.

"Aren't these different countries taking money out of our country, giving us nothing in return? Can we show Indian pictures in France, Italy, America, Russia or Japan? If we cannot do so, why are we showing these films in our country and helping them to rob us and make us poorer?....." (Bombay Calling, March 1953)

It is due to this bitter criticism that foreigners have shown their willingness to exhibit some Indian films, in their countries.

And through his popular Filmindia the world has come to know of good Indian films, and the result—we see many good Indian pictures dubbed in foreign languages for world market.

BUILD UP CHARACTER

Time and again he has emphasized upon the film people the importance of character in human life. He has often criticized their behaviour. "They work and behave as if they live on a planet different from ours and in a society which has no use for our ancient culture and traditions in human behaviour." ("Sheet Anchor Of Destiny"—Editorial, July 1953)

He teaches them, (film people) instructs them, advises them, pleads for them, looks after their interests (at home as well as abroad) and even fights for them, and what does he get for all this in return? A bad name! How mean and selfish these people are! Baburao Patel became famous for his "Editor's Mail". His replies to the queries from the readers are full of caustic, and witty remarks. The queries relate to almost all the subjects under the sun and he replies these in a wonderful way. This shows his mastery over all these subjects. Really nobody in the world can surpass him in this particular sphere (replies).

Then he became famous for his film reviews also and within a short time he was acclaimed as the best film critic of the world. His knowledge of the cinematic art is superb and complete.

And now he has become famous for his editorials also. Some of these are gems of literature and have become classics. Due to these as well as some other features like 'Bombay Calling', 'You Will Hardly Believe' and 'Cartoons', Filmindia has become most popular throughout the world and is today acclaimed as the best film magazine in the world.

Formerly it was read by only those who were interested in films, but now people who are not interested in films (and certainly not in Indian films) also read it. Even the reading rooms and libraries in schools and colleges subscribe to "filmindia".

Seeing this popularity, many people have begun to harbour a grudge against him. But these people ought to realize that like some film artistes he did not become famous overnight. Behind his success lies a long story of hard work, many hardships and above all a great sincerity of purpose.

He says, "By building "Girnar", I have stirred up a nest of hornets and even old friends have become new enemies. They envy the ship in port, but never think of the storms it has passed through. It is a funny world. If you fail they mock at you; if you succeed, they hate you." (P. 27, December 1952)

He is a wizard of publicity. In the art of publicity he has no equal in this country. One still remembers how wonderfully he did the publicity of his two pictures—"Draupadi" and "Gvalan". It was due to this publicity that he got the highest price for the above pictures (Considered to be a record of that time).

If the Government had secured the services of this wizard of publicity for the publicity of our Five-Year Plan, he would have carried the message of the Plan from the small hut of a farmer to the big palace of a prince. But who can teach our government? Our government is famous for choosing wrong persons for the right jobs (With due respect to these persons).

But we thank our government (or God!) for not having realized the true ability of a person, otherwise we would have lost a great writer, the boldest critic, a political prophet, a social crusader, a wizard of publicity and above all a great saviour of the film industry in Mr. Patel (an institution in himself) as we have already lost a great writer in Pandit Nehru, a great short-story writer in Rajaji, a great scholar in Maulana Azad, a great philosopher in Radhakrishnan and a great physician in Dr. B. C. Roy.

It will be in the fitness of things and wholly in tune with our culture (as we are chronic hero-worshippers) to acknowledge our deep debt of gratitude to this genius (an institution) and pay our respects to him which are long due.

So, long live the Editor of Filmindia—Mr. Baburao Patel!

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BABURAO PATEL AND HIS WORK

By : M. S. LULLA, Bombay

[This essay has been awarded the 3rd Prize of Rs. 100|- in the Filmindia Readers' Essay Contest]

When the Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee invited articles on the life and work of Mr. Patel and confined the writings to a maximum of 3,000 words, it was confronting a writer with a well-nigh impossible task. For, how can anyone do full justice to such an important subject, covering as it does the various aspects of the life and work of such a distinguished person, within such a short essay? At the same time, however, this invitation was a godsend opportunity to a regular reader of "filmindia" for the past fifteen years, to express himself on the Editor and his work, which has influenced countless people in this and other countries of the world.

Most of Editor Patel's numerous fans have had glimpses of his grim struggles in life through stray hints thrown here and there in his writings in the "filmindia" and through a brief biographical note appearing in his book the "GREY DUST". It is now widely known that he suffered one of the greatest setbacks when he lost his mother at an early age. His academic training too was "scrappy", and he did not enter the portals of a University. It seems therefore, a miracle that this man who acquired no degree in literature should become a writer of rare distinction and brilliance. It is said of the famous Poet Kalidasa that he never had any education but that Goddess Kali was once so pleased with him that she transformed him, in an instant, into a man of great learning. We do not know if our Editor had such luck, but one thing is certain that he had to learn the hardest way. That he is a genius is an indisputable fact.

We cannot say what lured him to take up journalism as a profession, and film journalism at that, which at the time "filmindia" was born was mostly in the hands of those people whose idea of film criticism was to shower undeserved praise on films which provided them with a lucrative source of advertisement—whether they were good or bad—and to decry those that did not. When "filmindia" was founded, India hardly had any film journal worth the name, and Editor Patel's project of starting a first class monthly magazine devoted to Indian films and printed entirely on expensive art paper was considered by many —and not without some justification —as a mad hatter's scheme. Very few believed that a 'costly' magazine like "filmindia" would have any chance of survival in this chronically poverty-ridden country. The very fact, therefore, that not only did "filmindia" survive those early devastating shocks, but continued to march from victory to victory, is the greatest tribute to its founder.

WHO ARE THE BLACKMAILERS?

When Editor Patel set out to improve the quality of Indian films, he was up against a super-human task. Educated and cultured Indians at that time shrank from the very idea of having anything to do with the film industry. A film producer who advertised in a paper expected a favourable review as a matter of right; even mild and slightly constructive criticism was unwelcome and often resulted in reprisals in the form of charges of blackmail and total stoppage of advertisement in the paper concerned. The path of a honest film critic was, in these circumstances, one strewn not with roses but one that abounded with thorns at every step. In such a setup to offer honest and straightforward criticism was inviting disaster involving great sacrifices—loss of money and severance of personal friendships. It was not therefore surprising to find Editor Patel being attacked even by his one-time thick friends as a blackmailer. Years back when a noted producer who used to produce excellent pictures and in consequence get favourable reviews from Mr. Patel, started producing pictures below the mark, Editor Patel naturally denounced his work. Out came the producer with his charge of blackmail. To the amazement of countless readers —and perhaps the producer himself —Editor Patel published a photostat copy of a receipt for Rs. 500|- paid to a charitable institution in Bombay. This sum was sent to Mrs. Patel by the producer on some festive occasion, and ordinarily there should have been no objection to her retaining this amount as the producer happened to be a family friend, but it must be said to the credit of Editor Patel that he quietly paid the sum to a charitable institution. This is an illustration of Editor Patel's transparent honesty. He did not wish to undergo any obligation by a film producer, even if he happened to be his personal friend, lest it should influence his duty as a film critic. No wonder, therefore, that film producers in India have found that a favourable review in "filmindia" is not purchasable at any price!

Another example of his integrity is furnished by the princely prize of Rs. 25,000|- which he offered to anyone proving him a blackmailer. The occasion arose as a result of some producers accusing him of blackmail while tendering evidence before the Film Enquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India. The amount was lying for months in the Imperial Bank of India, for no producer dared come out in the open and claim this big prize.

Such incidents prove to the hilt that Editor Patel has never allowed money or personal friendship to influence his judgment on films. Considering the loss of lakhs of rupees that "filmindia" has sustained throughout its career for refusing to sacrifice truth at the altar of mammon, it is no exaggeration to say such honest and sincere criticism of films is difficult to come across not only in India but even in the highly advanced and prosperous countries of the West. Whether a producer advertises in "filmindia" or not, he is sure to get a square deal at the hands of Editor Patel. As a film critic, it is doubtful if India will ever have another Baburao Patel—honest and incorruptible —and yet one whose criticism is constructive and devoid of any malice.

NOT A HERO WORSHIPPER

Although Indian films have not shown any spectacular progress during the long period of forty years, yet it will be admitted on all hands that some improvement is discernible, and Editor Patel can rightly claim the foremost place among the few persons whose ceaseless efforts have brought about this somewhat happy situation. For a long time, at serious risk not only to his purse but also to his person, Editor Patel has almost alone carried on the struggle for better films in India. He suggested improvements where necessary, decried filthy and vulgar tendencies, appealed to the people and Government alike to support the Indian film industry and applauded individual efforts wherever such efforts deserved praise. He published gratis for a number of years photographs of young men and women in "filmindia" and thus provided an opening for educated and cultured people to enter the film industry, and on the other hand a large field for recruitment to the Indian producers. The instance of Mrs. Bina Premnath (formerly Miss Bina Rai) is an example. He also

gave a free front page advertisement for "Raj Nartaki", the first Indian picture produced in English, by a man who never misses a chance to vomit his bile against Mr. Patel.

Editor Patel's main field was film criticism, but still he did have something to do with politics, for in this country, which has gained its independence only recently, every activity had to be tinged with politics. He has all along been a staunch nationalist and whenever communalism has raised its ugly head, he has in his own way tried to fight it. During the pre-independence days he fought bitter battles against the exhibition of anti-Indian films like "Gungadin" and carried the struggle right to Hollywood when he visited the United States of America in 1939. He presented a convincing case for stopping the production of anti-Indian films before Hollywood Moghuls. Whenever India's honour has been at stake he has pushed his mighty pen to save it. Even now he is doing a great national service by exposing to the public and bringing to the notice of the film censors in India the most harmful and damaging aspects of crime and sex-ridden pictures from Hollywood much in advance of the release of such films in this country. How expensive this service must be for "filmindia" to maintain, and how very useful it can be to the authorities in India, does not need much commonsense to understand.

Editor Patel claims to be a Congressman, and we have no choice but to concede that he is one. However, a man of independent judgment and rare intelligence of his calibre can never be content to remain a mere camp follower. Similarly, it is asking for too much to expect him to be a blind hero-worshipper. In spite of his being a Congressman, he has never played a second fiddle. He has not hesitated to differ from the official policies of that organization whenever he has reason to believe that a particular action or a policy is harmful to the interests of the country or is at variance with the established Gandhian principles. At the same time, he has very rightly advocated mending the Congress, with all its faults, rather than ending it. He abhors Communism because of its violence and regimentation of the body and soul, but that does not mean that he has no feelings for the underdog. Having had to toil and work his way up in life from the lowest rung and having gone through the pangs of poverty, he has always taken up the gauntlet on behalf of the down-trodden. Few people will forget his heroic fights for a square deal for the underpaid and ill-treated technicians and extras in our film industry. On several occasions he has exposed the evil designs of unscrupulous producers in the matter of denying legitimate and adequate payment of bonus or salaries to their workers. Not tied to any 'isms' as such, Editor Patel has been a noble humanist.

NOT A COMMUNALIST

Of late a totally unfounded and mistaken impression has been formed by some people that Editor Patel is anti-Muslim and anti-Nehru. Far from it. A man of broadest outlook in the real sense of the term, Editor Patel is sheerly incapable of being anti-anyone. The fact is that the untold miseries and hardships undergone by millions of Indians as a result of the partition of India has deeply moved his sensitive mind; and the fact that this partition was the direct result of the policy of appeasement of Muslim communalism in India has led him to the irresistible conclusion that communalism of any kind should be once and for all banished from our secular state. Towards this end, whenever he had occasion to observe communalism, he has denounced it forthright. This denunciation has been misconstrued by some as an anti-Muslim move on his part. Similarly, he may have on occasions differed from Pandit Nehru's policies, but as a man his regard for Pandit Nehru is so great that he has Nehru's photographs at his office and residence. No anti-Nehru would do that. Occasions have not been infrequent when he has hailed Pandit Nehru as a great man. As regards the charge of his being anti-Muslim, the very fact that he has given away his daughter in marriage to a Muslim gives a lie to this myth. All that he has done is to refuse to be an impotent witness of the unashamed exhibition, on the part of some unpatriotic and anti-Indian members of the minority community, of their extra-territorial loyalty. The burning patriotism in him cannot stand the sorry spectacle of Mother India being dishonoured right in our midst. The truth is that he has all along been a true believer in Universal brotherhood. How can an anti-Muslim have a host of friends from that community? Editor Patel is, frankly speaking, one of the greatest friends of Muslims in India because he has always been sounding a note of timely warning to them to save themselves against the danger of Pakistani-inspired anti-Indian propaganda. It is true on occasions he has admonished such of them as are guilty of harbouring evil elements, but even such rebukes have been in the nature of a warning. It is said a friend warns but a foe strikes. To dub Editor Patel as a fanatic Hindu would, therefore, betray utter lack of the knowledge of what constitutes communalism.

Outwardly, Editor Patel gives an impression of being a very strict man, but in fact, the rugged exterior contains a heart of gold. His compassion and noble feelings of sympathy can be gauged from the fact that on several occasions he has quietly helped his friends and acquaintances whenever they have been down and out. I remember some time ago when he came across a once famous actress in rather stringent circumstances and friendless, he gave her some money. There are a number of people who bear testimony to his generosity. Editor Patel has achieved a dazzling success in life and Dame Fortune has showered her choicest blessings on him, but still, it is really a credit to him that he has not suffered from a swollen head. In the moment of his triumph in life he has never belittled the achievements of others, nor forgotten those who laid the foundations of our film industry. In 1939 when the film industry organized its Silver Jubilee Exhibition and eloquent tributes were being paid by some producers to the late Dada Saheb Phalke, the Father of the film industry, Editor Patel was the man who spotted him in the crowd rubbing shoulders with common and unknown men. A man who should have been honoured, was merely a witness to the lavish lip praise being showered on him, and but for Editor Patel's spotting him, he would not have been invited to the function. Such is the greatness of Editor Patel.

Finally, it must be said to the credit of Editor Patel that in spite of being a chronically sick man for some time past, "filmindia" is showing unmistakable signs of becoming a better and better magazine day by day. During the recent few years, he has added many an improvement to the already excellent paper, and I think I am voicing the feelings of millions of his readers in India and abroad when I say that may God spare him for many more years to come to serve our Motherland and the film industry.

Mr. K. K. Vats, Advertising Executive (Commercial Section) of Filmindia Publications Ltd.

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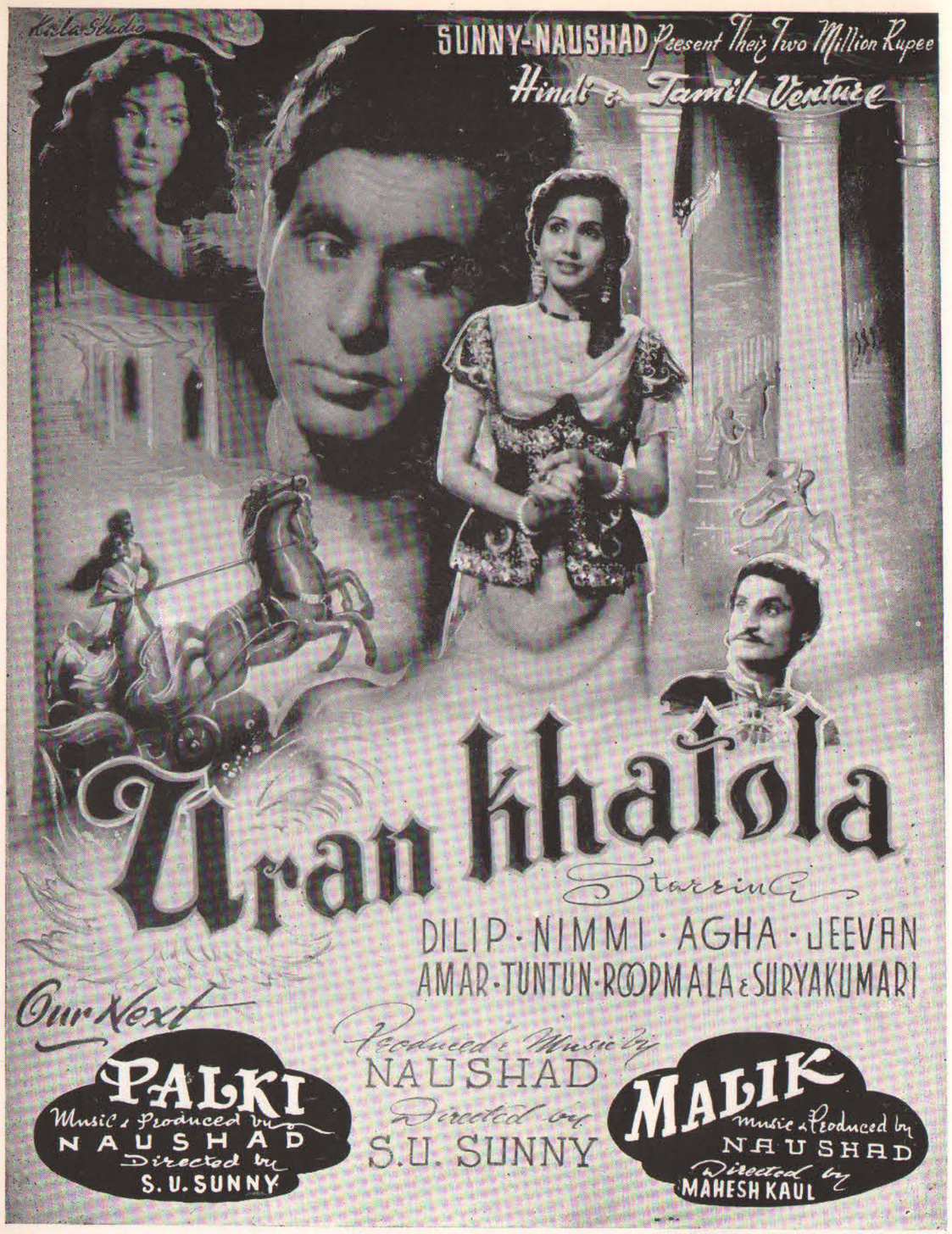

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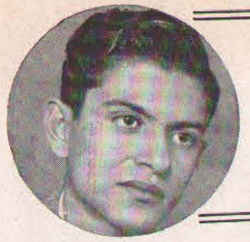

BABURAO PATEL & HIS WORK

By : B. B. L. KAPOOR, Professor of Chemistry, Nawalgarh.

[A Consolation Prize of a year's free subscription of Filmindia has been awarded to this essay in the Filmindia Readers' Essay Contest]

Baburao Patel or Babs, as he is more popularly known to the millions of Filmindia fans all over the world, provides an ideal study in contrasts. Never before in the history of the Indian film industry had a man so many people talking about him in so many different tones. Never before was a man feared so much. Never was a man loved so much, either.

Babs is a representative of that selective class of people, who are both physical and mental giants. To sum up the achievements of one whose literary output has been thousands of words every day for the last twenty years or so, in so limited a space, is to say the least unthinkable, if not impossible. It will be an achievement in itself and, of course, I am going to achieve it.

Baburao needs no introduction to the Filmindia readers and to make others acquainted with him, the simplest method is of explaining unknown in terms of known. For this, we have only to turn the pages of any history of English literature and look for similar well-known personalities. Well, Johnson was one, Shaw was another with whom Baburao matches in sarcasm, although, it is the former whom he resembles physically too. But then, it is very likely that anyone in India, who does not know Babs, may also not be knowing any of the above two either. This method, therefore, fails and that is the trouble one feels while writing about this man. He seems to be more known than the people with whom we want to identify him. Let us, therefore, start by forgetting everything about everybody else and adopt the method of recording his life from the very beginning, less, though, we know of it.

This six-footer giant was born exactly fifty years ago, as a bonny baby, in a Banjara farmer's family. As we guess from his biographical answers, he must have been pretty unmanageable since his very birth. When a child he was a problem to his father and as a boy he was a problem at school, a nuisance to his teachers, in whose considered opinions he flunked at nearly everything except mischief and sports. This he himself confirms when he says that in his school life he used to play with the books and study cricket. He, therefore, never could reach the college and gain a University degree. But then how many of the recorded geniuses were good at school, is a vital question? Einstein was a dunce at school and so were many of them. Their not adjusting themselves with school life has always been a rule rather than an exception.

Baburao couldn't cram books and he left school without a single examination to his credit. For many years after that, he struggled hard for a living, trying his hand at various things: selling medicines, working in stores and so on till he reached the age of thirty-three years. Had he died then, no one would have missed him. But destiny had kept greatness in store for him when due to timely help of some of his friends, he could turn a new page in his career by starting a film magazine which cost only four annas per copy. Since then he has never looked back. This small rivulet of learning, then started, has, by its flow through so many years, now become a vast ocean of knowledge, which gives us sound and seasoned opinions on a wide range of topics; from sex to sanity, from rowdyism to religion, from politics to philosophy and from frivolity to fascism.

A CURIOUS MIXTURE

In his habits Baburao Patel is a curious mixture of old and new, of Oriental and Occidental, of orthodoxy and modernism. He lives in a beautiful villa, maintains a garden, drives in streamlined limousines, keeps beautiful lady secretaries (one of whom he has even married). He puts on English dresses, keeps a Muslim cook and Khansama who serves him food at a dining table in first-class foreign-made dinner sets. Whenever he falls ill, he consults the best of allopaths and even flies to America to get the best possible 'American Aid'; and yet he is a typical Indian. He enters his newly-built house after performing the sacred 'Puja', bows in fearful meditation to God every morning and is famous for his Indian hospitality which has become legendary to his foreign friends. Periodically, he brings out an editorial in his paper, denouncing in the bitterest language the American way of life and Hollywoodism in our modern youth. Time and again, whether in the "Editor's Mail" or in the form of a leading article, he has condemned the plagiarism in Indian films with Hawaiian music and cheap love scenes, and has commended Indianism in them. In fact, he is all in all against the foreign influence and yet again, some of his best friends are Englishmen and Americans.

Oscar Wilde once said of Bernard Shaw, in the form of an epigram, that 'He hasn't got an enemy in the world and his friends do not like him', and it is still truer of Baburao Patel that 'He is the bitterest critic of those whom he loves most.' The reason is simple. He wants to have a reformative effect of his criticisms and who wants to reform one's opponents? Thus, in politics, he is the worst critic of the Congress and Pandit Nehru. He has written more words, in more vehement tones, against these two than the worst of their political or personal opponents and yet he is a staunch devotee of the Congress and the greatest worshipper of Pandit Nehru. In fact, the only photograph that hangs above his seat, in his office, is that of Nehru. In the past he was very bitter about the policies of Mahatma Gandhi, for whom he always had the greatest regard, and when someone asked him about this, did he not say that 'Criticism is a frown of expectations?' Indeed, how true a reflection!

In the matter of film criticism, however, he had been more unlucky. People misunderstood his reformative criticism of their pictures and started bearing personal malice. The result of this has been that some of his best friends of old times, like Shantaram, Raj Kapoor, Chandulal Shah, are now his greatest personal enemies; and more and more of his past friends are now lining up with them. We have not to go far to search the reason for this which is simple. Here, he was surrounded by a crowd of illiterate, filthy-minded persons from the lowest strata of society, whose only virtue was their success. This success had swollen their heads so much so that they had started considering themselves as demi-gods of this neglected industry who could only be flattered. Whenever they came across anything against the merits of their pictures, they took it as a personal insult. Thus so long as Baburao Patel continued praising their good and sincere efforts—like Shantaram's "Admi" and "Padosi", "Sohrab's "Pukar" and "Sikander", Raj Kapoor's "Aag" and "Barsaat" and so on—they and their tribe remained on the best of terms with him; but when they got some taste of his mind regarding some of their money-cheaters, they started abusing him in

Photography M. RAJARAM — *Art Director* POPHLEY — *Music Director* SHANKERLAL — *Dance Director* SOHANLAL

Editor N. R. CHAUHAN — *Production Controller* P. K. MUKERJEE

Associate Producer KUMAR SHAMSHER — *Songs & Dialogue* G. S. NEPALI

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public squares and certain dirty film rags. But here too, Babs has not let his profession down due to personal factions. Whenever, any of these has come out with any good picture, he has been the first to praise it. Thus he has praised Shantaram's "Parchhain" and "Matwala Shair", Sohrab Modi's "Jhansi-ki-Rani", Raj Kapoor's "Awara", Kardar's "Shahjehan" and so on. Indeed, it can be safely said about him that, 'Personal friendship does not cloud his mind, nor does personal enmity pervert it, against his professional duty'. How many of our present day journalists can say this about themselves?

BLACKMAILERS BLACKMAIL

Baburao Patel has been branded a blackmailer more often and by more persons than any of the worst blackmailers and yet those who call him such filthy names, themselves know that his character is blameless. He has proved this many a time in various ways and has thrown a challenge more than once to all of them combined, but without any response from the other side and in doing so he has publicly slapped them (literary speaking, of course, although he is capable of doing that physically also). What is true is that when people found his opinions a strong factor in affecting their box-office returns, they felt personally insulted. Their inferiority-complex retaliated and they started defaming him so that their own character may appear honest. To make it clear, further, let me give you an illustration. Supposing, you want to have a better house than that of your neighbour, one way of doing this is that you spend more, take more pains, get better material and employ the best of brains. Of course, the other and much easier way of achieving this is to burn the neighbour's house. And this is what Babs' rivals are doing to prove themselves greater intellectuals and moralists. They think that Baburao Patel may even become psychologically afraid and may decide to meet them on their own terms. Thus they have been, in fact, indirectly blackmailing him and this helps me to go a step further and assert that Baburao Patel has been blackmailed by more persons and by much more dirtier means than any unfortunate person.

All along in his life, particularly as the editor of Filmindia, Baburao Patel has continuously been leading one tirade or the other against the various social and political evils. Right from his early days, when he came out with his articles against anti-Indian foreign pictures like "Drums" and "Gungadin" (remember those were the days when to write a single word against the Britishers was considered criminal enough to ban a paper), up to his present campaign against the sex and crime packed American stuff, he has continuously been warning us against the evils contained in crime films. Describing his efforts in this direction will require a separate article by itself. It will be sufficient here to mention that whatever cause he took, he did not rest a single minute till he had achieved his aim. Thus he got "Drums" picketed and banned and "Gungadin" tinned and sent back; brought out pointed articles from all the big guns of society continuously for several months against crime pictures; forced the hands of Bombay Censors to delete obscene portions from hundreds of Indian pictures and it is certain that not before long he will get many dirty Hollywood pictures banned in India. How we wish that that day may coincide with 4th April, 1954, his fiftieth birthday. There can be no better reward for the continuous pains taken by this man.

HIS TERRIFIC MEMORY

To all those who are in the habit of seeing Babs' frowning photograph in the Editor's Mail, I may inform that behind the frowning exterior, their editor possesses a soft and sympathetic interior. More than a score of times he has helped someone or other out of some troublesome joint and if anyone is really in need of his advice on any topic right from indigestion to insurance, he can safely refer the matter to him. Unless he is troubled unnecessarily, he is always prepared to help. Of this I have a personal experience, when in 1948 I met him personally to seek his advice on a certain project that I was going to risk. It was his sound judgment that prevented me from undergoing it. Now I feel the good that it has done to me. I would not have made a reference to the above episode had it not been for another incident which happened only last year and which establishes another significant trait in his character. I mean his terrific memory, of which I became conscious when last year (i.e. about five years after first meeting him for a few minutes) I asked him a question in the name of my wife, to which he replied that she should not allow me to ask questions in her name and that he knew my (here he mentioned my full name which I am sure I only told him once) handwriting perfectly well. Pretty silly it made me feel! The moral of this story, dear readers, is that 'Cheating does not pay with Babs. At our age he was a more cunning devil than we can imagine.'

Now that Baburao Patel is crossing his fiftieth year, the question that puzzles us is whether he is growing old with age or young. To solve this problem we have only to search the answers which he has been giving to his readers' queries. Whereas, the answers to many questions show his command on various subjects, thus reflecting a philosophical mind that has grown mature with age and experience, his answers to many more questions (particularly to young girls, if they are girls at all), carry a certain frivolous and

What all turns and twists Smriti Biswas takes to attract attention in "Bhaisaheb", a social story directed by Ravindra for M. B. Billimoria & Sons.

naughty witticism, which can only be present in a young and bubbling heart. What perplexes us more is the fact that these trends of his character are diverging more and more every month, but then did I not say in the very beginning that he is an ideal study in contrasts. He is a curious, not spurious, mixture of young and old.

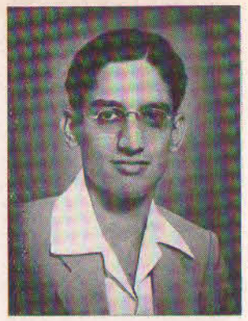
Johnson was responsible for an adjective, Johnsonian, just as Shaw was responsible for Shavian, and it is quite likely that Baburao will also be responsible for a third, which I may name as Babsonian. And just as many are proud to be greater Johnsonians and Shavians than Johnson and Shaw themselves, it is also probable that some of us, in future, may boast of being greater Babsonians than Babs himself. Who knows?

It will be worthwhile for me to conclude with the remark that though Baburao Patel was not born with a silver—or say even a wooden-spoon in his mouth, readers may rest assured that he is going to die with many golden ones.

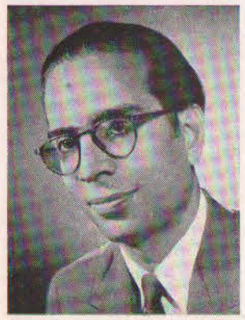
Miss Vinodini Chaudhury, 97, Walkeshwar Road, Bombay 6, is an educated working girl, who reads "filmindia" and profits by it.

Mr. Subhash J. Rele, M.A., Charni Road, Bombay 4, is one of the most brilliant and consistent readers of Filmindia. He has made it a paying hobby.

Mrs. Nalini N. Katvi, 188-1st Fanaswadi, Bombay 2, is an educated working girl, who makes her pleasure of reading "filmindia" a paying proposition.



Mr. M. S. Vishwanathan, 238, Rasta Peth, Poona 2, is an employee in the Agricultural Department. The prizes help him in his studies.



Mr. Arjan D. Bharwani, 2179-2nd X Lane, Malleswaram, Bangalore, is a star salesman in textiles. He is a prize-winner in his work too.

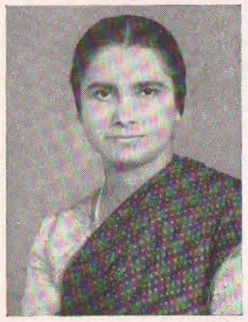
Mrs. Prakash, 48, Minto Road, New Delhi 1, is an educated housewife with three children. Keeping the little ones away from "filmindia" is her main job.

Mr. S. D. Shukla, M.A., B.Sc., L.L.B., P.B. 181, Kanpur, is the Head of the Dept. of Economics, Dasar Vaish Inter-College of Kanpur. Filmindia is his text-book of life.

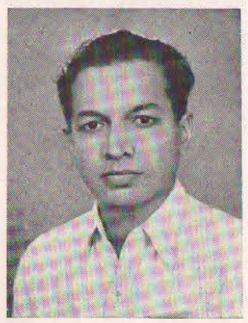
Miss Usha Pai, B.A., Irla Village, Ville Parle, Bombay, is a Government employee in the Civil Supplies Dept. She buys extra supplies with the prizes she earns.

Mrs. B. S. Kesavarao, 5 Annamalai Chetty Road, Madras 7, is an educated wife of a tiger-hunting Excise Officer. He brings home dead tigers, she bags useful prizes.

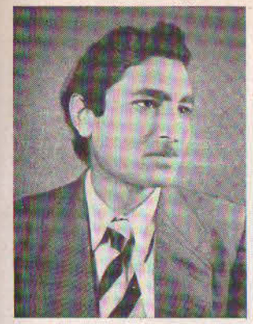
Mr. Maharaj Krishan, B.Sc., L.L.B., 13/47 Devnagar, Karol Bagh, New Delhi, is employed in our Ministry of Defence. His offensive in asking questions has, however, won him many prizes.



Mrs. T. Sameer (nee Tulsi Pai) B.A., 321, Galle Road, Colombo, Ceylon, not only won prizes but also got her husband through Filmindia. And India lost a good working girl.

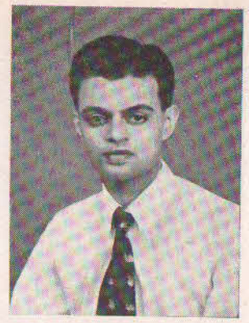


Mr. K. A. K. Ayyangar B.Sc., Indo-Commercial Bank, P.B. 1289, Madras, seems to have opened a current account in the Filmindia for drawing prizes.



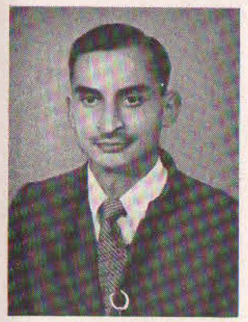
Mr. Jagdish Jain, M.A., (Phil) C.P.E. (French), 112, Moti Gunj, Hapur (Meerut), sends 1000 questions with every letter and then sits back and watches the fun.

Mrs. Indra Khosla, 6 Marina Hotel, The Mall, Simla, is an undergraduate. She looks wild but she is very intelligent. She beat her husband in winning prizes.

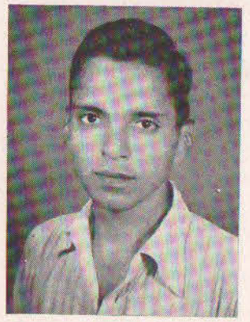


Dr. Lister L. DeSouza, B.Sc., B.D.S., Sir C.E.M. Dental College, Byculla, Bombay. A distinguished dental surgeon, he can also extract a prize as painlessly.

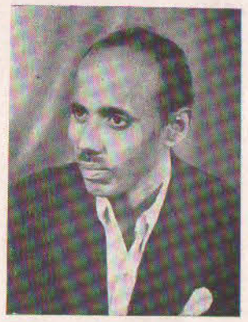
Miss Lina Miranda, Kadry Market Road, Mangalore 2, is an educated working girl who loves the beautiful and then expects a kiss from 50-year old Baburao Patel. Strange girl!



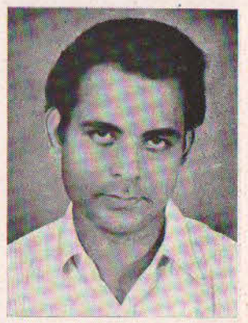
Mr. M. G. Datta alias D. D. Uppal, M.A., Jullundur City, is the first cousin of film actress Bina Rai. He hid his real name to test Baburao Patel's impartiality.



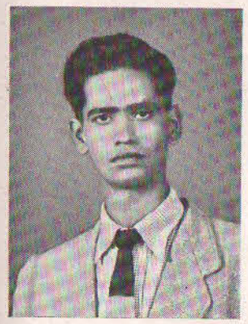
Mr. Purshottam Saran Goel, B.A., L.L.B., (In making) C/o Kishori Lall & Sons, Hapur, Meerut. These Hapur boys seem to be good pickpockets.



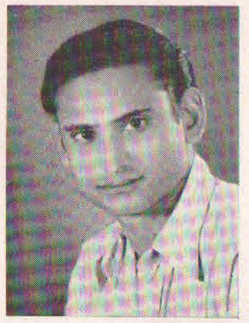
Mr. S. V. Ramanayya, C/o Mr. S. Rajanna, Gunner Street, Visakhapatnam, is a Government employee, who reads "filmindia" and makes it pay back.



Mr. Thakur T. Advani, 20 Vakola Masjid, Santa Cruz, Bombay 25, is an ex-zamindar of Sindh, who gave his "zamin" to the Muslim and brought his religion to India.

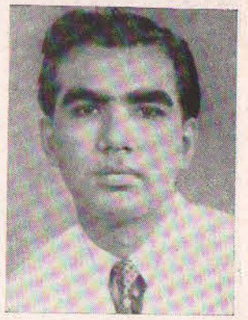


Mr. M. I. Md. Ghouse, 43, Markaya Labbai Street, George Town, Madras, is in the Government Tax Dept. He collects his dues from "filmindia" also.



Mr. K. B. Lall, M.A., L.L.B., C/o Mr. Hans Raj, Bhau Ka Bazaar, Lashkar, Gwalior, is a lawyer who believes in cross-examining the Editor and collecting his fees.

Mr. G. B. Chore, B.A., L.L.B., Buty Blocks, Sitabuldi, Nagpur. With that name, it is no wonder that Filmindia has been losing a lot of prizes to him.



Mr. Ishwar V. Mahbubani, C/o Indian Art Museum, Carnac Bridge, Bombay, sells curios whilst travelling and uses his copy of "filmindia" to get more customers.

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His Future Is Spiritual

By : PHYRUZ CANTEENWALA

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

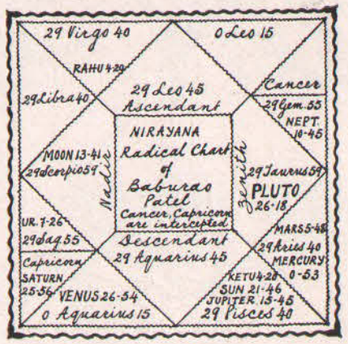
If Gray's universal expression in these terms implying hidden genius is true, one of the examples with a distinctive mark of rare excellence will rightly be Baburao Patel, the chosen gem of Fate, who though born in obscurity, has been standing on the pinnacle of glory today in a way that easily distinguishes his arresting personality, lending a magnetic attraction in almost every walk of life notably in film, social and political spheres.

The Golden Jubilee of such a celebrated genius must indeed be a special occasion in his life and more so in the case of "filmindia" whose numerous admirers throughout the world will no doubt vie with one another in coming forward to shower upon him their personal messages of congratulations and it is therefore indeed a matter for heartfelt joy to me to pen Baburao's career at close quarters as a gentleman who will disagree without being disagreeable, and it will be culpable on my part if I were to lose this opportunity so easily afforded to reveal the destiny of this unique soul of the present century by further tapping his horoscope (previously discussed in June 1953 issue of "filmindia") so propitiously pregnant with a progressive future hitherto undreamt of, on this auspicious Golden Jubilee which comes off on April 4, 1954 the day of his attaining fifty years of age.

The main spring of character on which the structure of one's future rests is rooted deep into the recesses of the heart, the depository of the soul within which is the germ unfolding one's true self, although ordinary mortals may be inclined to hold it to be the result of the outward influence of society, the enveloping atmosphere silently fostering and shaping its growth. As the essential form of character depends in every case upon the nature of the inner life from which it originates, likewise that of originality, the quintessence of genius, springs from the love of perfection beyond the amplitude of the range of art—an innate urge which no power can infuse nor can mere diligence ever acquire. Genius is thus traced deep into the cause of life; it emanates from within outward in the same manner as talent touches the soul from without inward. Genius in its infancy being undeveloped is always as much unknown to oneself as to others; it is only after it collides with frequent trying circumstances that it will shine and eventually be attended with striking success, that one can dare think himself equal to any undertaking in which others who have excelled in their power of originality, to the admiration of mankind.

THE STARS SAY SO

It will therefore be but to the point to say that, like genius which is in itself its own end, "filmindia" is equally the last word on the things it describes, and draws for its perfection upon the architectural style from the able pen of its soul, Baburao, who ever known to the world for his unique and unrivalled import, is the only invincible genius behind its achievements and no second person of his calibre to match him in this sphere of his activities can at all be found. The greatest contribution to his having been born with such a genius comes from Uranus (Herschel) the planet of truth, patience, self-reliance, no less independence, originality and unseen perfection which is in enlightening trine with Mercury the seat of intellect and forethought in dynamic forming conjunction with Mars the planet of industry, optimistic urge and daring and in blissful second nonile with Venus the planet of harmony, love, beauty, sportsmanship and artistic vision. Thanks to the invaluable qualities of this Uranian combination in so enabling him



with the power of bringing out productions of rare excellence—a fact clearly demonstrated by "filmindia" to the world today, in the magnetic spell of his gifted pen animated with inventive inspiration. Originality is thus the surest sign of a superior genius. There is no doubt as to the fact that Baburao is an eminent critic and always comes out fearlessly with his trenchant pen with such criticism as places even Government officials in an awkward position by rendering them incapable of reply. Evidence is not wanting when Baburao has been not only not challenged but on the contrary actually bullied by the Government with not even a jot of success, and there are occasions when he himself has to sit in judgment upon it. In other words the Government having found in him an inflexible and formidable power to be reckoned with has to reluctantly accept what Baburao conscientiously deems proper and justified.

A DIFFERENT DESTINY

Those with vision and penetrating insight are apt to interrogate: Is Baburao's genius limited to the material sphere only? A searching probe into the underlying causes of his spiritual susceptibility as evidenced by the exact application of the principles of Astrology should in my opinion be the only right reply. In the radical, lunar and solar charts the Sun, Venus and Uranus-Saturn respectively rule the natural twelfth House which reveals the attainment of the knowledge of eternal perfection. The Sun the cosmic symbol of the central life force is in parting conjunction with Jupiter of the spiritual world, in parallel to Venus of the artistic world, in sextile with Saturn of the material world, and Pluto of authority and power and in trine with the Moon of inner self, while Venus is in second nonile with Uranus of orginality, and in semi-sextile with Saturn. Moreover Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter and the Sun in particular collectively influence the natural fifth Houses of Sagittarius-Capricorn, Pisces and Leo of mental perfection in the radical, lunar and solar charts. Besides, Venus is so situated that it rules the natural third Houses of Libra, Aquarius and Taurus of intellectual attainments in the radical, lunar and solar charts. From these uncommon planetary positions and aspects at birth, the fact that the main source from which Baburao derives his inspiration for material as well as spiritual consciousness is art (virtually attributable to Venus the cosmic symbol of artistic intuition) is at once apparent.

1954. Baburao Patel at 50! And this fashionable man threatens to stray into a spiritual field.

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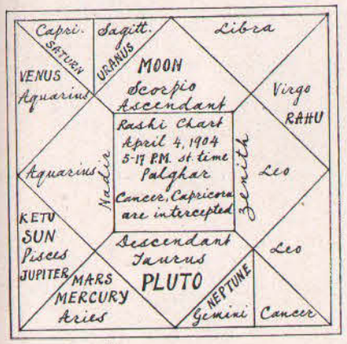
The aforesaid combinations further reveal that Baburao will be inspired, in addition to his present pursuits, for philosophy, religion and other esoteric subjects etc., with the fondest love for truth, the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies. In his lunar chart, it is his Aquarian mind excited with the Uranian urge for unravelling hidden mysteries of nature and spirit with which he is gifted that he will, in time to come, by his own intuition independently perceive truth. Though fevered by such a burning desire for truth, it cannot be received by his mind unprepared for it because the knowledge of truth is perpetually at one with the love of virtue that derives its original from truth, while, on the contrary, vice takes its origin from life. The turn that will thus be taken in future by Baburao towards divine perfection will have been, as the present Mahadasha of the Sun indicates, a result of a regular fight of spirit with matter within himself, the former prevailing upon the latter in the end. In the sphere of spiritual attainment also, Baburao will not lag behind to leave an impress of a divine philoso-



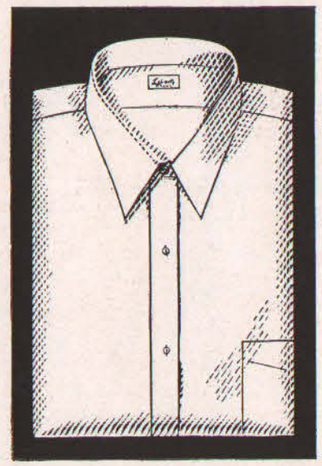
pher, instructor and revealer and eventually persons who have given themselves up to the search for the perception of true light will flock like anything from all parts of the world to "Girnar", under the magnetic influence of Baburao, so that it will according to the Indian cultural tradition turn into a veritable temple where truth and art will offer their incense to volumes of profoundest lore. His independent study of the underlying realities of religions will indeed refine his passion and consecrate to its divine purposes and who can say that Baburao will not in the closing years of his life be enabled to throw new light with the help of his unique experiences of truth on the world at large and even lead it along his chosen path of renunciation as envisaged by himself?

Though Baburao belongs to an enlightened society of a higher plane he nevertheless gives no importance to either the high or the lowly. It is this salient trait of his character that endears him to everybody who happens to court his company. Further he is a man of large-hearted benevolence with an open hand and a close mouth. Baburao will never think of withholding what he can give, until the end of his sublunar existence. When, however, the doomsday (not earlier than his seventy-sixth year) dawns upon him he will depart peacefully saying:

"And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next
What weapons to select, what armour to indue."

BIG BEN

IS HERE!



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WHAT READERS THINK

Any pose in youth is a challenge to manhood and any face in youth is a blossom of the season. Chitra, a newcomer, brings new thrills to the screen in "Chor Bazaar", a social theme produced and directed by P. N. Arora for All India Pictures.

[It was impossible to publish the thousands of letters received from the readers of Filmindia in different parts of the world. Some of the early letters are published below. Space permitting, we hope to publish some letters in subsequent months. The Editor.]

UNDYING FOUNTAINHEAD

"The thesaurus lets me down rather badly when I turn to it for words good enough to express my appreciation of "filmindia". Believe me when I say that during the last ten years that I have been its regular reader, I have found each issue better than the last. To me, as well as to hundred thousand others in this wide world, it is an undying fountainhead of humour, wit and wisdom. Its constant study has lent spice to my speech, colour to my imagination and sharpness to my intellect. No wonder, I await its arrival more eagerly than a clerk awaits his pay day!"

CHANDIGARH. *Prithi Paul Singh.*

WINS FRIENDS !

"It was January 1945 when I first saw "Filmindia" lying on the bed of my colleague. The magagine had some attraction and having immediately picked it up, I skipped through the pages and finally settled down to enjoy the "Editor's Mail". The desire to partake in this section came like a lightning and I decided to try my hand.

"I managed to frame my question: "What is your choice from the following: a good woman, a brilliant woman, a beautiful woman or a sympathetic woman?" This was published in April 1945 number with the reply which delighted me immensely. The answer was: "Just give me a woman. I shall make her what I want, because I need all the women described by you at different times."

"Since then I have always impatiently waited to get my copy every month. Filmindia is a magazine that provides educative and entertaining reading matter. Once I get a new issue, I do not leave it until I have read the last page. And when I am out of India, my wife sends copies by air, the expense being as much as Rs. 5|12|-.

"Filmindia conveys to me the warmth of its editor, his experience, his philosophy, his forthright comments on current topics. Filmindia is a bible of personal wisdom of Editor Patel, who always endeavours to offer something new that tickles my emotions. It has the freshness of morning dew and an appeal that thrills the reader.

"In life, whatever be one's occupation, one always, at one time or the other, feels disinterested in work because of its monotonous aspect. Filmindia comes handy at such moments when one has almost lost interest in life. It instantaneously offers a cheer that gladdens one's heart and helps in re-affirming one's faith in effort and perseverance. This is the greatest benefit that I derive from the magazine.

"Filmindia has won me many a friend both in India and abroad. People like the paper as much as they do its regular contributors, for the latter do help in provoking the Editor to give his replies—witty and prophetic—on almost all the topics under the sun. Wherever I have gone—in Ceylon, in Malaya, in Hongkong—the magazine has stood me in good stead. It is my friend, guide and philosopher."

BOMBAY. *Ishwar V. Mahbubani.*

TAUGHT BETTER THAN PROFESSORS

"It was little more than sixteen years when in December '37 I, for the first time in my life, purchased a copy of Filmindia for six annas only and since then I love to read it from month to month. I read it even when confined to bed and my guardians did not like me to be devoted to this romantic and allegedly sexy journal. Honestly speaking with me it has been a case of love at first reading.

"This consistency in idolatry is precisely due to the fact that every issue of Filmindia, in my opinion, is an emblem of well blended wisdom, sparkling literature, witty humour and blatant truth.

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"If one is prepared to learn from Baburao, I believe, there is a great teacher in our Editor, who is capable of teaching you when he is hundreds and thousands of miles away from you. Personally I feel and make bold to say that I have learnt more from Mr. Patel than many of my professors and books for my two degrees in Science and Law put together.

"Filmindia is at once loveable for its healthy and ruthless criticism for which Baburao has sometimes been temporarily disowned and disliked by the Government, producers, artistes and so many others but he has ultimately triumphed. I wish I could be as truthful and fearless ! And who is not thrilled to read candid views of an intellectual who refuses to be bullied by anybody?

"Last but not the least Filmindia, no doubt, saves its readers from the sausages produced by Indian and certain foreign producers."

NEW DELHI. *Maharaj Krishan.*

HIS SIDE BUSINESS

"Filmindia" is worth its weight in gold for its wealth of wit and wisdom. It is the gospel of boys and girls studying in schools and colleges. "Editor's Mail" is so captivating that it makes them forget their food and sleep. Even puritanical parents read it covertly when they think they are unobserved by others. Keeping it beneath the pillow when one goes to bed ensures pleasant dreams and blissful sleep. A study of this has enabled scoring success in I.A.S. examinations, offices, dinner tables, clubs and society parties and making boys and girls popular personalities. Its unbiassed and impartial criticism of films—Indian and foreign—has enabled film fans to see only good films and save their hard-earned money. It is a corrective pull-up of the hardened sinners of our films. Unpalatable truth regarding the fads, scandals, muddles and fantastic plans of our leaders in power are laid bare before the public eye in the most touching manner possible.

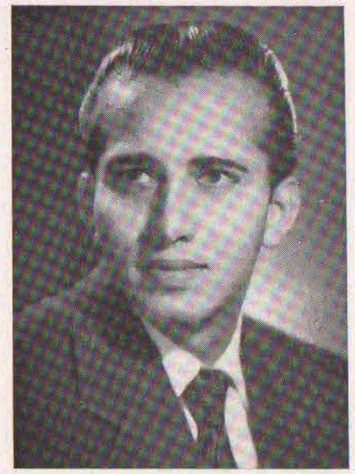
"It is ten years since I commenced my association with "filmindia" by contributing to the "Editor's Mail" and the "Woes and Echoes". I have won five first prizes and several prizes of lesser degree winning altogether more than a thousand rupees, in the days when the first prize was only Rs. 100|-. My photo has been published in March 1949 issue as that of the "Chronic Prize-Winner of 'filmindia'." The representative of the "Life" and "Time" magazines of America, when he visited the "filmindia" office, was highly impressed by the huge number of questions sent by me every month on various topics of general human interest and my photo was requested to be sent for publishing a story on "filmindia" in the "Life" magazine of America. It has proved to me to be a paying hobby."

BANGALORE. *A. Narayana Rao.*

FROM CHILDHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

"I am seeing "filmindia" since my early childhood. When I could not yet read ABC, I used to see its beautiful pictures and enjoy them. Then in my school days, I used to read its reviews on films, for I was very much interested in films. I saw only those films, which were recommended by it. It was only after my marriage that I began to read "filmindia" seriously, because my husband is also an ardent reader of "filmindia".

"Since 1948, we haven't missed a single issue of this lovely magazine. We do not only read it but keep its issues properly bound and indexed. We have spent more than 200 rupees on this costly hobby of ours during this period. But this is not a wastage. I have won the handsome prize of Rs. 300|- twice and the prize of Rs. 50|-once for my questions, published in "The Editor's Mail" columns. I have also won the consolation prizes several times. This means that in six years, "filmindia" has given me a net profit of about Rs. 500|- and this is not a small amount. It has added to our happiness and has given us many extra comforts.



Mr. Suryakant Baburao Patel, Printer and Publisher of Filmindia, and General Manager of Filmindia Publications Ltd.

"But this financial gain is not the only consideration. It has made us more intelligent and more educated. Though my favourite feature is its "Editor's Mail", which is full of interesting questions on all subjects and the Editor's pithy and entertaining answers, yet I read all its other articles as well. The editorials are simply pieces of high class literature, while "Bombay Calling" contains the latest news about the film world and the editor's comments on them. Its film reviews are just and unbiased. The news are interesting and up to date. The "Woes and Echoes" are full of useful suggestions. It is due to all these qualities that I read "filmindia". It is rather expensive, but is certainly worth its price. It is undoubtedly one of the best magazines in the world".

NEW DELHI. *Mrs. Prakash.*

SAVE HIM

"Being one of the thousands of friends and admirers of Mr. Patel, I venture to suggest to the Committee to devise at the time of coming functions ways and means to form a society for the creation of public opinion and character building which two things are sadly lacking in our country and for which Mr. Patel is working single-handed for so many years. Every man and woman of goodwill in this vast country appreciates with gratitude the labours of Mr. Patel and is eager to relieve him of some burden by taking up his work jointly so that his valuable life may not be shortened by excessive work.

"He is only 50 but always thinking of eternal sleep as is apparent from his replies to readers of his magazine. I am not one of those putting questions to him although I am a regular reader, as I wish to save his labour to that extent. But I have not been able to help him any further in his life's mission, as I am but a drop in the ocean. If an organized society could be formed by the committee, I shall, of course, be one of its first humble workers and help in every way in my power to develop this society into one of the future parties to fight the elections, if not next, surely the one following to bring in the desired change. To my mind it is clear that if such a thing could be possible now, it would help to prolong Mr. Patel's life and then only we could expect to celebrate his diamond jubilee to which, I am sure, the members of the Committee eagerly look forward."

LUCKNOW. *S. N. Mukerji.*

NOTHING MORE PLEASANT

"One day a friend asked me to say something on "Sri Ramayan". Was it possible for a mortal like me to do that? Definitely the answer was in the negative. The influence, the Holy Book has had upon us, is known to one and all. That is the only book which has been widely appreciated by rich or poor, big or small alike for its noble contents and high ideals.

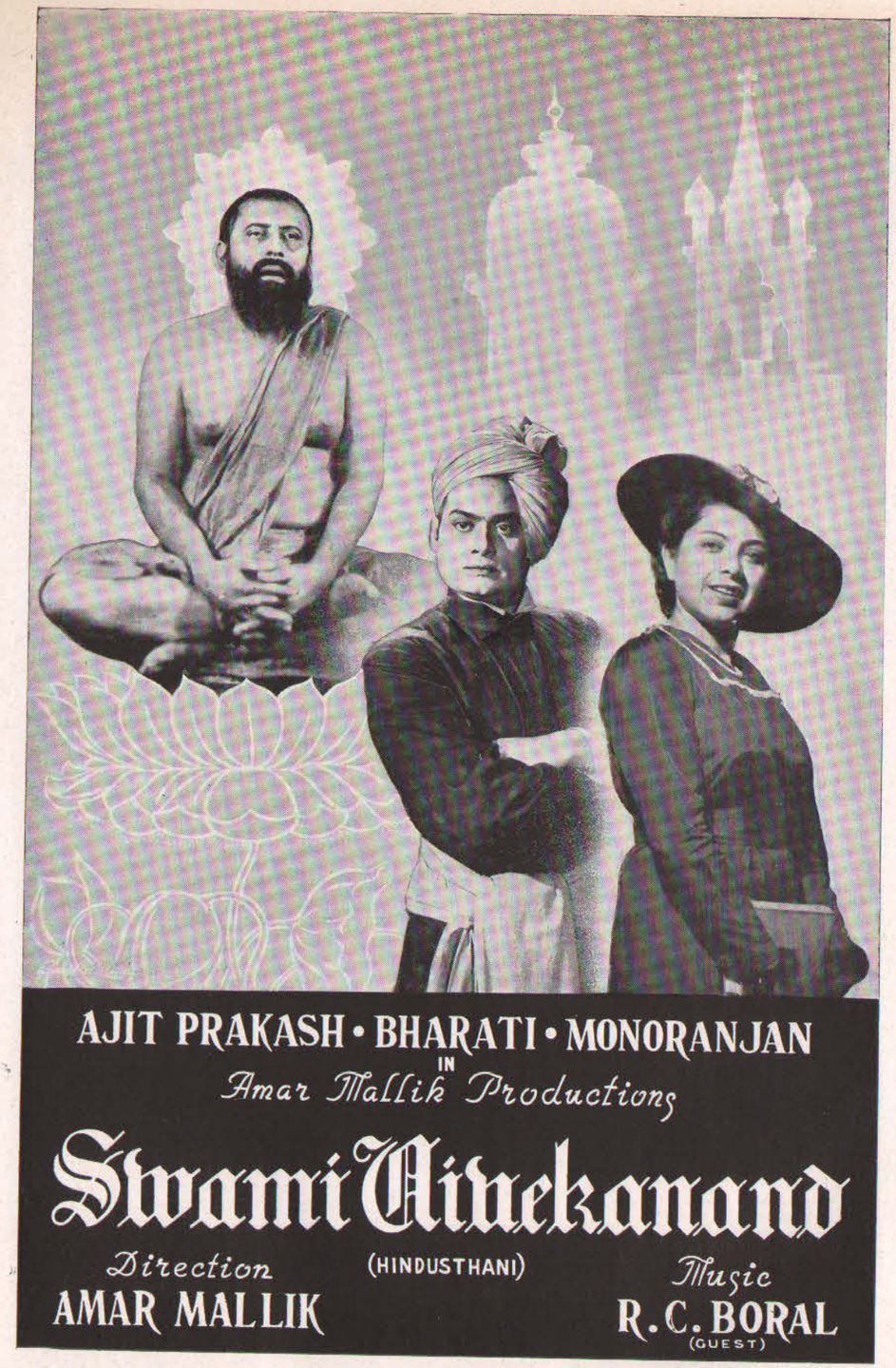
"Of course, such is Filmindia, our best magazine. If once a man goes through it he would never have courage to miss it all his life. In fact, it is the food of intellectuals.

"Truly, there is nothing more pleasant than to read Filmindia."

MAINPURI. *Vir B. S. Chauhan.*

CHAMPION OF TRUTH

"Baburao Patel is a living encyclopedia that offers an astonishingly amusing answer to any question asked of him. As a critic he has taught the readers many a great truth more effectively with a laugh, what others have miserably failed to impress in a grave and serious manner. His humour has tickled the living chords in human hearts. His presentation of facts is precise and powerful. His dressing up of language is dainty but daring. His mighty pen, an evergreen champion of truth, a sword of wit and a scale of wisdom, does honour the honest, praise the prudent, educate the educated as equally slap the silly, spank the stupid, whip the wicked and what not! He never shrinks to give credit if due and even showers it unreservedly on his



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sworn enemies as would their performances permit.

"His slashing condemnation drove two Governments dizzy who, in their dread against facts flung at them, had to seek shelter by prohibiting entry of his publication. It needs no saying that this has all the more enhanced his prestige and enriched his popularity.

"He is lucky too to have in his wife an able partner both in his professional and personal affairs. Filmindia, featuring with a glowing editorial based and built upon accurate facts and figures, this handsome lovely magazine with all its reeling reviews, awe-inspiring sundries and invigorating freshness all too rare in Indian periodicals, threatens to become inseparable to everyone who understands it. Besides, benefits are bestowed on readers whose questions elicit bright replies. Each issue strikes a scathing blow on the movie-magnates who, in their maiden motive to mint money, display all sorts of sordid stuff, dirt and dross on the screen.

"I pray with my full heart that God be pleased to grant many many more happy years to our beloved Baburao Patel with better health."

MADRAS. *S. Kalyanasundaram.*

BEST EDITED

"Having read every issue of "Filmindia" for nearly 15 years, I am delighted to offer my sincere opinion about it.

"Today "Filmindia" is acknowledged to be the best edited Indian film journal. It has attained this position due to the great efforts and hard work of no less a person than Mr. Baburao Patel, its distinguished editor. The journal has maintained a strict policy of reviewing films candidly, disregarding the callous remarks of certain interested parties. The journal has the great honour of having proved beyond doubt, that it is possible with an independent and honest man as editor, to publish correct and candid film reviews.

"Found in the journal are vigorous sections of ever-lasting interest and features of remarkable value. Its editorials are triumphs of truth and are remarkable for their independent outlook. Its Editor's Mail section, in which the editor himself replies to thousands of readers' questions, is a fountain of wit, wisdom and knowledge.

"To put in short, with the journal's streamlined get-up and cartoons, its outstanding section 'BOMBAY CALLING', its specialized news service 'AT HOME AND ABROAD', its readers' forum 'WOES AND ECHOES' and its last but not the least section 'REVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD', the "Filmindia" is rendering a great service to India and its film industry. It is no exaggeration to say that this journal has established a tradition in journalism by its exceptionally journalistic straightforwardness. I heartily congratulate "Filmindia" on the occasion of its Editor's Golden Jubilee and pray God that it may long live."

VISAKHAPATNAM. *S. V. Ramanayya.*

EYE-OPENER

"I am a reader and subscriber of Filmindia for more than 3 years. Your journal has not only helped the film industry but also made your readers open their eyes to the present political affairs of India. Some call your paper as a Communist organ, some call it as a Socialist organ and some others as purely a Cinema one. Whatever it may be, your journal has opened the eyes of blind believers of the only political party in India i.e. Congress. It will be no exaggeration, if I say, that your editorials have woken up the people of India. No newspaper has done this. The only criticism I have to make is the cost of your journal, which is not within the reach of a middle-class man. You give more attention to Hindi films and their stars except a few Tamil films. It seems you have forgotten that there are Kannada films and Kannada stars though Karnatak is a part and parcel of your mother province Bombay.

"May God shower on you His blessings and let Filmindia live long with you!"

HUNSUR. *H. K. Srinivasa.*

Mr. Archibald Pereira, Advertising Executive, Filmindia Publications Ltd.

TOO LONG, SON !

"My association with Filmindia began when I was a boy who though he could not understand what was written in it was yet fascinated by its pictures and the colour plates it carried. I have still a few copies with me which I collected in the year 1935. The price of the magazine was then four annas.

"The 'Woes and Echoes' section which Baburao threw open to the readers a few years back with an offer of Rs. 5|- in cash for every letter published in Filmindia, I should say provoked me to write. So far ten of my letters have been published in 'Woes and Echoes' section for which I have received Rs. 50|- as remuneration. Apart from this monetary help, the publication of these letters has given me courage and hope and if I am not letting out a secret I may tell you that I am now venturing to write a novelette.

"As regards my opinion about Filmindia and its editor, I have nothing but praise for both. There has been no film journal in the sub-continent of Asia which has come out regularly for 20 long years each month with greater glory. The magazine is colourful, the editor brutally frank and his dealings with the readers are decent. And where hard-hitting is necessary Filmindia hits hardest.

I shall end this by quoting a couplet from Ghalib:

"Tum Salamat Raho Hazar Baras
Har Baras Kay Hon Din Pachas Hazar."

KURNOOL. *S. A. Hasnath.*

YOUR OPINION

"It was in April, 1946, that I first saw Mr. Baburao Patel's 'Filmindia', when I was a school student, but being a regular picturegoer and a boy interested in film journals, it attracted me very much because of its frank criticism and superbly intelligent answers in the 'Editor's Mail'. My father never allowed me to get home any of these magazines and he used to say, "My son, 'filmindia' is useless both to you and your brains."

"Every month I went to the booksellers near my house and read it through in five days. I first sent some questions in May 1949 which never came in print and my friends used to say, 'they would not be published in your lifetime'. I anyhow challenged them to get at least one printed and believe it or not I did it ! To my credit Mr. Patel has at last published one worthy question in the November issue of 1953. I am very happy about it and my belief that Mr. Patel considers everyone's request has been genuinely proved.

"As a regular reader I have found Mr. Patel's untiring work not only intelligent and guiding the public, film people and the government of the Congress leaders on proper lines but also as genuinely educative, social and popularly outstanding in the market. The magazine has always served as an interpreter of the masses and the 'so called' classes! Its long successful life is no surprise."

CALCUTTA. *S. Narayan.*

HELPS HIS I. Q.

"In my opinion Filmindia is one of the finest magazines in the world. There is hardly a page that cannot be enjoyed. The attractive get-up of the magazine never fails to please the eye and the mind. It is the only magazine with a 'love-at-first-sight' charm.

"The most interesting feature in Filmindia which I enjoy reading over and over again is the "Editor's Mail' which contains many useful and practical suggestions along with the editor's sincere and friendly advice. Besides, the editor's answers give an intellectual display of wit and wisdom. Simple truth, right thinking and correct judgement are the main editorial highlights expressed in a frank and fearless style. Film reviews are clear and candid, and cartoons are delightfully humorous. And what fascinates me more is that the old copies of Filmindia never lose their freshness and fragrance.

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"My association with Filmindia has done me good in many ways. Its editorials train me in the line of right-thinking and correct judgement. Film reviews, as a valuable guide, help me to save money and time by avoiding useless pictures. The 'Woes and Echoes' column gives me an opportunity to say what I think, and moreover my letters are paid and the prize-money is indeed a great asset for a student like me. Above all the "Editor's Mail" enriches my Intelligence Quotient shaping me to be more refined and practical in my outlook on life.

"On the whole "Filmindia" is educative and entertaining and reading Filmindia is really profitable. So, hats off to Mr. Baburao Patel, the founder-editor of this excellent magazine."

BANGALORE. *J. B. William.*

GOADING POLITICIANS

"It is an honour to our community of journalists to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Mr. Baburao Patel.

"Mr. Patel has proved that high academical caste and monetary backing are not necessary to one who could learn and express.

"As a reader of FILMINDIA for about 15 years I think it is proper if all the editorials and Editor's Mail of the previous copies of FILMINDIA are issued in a volume. That would be a service to the people as his writings are nationalistic and wisdom peeps from behind his wit. I am sure this volume would be very useful for the future generations.

"On this happy occasion, I wish Mr. Patel more strength to goad the politicians of the country."

TADEPALLIGUDEM. *G. R. Varma.*

MY DEBT TO FILMINDIA

"I don't know whether I am at all worthy to write any opinion about such an exquisite and illustrious magazine like 'filmindia', the editor of which is the one and only Baburao Patel, who, by his great and unbending efforts, has proved himself to be a great asset to our motherland.

"I came across 'filmindia' for the first time in the year 1946, when I was a little chap of sixteen years, studying in Intermediate in the Meerut College. Since then I have been very affectionately attached to it. The first section to inspire my thoughts was its "Editor's Mail", which kindled in me a desire to ask a few questions to the editor. My questions were replied and my pleasure knew no bounds. As I continued to ask questions and read Filmindia, my English improved. This improvement helped me in my B.A. Examination. To-day I have passed my M.A. in philosophy. But what little philosophy I know was from Filmindia and the English I learnt was from Baburao Patel.

"It is beyond my power to express my debt of gratitude to Filmindia. May it prosper and ever leave a good and generous impression on other journals of the world!"

HAPUR. *Jagdish Jain.*

MOONY STUFF, EH ?

"If the man-in-the-moon were to come to earth and ask me for something to read, something to warm his heart and keep him from feeling homesick, cheer him up and give him a glimpse of the film world, which is also a prototype of every other kind of world on earth, I would suggest Filmindia. But I very much doubt if I would be required to make the suggestion, for if he was really the intelligent man I take him to be, he would land first at 'Girnar' and see Filmindia's Editor. If it would do all these things to the man-in-the moon-come-to-earth what hasn't it done to me, a faithful reader of Filmindia?

"I haven't two opinions about Filmindia. I know that it is the best magazine ever published and I will always say so. Edited by an intelligent man, helped by his charming, brilliant wife, Filmindia reflects the world of today in all its aspects. It educates while it entertains and even fools who come to see the pictures remain to read and praise.

Mr. V. M. Hazarnis, Advertising Executive, Filmindia Publications Ltd.

"Filmindia educated me in the real sense of the word. It widened my interests, broadened my outlook, gave me a correct sense of values and fired my imagination. Best of all it tickled my sense of humour.

"To Filmindia I owe my zest for life and I pity the man-in-the-moon, that he cannot enjoy my favourite magazine way up there."

MANGALORE. *Miss Lina Miranda.*

NOT ANOTHER

"I doubt whether there is another Patel (in any part of this world) who is so bold, eloquent and fluent like ours. All the readers of Filmindia should be indebted to him for his services rendered to the Filmindia magazine all these days. I wish that he completes a century in life. Moreover he is not a man to waste even a single minute in life. He is just like Ulysses. I do not know, when he leaves this world, how many directors, producers and Congress Ministers would be feeling happy? I have been reading Filmindia since 1938. I am sure there won't be another genius like Mr. Patel in future."

BEGUMPET-DN. *I. G. Chandrasekar.*

FORGETS WORLDLY AFFAIRS

"Expressing an opinion on 'filmindia' one could write volumes on it, but as a restriction has been imposed one has to be precise, though it seems to be an uphill task.

"The magazine is full of wit and humour, going through it means immense pleasure, one is completely lost and engrossed in its interesting features. One forgets worldly affairs.

"The editorials have an universal appreciation and acclaim. They are wildly and widely cheered and praises are showered on the editor. Every subject is dealt with dynamic energy. Editorials are candid, impartial and frank. They are bitter and sarcastic to the wrong-doers. The editor is superb and shrewd in his writings.

"'Editor's Mail' is another feather in his cap. The answers are witty and they excite amusement. His wit is the food and humour the salt for his readers. The questions are dealt most intelligently and intellectually.

"The Editor, the man and the brain behind the magazine is a genius, an idealist, and a master of journalism. His genius is proved by his infinite capacity for taking pains. His kicks and rebuffs to the critics leave them gaping in amazement. To readers he is a friend, philosopher and guide. His pen is sharper than a sword.

"My association with this magazine has been for the last ten years, when it was recommended to me by my parents. Filmindia is a must for our family. I cannot criticize it. My pen fails.

"On this auspicious occasion of Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee I wish that we

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may have this magazine amidst us for many more years. I pray to God to bless the Editor with long life and prosperity."
NEW DELHI. *Ravi Batra.*

CONNOISSEUR'S APPROACH

"During the brief spell of nearly three years of my association with "filmindia", it has been my "guide, philosopher and friend" on all occasions. The editorials with a penchant for precise and penetrating analysis of a scientist and the philosophic wisdom of the 'Editor's Mail' have opened a new vista of thought and imagination before me. Never before was the need for clear, logical, original and progressive thinking greater than today when we are standing on the threshold of a "jungle" civilization. "Filmindia" caters to this, of all things, most adequately. It bears a distinct impress of the connoisseur's knowledge of Art in its varied forms. To that extent, it inculcates in us a faculty for keen yet critical appreciation of beauty in all its grace which in its turn moulds our sense of proportion.

"Yet, dishing out enlightened and maturely considered opinion on all the burning questions of the day constitutes the forte of "filmindia". It fulfils its destiny by educating public opinion on the right track. I am proud that on every socio-political issue touching the chords of our hearts 'filmindia' has helped one to take a detached, dispassionate and objective view so essential for comprehending things in the right perspective.

" "Filmindia" develops a keen and lively sense of humour, decidedly an asset in an age torn asunder in the turmoil of anxieties and worries emanating from the complexities and perplexities of life today. Thereby it capacitates you to weather the rigours of modern life. Curiously, it arms you with the capacity to laugh at your own self—a great attribute by itself.

"Nevertheless, we miss feelingly articles with topical interest on various subjects contributed by outsiders from different walks of life."
AMAO. *Prem Chandra Sinha.*

THE BEST !

"Filmindia is my favourite for many reasons. First and foremost is its powerful editorial supplying the reader with a knowledge of politics.

"Turning next we are posted with information on various subjects, mostly movies, under the authority of "Judas". This section is unique for the strong language employed, with interesting cartoons, besides the heart-throbbing poses of film stars.

"Next comes the predominant part — 'Editor's Mail'. In short, it represents the cross-section of the intelligentsia of society. Superb are the readers' questions and supreme are the answers given, wherein the brevity and frivolity of expression are notable.

"Then come candid reviews which save money and time for readers. This is my personal experience! Oh, there are many things to praise in Filmindia.

"In short, I hail Filmindia as the 'many-in-one magazine', enriching the readers' knowledge on various subjects and serving the human ego through offering prizes. And though the price is somewhat pitched high, it's the best! The Best!!"
HYDERABAD DN. *G. R. Chandran.*

HONEST JOURNALIST

"Your amazing frankness and fearlessness in exposing the weaknesses of society, Government and individuals have inspired a ray of hope among your readers, nay all the Indians! I love honesty. I am very much given to reading magazines and periodicals, particularly from Bombay, which I believe is the centre of journalism. I have seen twenty springs of my life; but have not come across such an honest journalist as Baburao Patel. I believe all honesty in journalism has fallen to your share. I do not say this on account of any flattery, which I very much hate, but these are my personal feelings which are based on realities.

"What has prompted me to form this opinion about your honesty is my careful study of your editorials and your answers to questions in the "Editor's Mail" columns in our esteemed "Filmindia". It is also the result of your honest criticisms of the various films. So it is no exaggeration to say "Honesty in journalism, thy name is Baburao"!

"This is my humble tribute to you on your completing the 50 years of your

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life and entering the 51st year of your life. I wish and pray for you many more happy returns and may your readers have the happiness of reading and enjoying the writings of an honest journalist!"
JULLUNDUR CITY. *S. Prakash.*

HOW CAN HE DO IT ?

"Filmindia ! It is only twenty years of age. Considering its age the progress it has made within so short a period is really creditable. Though it had to face many storms the skipper of the magazine is skilful enough to navigate through those storms. The magazine has not only become popular from its excellent editorial that flows month after month, but also due to the humour contained in the witty answers of Mr. Baburao Patel. It is no wonder if he feels proud of himself and his wit.

"The next thing with which I am perplexed is, how he is able to give us full hundred pages of witty and humorous articles in only 30 days. It has perplexed every reader, indeed. The magazine sustains our interest from page to page and word to word.

"Hollywood films, which are reviewed in the magazine, add a special fragrance to it. Hundreds and hundreds of readers, who take those reviews seriously, save their lives by avoiding the obnoxious and filthy films. Some of the sweet answers of the 'Editor's Mail' can be quoted in I.A.S. examinations which can bring success.

"The very fact that 'Filmindia' is in circulation in 56 countries of the world is enough proof that it has the widest circulation in the world. It also speaks of the Editor's popularity who has put our Film world on the map of the world.

"Most of the people remain indebted to 'Filmindia' for the thousand and one uses they derive from it. Finally I pray God, to bestow a long and bright life on our dearest Editor, so that he can serve his country by his mighty pen."
MYSORE. *K. Srinivasan.*

MAKES GOOD CITIZENS

"My association with 'Filmindia' dates back to my school days i.e. from 1940. My cousin was a regular subscriber to this journal. I was so fond of it that it became a problem for him to keep it away from me. In those days as I could not understand English very much, I confined myself to the informative part of the Editor's Mail and was airing the knowledge about the films and their stars. Nowadays my impatience makes me own a copy for myself; thus becoming a full-fledged "addict of Filmindia" to quote the phrase of Baburao Patel.

"The benefits I have received are numerous. First of all, it makes a person critical-minded. Every editorial of Filmindia is the best tonic for the brain. Filmindia is the medium of introduction for friendship. It teaches a person to live a clean yet ambitious life. It makes an irresponsible adolescent, a responsible person fully conscious of his rights and obligations towards his country and people.

"And our Baburao Patel, he is the body and soul of Filmindia. Filmindia is Baburao Patel and Baburao Patel is Filmindia."
MADRAS. *C. Mohamedali.*

FILM AS ART

"The name "filmindia" in the film-world is a balm to cinegoers, producers, distributors and all persons connected with the film. The days of film as an art are of very recent date.

"Much stupid criticism comes from people who think of the picture as merely an illustrated book or play. Rotha, an English film critic says, "No medium of expression calls for such wide range of technical accomplishment as does the film. This dynamic mental pictorialism is, I claim, the most powerful form of expression available to-day to the creative artist". The films give the onlooker a dozen points of view here, there, near, far—this side and that side.

"Many people know the defects in a film and are not bold enough to express them in the way in which others may be in a position to appreciate and also the producers etc. may be able to catch the weak points and try to avoid them in the future.

"In this respect, our Baburao Patel stands as the *only* exception, in India, nay in the whole film world, and gives the clarion call of "Arise, awake or be forever fallen" to the producers, filmgoers etc. It will be a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, if his qualities of head and heart are described on this occasion—because they are put in a form in an understandable way to eke out answers in the "Editor's Mail".

"Experience has become his teacher which alone helped him to rise from an ordinary boy to the status of an Editor whose words are taken as authority in the film circles and whose journal is widely known throughout the world and whose name is very well known to tens and thousands of filmgoers spread in every nook and corner of the world. This proves quality as well as the genuineness of the journal "filmindia". He, as a producer and critic never fails to call a spade a spade and in so doing, he seems to incur the displeasure of the producers and top-ranking men in the Information Films of India. His subjects are not restricted to films but extend from the rule of the Prime Minister of India down to the murder of a cinema manager at dead of night.

"As a regular reader of "filmindia", I can give the following list of benefits accrued:

1. Enlarged my English knowledge.
2. Got new friends through "filmindia" who happen to be regular readers.
3. Witnessed a film with a critical eye, and saw more in it.
4. Understood Mr. Patel and his good qualities through the answers and editorials.

"On this occasion of his fiftieth birthday, I am glad that I had the privilege of sending this brief sketch—not at all comprehensive as space does not permit.

"May the Almighty shower His blessings on Mr. Patel. Jai Baburao Patel!"
MADRAS. *N. V. R. Swamy.*

THEY WONDER

"I have been a regular reader of 'FILMINDIA' ever since 1938. After analysing its editorials and other comments I have come to the conclusion that views expressed in this magazine are neither biased nor one-sided.

"'Filmindia' stands for truth like Mahatma Gandhi who sacrificed his life in experimenting with truth. In "filmindia" one gets correct evaluation of the pictures. The review of "Jhansi-Ki-Rani", for example, was an eloquent testimony of Filmindia's unimpeachable integrity.

"The mission of Filmindia is on the one hand to improve the Indian Film Industry and on the other to eradicate nepotism and corruption. 'Filmindia' is the only journal which ventilates the real political feelings of the Indian people.

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REVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD

(By: Our Special Correspondent)

[Our campaign against the filthy, anti-social and dangerous pictures coming from Hollywood is slowly bearing fruit—very slowly though. The 34 pictures banned so far have stopped over 3½ million dollars (Rs. 1,75,00,000|-) from going to Hollywood as profits of lust, crime and filth.

The following 34 pictures have been banned by the Government of India during the period of our campaign so far: "She Is Working Her Way Through College" (W.B.); "Planter's Wife" (J.A. Rank); "Outcasts Of Poker Flat" (20th Century Fox); "Man In the Saddle" (Columbia); "His Kind Of Woman" (R.K.O.); "Rancho Notorious" (R.K.O.); "Railroaded" (Eagle Lion U.S.A.); "Cimarron Kid" (Universal); "The Devil's Weed" (Hal Mark Prod. U.S.A.); "The Sound of Fury" (Unit); "The Prowler" (U.A.); "Blackbeard The Pirate" (R.K.O.); "Road To Bali" (Paramount); "Split Second" (R.K.O.); "Sensualita" (Paramount); "I Don't Care Girl" (20th Century Fox); "Hangman's Knot" (Columbia); "Naked Spur" (M.G.M.); "Because Of Eve" (William D. Bacon U.S.A.); "Man On A Tightrope" (20th Century Fox); "Secret Four" (Edward Small); "Never Let Me Go" (M.G.M.); "Rainbow Island" (Paramount); "Invasion U.S.A." (Columbia); "Fort Defiance" (U.S.A.); "Ambush At Tomahawk Gap" (Columbia); "Fort Algiers" (U.A.); "The City Is Dark" (W.B.); "Diamond Queen" (W.B.); "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (20th Century Fox); "The Stand At Apache River" (Universal); "Inside The Walls Of Folson Prison" (W.B.); "Invisible Monster" (Republic); "M" (Columbia).

Our progress has been necessarily slow because some of the local distributors of these foreign pictures adopt all sorts of questionable methods in bamboozling our censors. Warned by our reviews in advance, they often cut out offensive portions from films themselves prior to submitting their pictures before the censors and thus obtain at least an "Adult" certificate. Very often, these self-excised portions, which the censors never see, are re-inserted in the copies running in stations other than Bombay. It is extremely difficult to stop this dishonest and fraudulent practice but then it is impossible to expect any character or high principles from some of the local representatives of those unconvicted scoundrels of Hollywood who would sell even their mothers to earn a dirty dollar. We are, however, watching this dirty game and few escape us for long. The Editor.]

Star Ratings: * Disgusting and Highly Objectionable; **Very Poor—Not Worth The Money; *** Not So Bad.

*Man In The Attic (20th Century Fox)

CAST: Jack Palance, Constance Smith, Byron Palmer

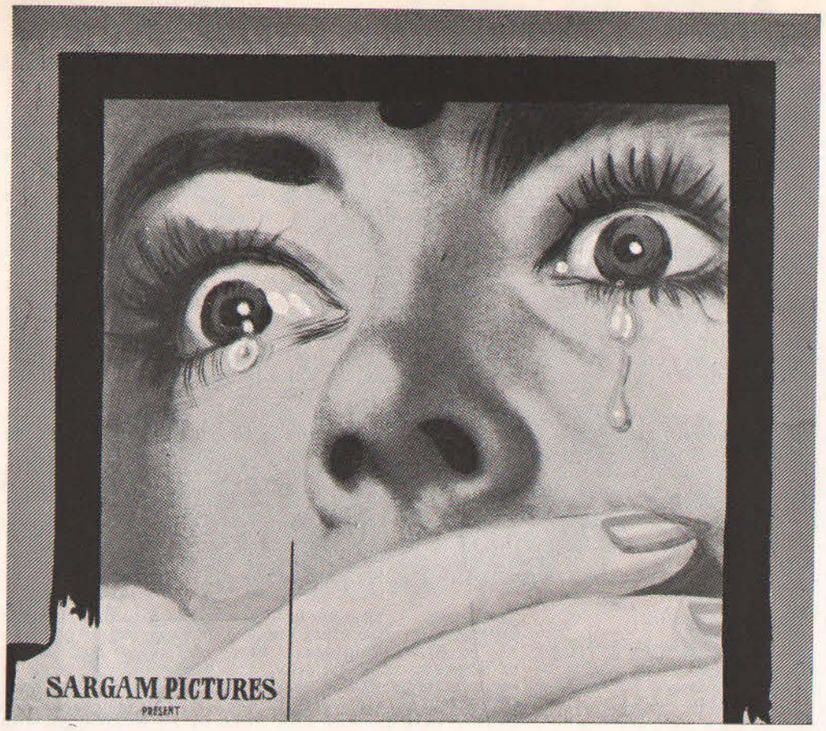
Sex and crime have become dominant parts of the entertainment of Americans. Sex and crime pervade their stage. Sex and crime dominate their television. Sex and crime saturate their films. Sex and crime fill their newspapers. Sex and crime constitute staggeringly large elements of their 'comics'. Sex and crime form overwhelmingly popular themes of their stories and novels. Sex and crime have infiltrated even their radio. And with all this it is little wonder that sex and crime have become apparently inseparable parts of the very American life. Today, the generally rich and physically well-nourished Americans seem to require more an intake of lewdness and brutality into their minds than vitamins into their bodies. The result of this acceptance of sex and crime as legitimate ingredients of entertainment and literature by the American public is that crime and immorality are perennially on the increase in America. Scarcely a few people in America pause to ask themselves why these two elements should be allowed to envelop their life, literature and entertainment and become two ugly symbols of American life. This American reluctance to engage in a little sober thinking and a little objective self-analysis is going to prove a fatal mistake of a blind period in American history as is recognized by a microscopic section of the American public which is still fortunately sober and sensible.

In the current American tradition of paying greedy attention to everything sordid and ugly in sex and crime, "Man in the Attic" pays attention to a maniacal killer. It is the story of a mass murderer with an unbalanced mind who goes on murdering innocent people and terrorizing an entire city with his ghastly deeds. And he does not even commit these murders for reasons for which murders are commonly committed in our unhappy society. He murders purely to satisfy his whims. He murders because he cannot stand the sight of a beautiful woman. What a lovable character? And Hollywood thinks that the world would be poorer for not being shown the life story of this murderer in 82 long minutes. Hence this painstaking social service by Hollywood. Hollywood does not want people to be shocked when they meet such characters in life. Perhaps shock and disgust at ghastly deeds are not acceptable human reactions to Hollywood and so it believes in preparing the spectators' mind to all sorts of possible ugliness in life with an elaborate portrayal of characters like the mass murderer of "Man in the Attic", who seems to be a fictional counterpart of the notorious Christie, another mass murderer of innocent women who recently shocked England. Well, if our censors also think in the strain of Hollywood and believe that Indians also need to be acquainted with maniacal murderers and their ghastly deeds and manners, they can certainly pass this picture for public exhibition in India. But that will be stabbing the country in the back and showing a poor respect for their sacred duty which is to ensure that no motion picture with ugly and sordid contents is allowed to adversely affect the lives of Indians.

Laid in the gaslamp period of London, the picture begins when a number of murders have been committed in the city by a mysterious person and London is in the grip of terror with the murderer at large. Shortly after the latest murder, Jack Palance, who declares himself a pathologist, comes to rent a room with a middle-aged couple, Rhys Williams and Frances Bavier. Though more or less an apparently normal man, Frances begins to look at Palance with suspicion because of his odd hours and mysterious movements. The murders keep on being committed in the city and Frances reveals to her husband that she suspected Palance of being the

Alphabetical Index From December 1953

APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS (R.K.O.) January '54
ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT (M.G.M.) January '54
THE BIG HEAT (Columbia) December '53
BOTANY BAY (Paramount) December '53
BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY (Univ. Int.) December '53
BORDER RIVER (Univ. Int.) March '54
DEVIL'S CANYON (R.K.O.) December '53
DONOVAN'S BRAIN (Utd. Art) January '54
DECAMERON NIGHTS (R.K.O.) February '54
FORBIDDEN (Univ. Int.) February '54
FRENCH LINE (R.K.O.) March '54
GUN FURY (Columbia) January '54
THE GLASS WEB (Univ. Int.) January '54
HOT NEWS (All. Art) February '54
JACK SLADE (All. Art) January '54
MAN CRAZY (20th Cen. Fox) March '54
THE NEBRASKAN (Columbia) February '54
PARIS MODEL (Columbia) February '54
THE STAND AT APACHE RIVER (Univ. Int.) January '54
SHARK RIVER (Utd. Art) March '54
THY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE (20th Cen. Fox) December '53
TUMBLEWEED (Univ. Int.) February '54
WICKED WOMAN (Utd. Art) February '54
THE WILD ONE (Columbia) March '54



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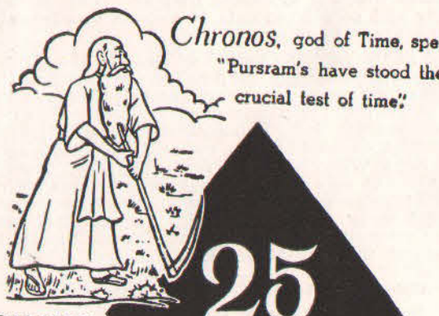

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mysterious murderer but Williams drives away her suspicion. Soon Frances' sprightly niece Constance Smith, a dancer, comes to stay in the house. She also feels puzzled by Palance's mysteriousness but becomes friendly to him and invites him to the theatre where she was performing. Palance tells her that since his actress-mother ruined his father's happiness, he had come to dislike actresses and turns down Constance's invitation. Constance then meets Byron Palmer, a Scotland Yard inspector, who while showing concern for her safety tells her that the terrorizing murderer's victims were somehow connected with the stage. One day Palmer visits Constance's house to accompany her to the theatre and there learns from the maid about Palance's mysterious movements. Palmer immediately carries out a search of Palance's room and takes his fingerprints for identification. The fingerprints tally with those of the mysterious murderer. Convinced that Palance was the dangerous murderer, Palmer becomes alarmed when he learns that Palance had decided to visit Constance at the theatre that evening. Rushing to the theatre Palmer and his men begin a search for the killer but Palance hides himself in Constance's dressing room. When Constance enters the room Palance takes out a knife and prepares to kill her because her beauty irritated him. However, he somehow finds himself unable to murder this person. When Palmer forces into the room, Palance jumps out of the window and snatching a horse-carriage rushes to drown himself in the Thames thus thwarting the efforts of the police to get him punished through the due process of law.

Final Verdict: This is an ugly and disgusting story of a mass murderer which in the name of entertainment simply hands out shock, terror and crime. Decent people cannot find entertainment in the grim account of a maniacal killer's grisly deeds. As a picture which exclusively deals with an extremely unpleasant and disgusting theme like murder mania, "Man in the Attic" should be banned in India.

*Crime Wave (Warner Bros.)

CAST: Gene Nelson, Sterling Hayden, Phyllis Kirk

"Crime Wave" is a stinking crime picture from that country where a major crime is committed every four minutes and where according to official statistics crime wave surged to touch an all time high in 1953. Spread over an area about two and a half times larger than India and containing a population about two and a half times less than India's, the United States of America records over two million crimes a year. Hollywood has contributed its effort to enable America to score these crime figures and if it keeps producing pictures like "Crime Wave", America can look forward to beating the highest crime record of 1953 in 1954. In the history of the world many countries became blind at one time or other but few must have exhibited the complete blindness which America today is revealing. Crime is flying up with the speed of Pegasus, the nature of crimes is becoming more and more heinous, juvenile delinquency is taking alarming shapes and yet practically every medium of expression in America continues to pour forth criminal ideas without provoking any significant disapproval from either the public or the authorities. The U.S. government is too busy piling up atomic weapons of warfare, the F.B.I. is busy hounding imaginary spies, the public seems to be busy reading comic books and 'true stories' and crime and criminals go unchecked and almost unattended. Hollywood cannot expect a more congenial climate to sow its dangerous filth. Taking advantage of a national state in which the average American mind seems to have become completely incapable of thought Hollywood has launched upon a career of producing more filthy and dangerous pictures even if it has to defy the Production Code, censors and other organizations which feebly try to point a trembling finger at Hollywood pictures sometimes. We can only pity Americans who are allowing an ugly and dangerous monster like Hollywood to trample upon all virtue and nobility in American life. We must, however, make sure that Hollywood does not corrupt our life and culture and it can be done only by banning dangerous pictures like "Crime Wave" which are not only completely innocent of virtue or some education but spread criminal ideas.

"Crime Wave" is a picture which shows us murders, killings, shootings, hold-ups and criminal chases. Almost all the characters in the picture, except the police, are criminals or ex-criminals. The picture begins with blaring guns and ends on a similar note with the rest of the length of the picture showing nothing else but crime and violence. This criminal picture which is said to have been produced with the co-operation of the Los Angeles Police Department is quite capable of giving more work to the Los Angeles police as well as to the police of any town where it is released. Perhaps the producers of this picture, which tells about the activities of criminals in Los Angeles, could not find any decent citizens to weave a decent tale in the 18-million people who comprise the population of this city. Perhaps they think that Los Angeles consists of only criminals and ex-criminals and the super criminals of Hollywood which disgraces the suburb of this huge city. Hollywood of course has no use for decency and would weave a criminal tale around even a most pious place on earth but others who do not believe that perverse criminology should form an essential part of people's education should avoid this picture like a dangerous criminal.

Set in Los Angeles, the picture shows a policeman being shot to death during a gas-station hold-up by three escaped convicts from Mexico. When one of the convicts is wounded, the others, Ted de Corsia and Charles Buchinsky put him in a stolen car and themselves run away on foot. The wounded convict manages to reach the house of Nelson, another convict on parole but leading an improved life with his wife Phyllis Kirk. The wounded man forces the couple to let him stay in their house and phones up an ex-convict doctor, Jay Novello, to come and treat him. But he dies before Novello can treat him. Having paid his visit, however, Novello takes his fee by taking out a bundle of notes from the pocket of the dead criminal. Meanwhile the police manage to get the photographs of the three criminals identified and Hayden takes the investigation in hand. After the convict's death, Nelson contacts his parole officer James Bell to report the incident but not willing to involve Novello in the affair warns Phyllis not to mention anything about Novello. Hayden comes to question Nelson and unsatisfied with his answers puts him under arrest. Nelson is however freed after a few days but soon after finds Ted de Corsia and Charles Buchinsky forcing into his house in search of a hideout. The two convicts ask Nelson to help them in a bank hold-up and threaten to harm his wife if he would not. In the meantime Novello, the ex-convict doctor, tries to collect information about the two gunmen for Hayden. This provokes Buchinsky to follow Novello in Nelson's car and kill the doctor. After the murder Buchinsky and De Corsia decide to change their hideout but forcibly take Nelson and Phyllis along with them. De Corsia then forces Nelson to participate in robbing the bank but already warned by a note from Nelson, Hayden frustrates the hold-up and smashes the criminals. In the end with the help of Hayden, Nelson succeeds in rescuing Phyllis.

Final Verdict: Filled with criminals and ex-criminals and dealing with shootings, killings and hold-ups, this picture falls in the category of those things in life which encourage crime in our world. It should be banned straightaway.

*Miss Sadie Thompson (Columbia)

CAST: Rita Hayworth, Jose Ferrer, Aldo Ray

This Somerset Maugham story may be good fiction but it does not by any means make a pleasant motion picture. With sex as the main ingredient, a prostitute as the heroine and the moral degradation of a missionary as the theme, the picture becomes an ob-

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jectionable subject for a medium which directly affects the lives and behaviour of millions. This story of a shady and immoral woman who first provokes a religious man to try to reform her but later provokes passionate feelings in him and becomes the very cause of the ruin of his moral life as well as the end of this physical life, is not likely to inspire picturegoers to have a sturdy faith in the moral values of life. Millions of picturegoers who have been nourished on Hollywood's ugly themes of immorality, perversity and degradation will now see a story by an eminent writer showing even a zealous religious preacher and reformist forgetting his own moral principles and preachings and abjectly surrendering before lust for female flesh. And people who are already showing the unpleasant effects of Hollywood's ugly films in numerous ways will only get one more argument from this story of the moral defeat of a missionary to justify their daily moral failings pointing out that when even a fanatic religious preacher can find it difficult to lead a strict moral life and is swayed by the fury of physical passions, the ordinary man cannot be expected to remain morally upright with numerous daily temptations around him. There is a vast difference in the mental resistance of the mass of the moviegoing public and the mass of the readers who shuffle the pages of a Maugham story. And though the present story of Maugham is by no means a piece of ideal fiction even for better informed and mentally matured readers, on the screen it assumes a menacing character and becomes highly objectionable as it tends to shake one's faith in the practice of morality. Besides, this distasteful subject has been presented on the screen in an equally distasteful manner with Rita Hayworth making a particularly bawdy prostitute trying shamelessly hard to please a bunch of sex-starved marines on a Pacific island who have not laid eyes on a fair woman since long. Especially in one song the way she swings and twists her limbs and wriggles her pelvic region one finds himself confronted with lewdness and the usual vulgarism for which Hollywood is so notorious.

The story has Rita, a loose-moralled woman, finding herself among a bunch of U.S. marines on a Pacific island when the ship on which she is headed for New Caledonia is quarantined. The marines who had not seen a white woman for a long time begin to feast their eyes on Rita and she in turn provides them a lot of fun and revelry. Aldo Ray, one of the marines, finds Rita particularly irresistible. But her wild activities provoke a frown from Jose Ferrer, a plantation owner and a fanatic religious preacher and reformer, who looks after the moral tone of the island. When Ferrer tries to preach to Rita he gets derision. But determined to control her, Ferrer investigates her past and learns that she is a prostitute who is wanted by the San Francisco police. With that information he soon arranges for her deportation. Learning her shady past, Aldo Ray, who had begun to love her, also decides to drop her out of his life. Afraid to face San Francisco and possible jail Rita pleads before Ferrer to be given a chance. He gives her one and begins to devote himself to her conversion to religious ways. She soon becomes quite docile and repentant and decides to accept her due punishment and strive for her salvation. Changing his mind once again, Aldo Ray proposes to smuggle her out of the island but she declines his offer. Ferrer feels pleased with his missionary work but being in the constant company of Rita he also feels uncontrollably attracted to her. The passion in him becomes so wild that forgetting all morality he used to preach he victimizes the very person whom he had so zealously reformed. With a blinding urge to satisfy his lust for Rita, he transgresses all limits of common decency leave alone high morals and assaults her forcibly. Next morning he commits suicide. After this sordid episode Rita returns to her former sprightly state and enthusiastically looks forward to meeting Aldo Ray in New Caledonia.

Final Verdict: This is a sordid, demoralizing tale presented in a crude, distasteful manner. Filled with sex that is embedded in the theme in a demoralizing and cynical manner and which is presented in the picture in a crude and vulgar fashion, "Miss Sadie Thompson" is an indecent and highly objectionable picture. Indian censors should ban this picture outright without being influenced by the eminence of its author or the subtle importunities of the local distributors.

*Three Young Texans (20th Century Fox)

CAST: Mitzi Gaynor, Keefe Brasselle, Jeffrey Hunter

Here is another raucous, violent 'Western' set in the days when guns ruled the day, violence pervaded life and lawlessness was a casual affair. Told with the usual violent scenes of shootings, gun battles and train hold-ups the picture is just an excuse for showing violence and blood-spilling on the screen in an old and persistent Hollywood effort to teach the world that peace and persuasion are ineffective instruments of guiding one's life in this world which, according to Hollywood, is mostly and essentially an evil place and will ever remain so. To the violence of the narration is added greed for gold in the theme and that makes the picture completely unpleasant and disgusting. Determined to show violence and bloodshed and also eager to maintain its pretence of virtue the picture creates an odd 'virtuous' hero who decides to turn a criminal himself by looting a train so as to prevent his father, who had already planned to hold-up the same train, from violating the law. After looting the train the 'hero' slides into a long career of violence and misadventure to provide the picture its main ugly structure. Since he gets into all these misadventures merely for a virtuous motive of saving his father from defying the law, Hollywood believes it has presented a very noble theme in this picture. Ends justify the means and so long as the end remains apparently noble and virtuous Hollywood can show any amount of violence and lawlessness on the screen. Though we wonder why can't Hollywood show us in detail the virtuous ends instead of devoting its entire skill and attention to the ugly and dubious means. That a hero instead of talking things over with his father and using his logic and reason to dissuade his father from offending the law, himself decides to have scrapes with the law interestingly shows the stupid and criminal strain in which Hollywood thinks. This picture simply glorifies the gun and deserves to be banned in India.

Jeffrey Hunter and Keefe Brasselle are two friends with another friend in Mitzi Gaynor on whose father's ranch they work. Trouble begins when Hunter's father, Harvey Stevens, while playing poker with Mike Ansara, Frank Wilcox and Aaron Spelling discovers Wilcox cheating in the game and shoots him down. The next day Ansara and Spelling falsely inform Stevens that Wilcox was dead and threaten to hand him over to the law as a murderer unless he agrees to hold up a train with them which was carrying $50,000. Hunter manages to overhear the conversation and to stop his father from becoming a forced criminal himself decides to loot the train. He puts on a mask, holds up the train and then hides away the stolen money in a dilapidated shack. His friend Brasselle, however, soon guesses that Hunter had committed the crime and also manages to find the hidden money. Brasselle removes the loot and hides it elsewhere. He then goes to Hunter and demands equal share in the loot from him. But Hunter tells him that he intended to return the money to the railroad and refuses to share it with Brasselle. Disbelieving Hunter, Brasselle in turn refuses to tell Hunter where he had hidden the money. When the sheriff notices Brasselle in possession of some newly-minted dollars, he immediately suspects Brasselle. Afraid to be caught and unwilling to let go the money, Brasselle runs away to Mexico where he is followed by Hunter. When Ansara and his men come to know that Brasselle had hidden the money they rush to corral the two boys. Knocking Hunter unconscious, they forcibly take Brasselle to show them the hidden money. Hunter soon revives and gathering his father, Mitzi and the sheriff runs after Ansara and his gang. This results in a violent gun battle in which Ansara kills Brasselle. But before

Ansara can escape with the money Hunter shoots him down. In the end the sheriff becomes satisfied that Hunter's hold-up of the train was a means to a good end and Mitzi and Hunter look forward to a happy married life.

Final Verdict: The picture is just a rough and ugly stuff with lawlessness pervading its narration and sheer violence its theme. These ugly pictures which glorify violence should not be allowed to be shown in India. The picture deserves to be banned.

*Jubilee Trail (Republic)

CAST: Joan Leslie, Vera Ralston, Forrest Tucker

"Jubilee Trail" trails along a worn-out, disgusting track with its quota of complicated love affairs, murders, suicides, illegitimate births and other noisy action and frustrated emotions. It tells the complicated tale of a man who fills two wombs with children, one legitimately and another illegitimately, and forces one woman to suicide, in the end himself dying a violent death. Apart from the usual central characters of the plot who generate most of the heat, violence and frustrations in the picture, rest of the crowd includes gamblers, alcoholics, escapees from law and other odd humans with violent tempers and habits, illegal tendencies and many other raw manners and sentiments which Hollywood can conveniently thrust on a group of people living in the West in old days. With all these odd and noisy characters and their weird and violent deeds and sentiments, the picture becomes an unpleasant and disgusting entertainment. Besides, the picture raises the old vital question: why can't Hollywood produce even five pictures in hundred without showing murders, suicides, gambling, drinking and other illicit practices in them? Since Hollywood has no answer to this question, the censors should try to find one and if they can't find some very valid reason for justifying the inclusion of all these ugly things in a picture, they should ban the picture without hesitation. "Jubilee Trail" flaunts a fairly large quantity and variety of ugly facets of human life and as such deserves to be banned.

After marrying Joan Leslie, a New York girl, trader John Russell journeys back to his home in California where he has already left behind a girl with an illegitimate child. During their trip to California Joan and Russell stop in New Orleans where they meet Vera Ralston, a cafe entertainer wanted by the police for murder, and convinced that she was innocent they help her to escape. Next, in Santa Fe, the couple meet a horde of Russell's friends as well as Vera. Among Russell's friends are Forrest Tucker, a rough and tough westerner, gambler Jim Davis and the alcohol-addict doctor Pat O'Brien who found his dishonourable way out of the army through liquor. Tucker informs Russell that his elder brother Ray Middleton had arranged his marriage to the girl whom Russell had given an illegitimate child. Tucker asks Russell to break the news to Joan so that she might be ready to face the situation at her husband's home. Russell declines to reveal anything to Joan and all head for California with Vera also accompanying them. At Russell's family ranch in California, Middleton learns of Russell's marriage with strong disapproval, more so because the girl with Russell's illegitimate child was a rich California landowner's daughter who would have brought plenty of money with her if Russell married her. Things take a violent and uglier shape when the wronged girl commits suicide. The tragic girl's father becomes infuriated and shoots Russell dead. Suddenly widowed and with a child inside her Joan goes to Los Angeles with Russell's friends where Vera and Davis open a saloon providing Joan accommodation above it. Soon Joan gives birth to a child and Middleton tries to take her back to the ranch. When she refuses to go Middleton tries to kidnap the child a couple of times till the acutely alcoholic O'Brien shoots him dead. In the end Joan and Tucker discover that they love each other while Vera discovers her own lover and to complete the discoveries Joan and Vera also discover gold fields in California to lead a happy life together.

Final Verdict: The picture contains two killings, one suicide, one bastard, apart from gamblers, alcoholics and fugitives from law. With all these characters woven into an ugly tale the picture becomes an extremely unpleasant experience of violence and rough sentiments which deserves to be completely avoided. It should be banned in India.

*Jesse James vs. The Daltons (Columbia)

CAST: Brett King, Barbara Lawrence

This is another stinking little picture which comes riding rough on violence. Taking its title from that legendary outlaw Jesse James whose life was one long span of violence, the picture is an ugly essay on violence written with blood and bullets. But the picture is not about the outlaw who lived with his gun and died by another's because Jesse James only lends his name and reputation to the picture and does not make an appearance in it. It is all about a young man who is believed to be fathered into the world by the outlaw James and is shunned by society. But to win acceptance in society, the young man sets out to prove that he is no son of the outlaw and though in the end he succeeds in correcting the prevalent impression about his pedigree, he generates plenty of violence in the process. The picture shows the usual hold-ups, fist fights and gun battles and therefore the same old dirty violence, which has been the theme of numerous pictures about Jesse James. As a picture it deserves no notice except for its violence on which account it deserves to be avoided by all who should realize that such 'Westerns' simply condition spectators to the acceptance of violence as an inherent part of life.

Brett King suffers at the hands of the society because he is believed to be the son of the outlaw Jesse James. When King enters Coffeyville, he finds a mob breaking the local jail to lynch Barbara Lawrence charged with murder. Deciding to rescue her King rides into the mob and rides away with Barbara. Learning from King about his doubts about being James' son and his determination to prove false his alleged parentage Barbara promises to help him in gratitude for his saving her from lynching. King believes James to be alive and decides to contact him through Dalton Brothers, the notorious contemporary outlaws to whom James was well-known. But Dalton Brothers prove equally inaccessible and so King hits upon a new scheme to meet them. He holds up a train, quietly returns the robbed money to the president of the railroad and gets himself declared a 'wanted' man. This device soon puts him in touch with the Daltons with whom he assures to share his loot on the understanding that they should inform Jesse James that King was out to unearth the $100,000 hidden by James. Accepting the deal, Daltons try hard to lay their hands upon the hidden money while one of them tries to lay his hands upon Barbara in spite of King having declared her as his wife to save her from their attention. This leads to a fight between King and the amorous Dalton in which King beats up the Dalton. After some time and after some frantic double-crossing the Daltons force a friend of the James' family, Rory Mallinson, to reveal to them the hidden money. But when the money turns out to be valueless confederate bills obtained by James during the Civil War, the Daltons feel cheated and binding King and Mallinson, set out to rob Coffeyville's banks with Barbara as their prisoner. Mallinson now informs King that he is not a son of James but an orphan. Soon the two tied-up men manage to free themselves and rush to Coffeyville to prepare the sheriff for the Daltons. Forewarned, the sheriff collects his tough boys to wipe out the Daltons and the picture ends with King proved as no son of James and ready to marry Barbara.

Final Verdict: This is a typical disgusting blood-and-bullets-filled 'Western' which deserves to be avoided by all. Violence and lawlessness being its only recognizable features, the picture should be given no room in India.

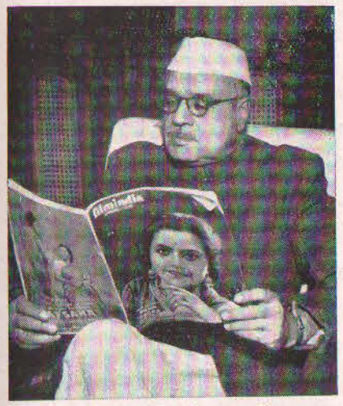
[Reprints of this section with producer-index, printed on paper suitable for filing, are available from the Filmindia Office on payment of 8 annas, in cash or stamps, per reprint.]

What Faces They Make!

The Hon. Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, our Food Minister, gets enough food this time. Does he digest it?

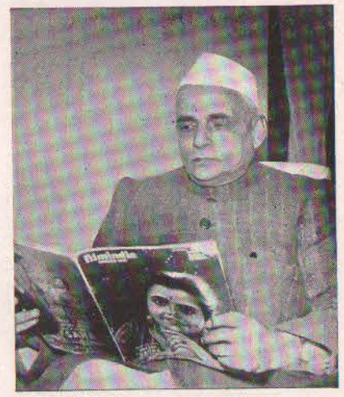
The Hon. Mr. Jagjivan Ram, our Communications Minister, wonders at the speed of Filmindia.

Mr. Loy Henderson, American Ambassador in Egypt, has not forgotten Filmindia. He cannot.

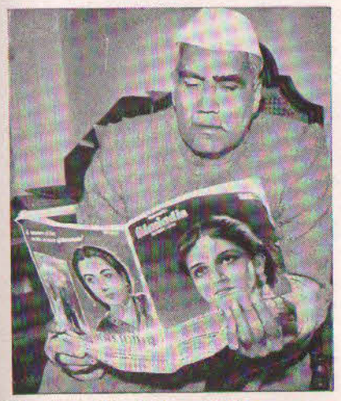


H. E. Jairamdas Daulatram, Governor of Assam, wonders what Baburao means. He will never solve it.

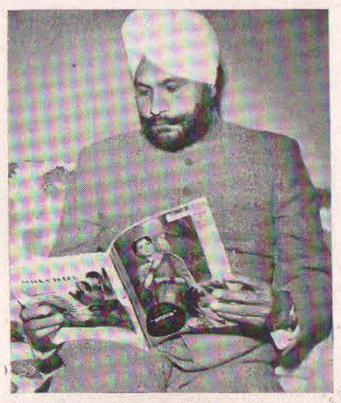
Her Highness The Maharani of Kapurthala just cannot believe there can be a man like that.



H. E. R. R. Diwakar, Governor of Bihar, thinks Filmindia to be rather a serious job and not a Governor's job.



The Hon. Mr. Mohan Lal Saxena, ex-Minister of Rehabilitation, also gets ideas that confuse him.



The Hon. Sardar Baldev Singh, ex-Minister of Defence, didn't pick up the militant hints from Filmindia.

The Hon. Mr. N. V. Gadgil, ex-Minister for Works, reads too much but forgets to work.

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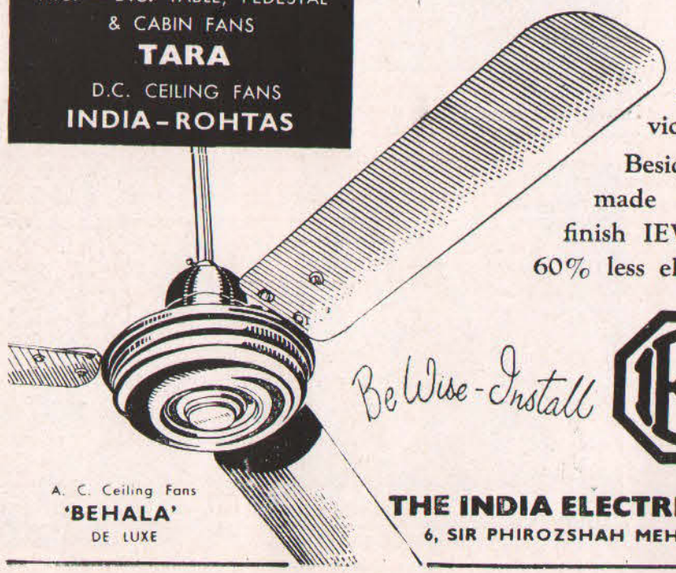

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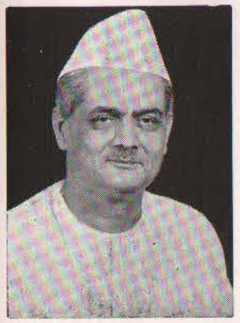
[From : The Hon. Mr. G. V. Mavalankar, B.A., L.L.B., Speaker of the House of People]



YEOMAN SERVICE

"I am glad that a Golden Jubilee Number of Filmindia is proposed to be issued on the occasion of Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel. Shri Patel has rendered yeoman service to the cause of film industry and it is but proper that the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel should be celebrated by the issue of a Jubilee issue of the Filmindia. I wish him a long healthy life."

[From : The Right Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar, Privy Councillor, M.A., D.C.L. (Oxon), L.L.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Poona, Poona]

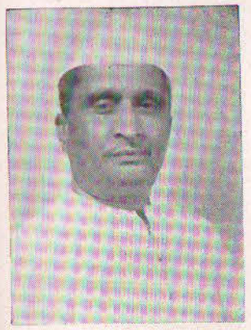
KNOWLEDGE AND COURAGE

"I am very glad that you are celebrating with due eclat the golden jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel. Not only is he a very important pioneer in support of the film industry, but his contribution to the political events of the country have also been read by the public with considerable admiration for his knowledge and courage. I add my testimony to the good work he has done and I do hope that your effort to celebrate his golden jubilee in a proper way will be successful."

[From: Mr. S. K. Patil, Member of Parliament, President of Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee and the most popular Congressman in India after Nehru.]

A CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE

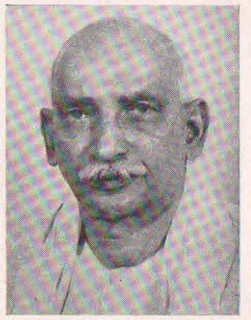
"I have been knowing Mr. Baburao Patel for quite a long time now. He shares with me the rare privilege of being a controversial figure. He is a fearless critic and just says what he wants to say. This is a quality which has got to be appreciated. We do need fearless critics in this country if our experiment of democracy is to succeed. Eternal vigilance, they say, is the price of liberty and who can keep this eternal vigilance if not those who have the gift of pen and a capacity for expression?



"I send my hearty felicitations to Mr. Baburao Patel on his Golden Jubilee."

[From: His Excellency Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh—Raj Bhavan, Nagpur]

MOST USEFUL WORK



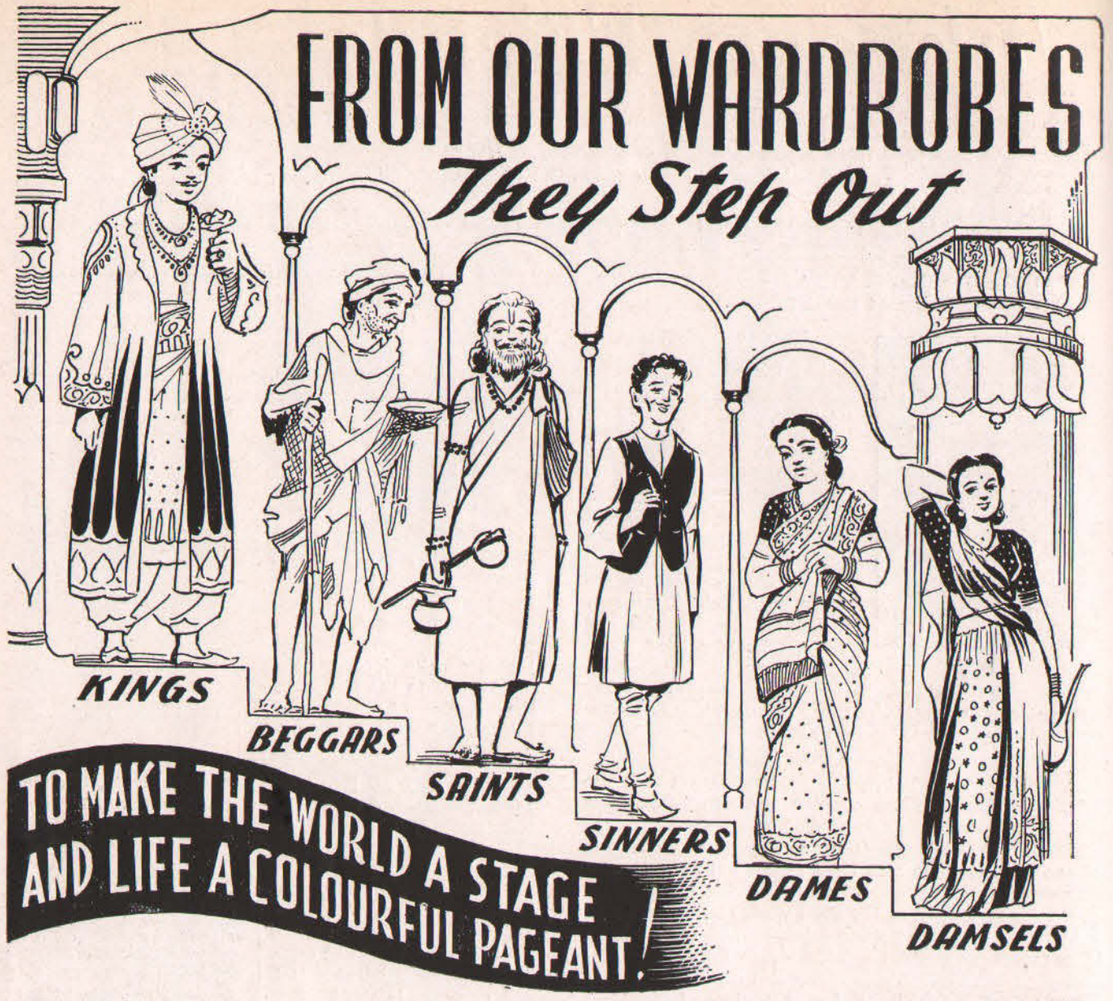
"It is good news that Shri Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee is being celebrated in the ensuing month of April. As Editor of "Filmindia" he has done most useful work which in future years promises to be still more useful and valuable. I wish him long life, prosperity and success in his business and a richer variety of services to the nation in the fields of Art and Literature."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Anna Rao Ganamukhi, Minister for Local Govt. & Housing, the Government of Hyderabad, Deccan]

A VERSATILE GENIUS

"I am very glad to hear that the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel, the fearless veteran of film journalism in India, will be celebrated. Sri Baburao Patel will go down in the history of film journalism as a pioneer of unflinching courage in the face of violence and vituperation of those who resented his merciless tirades against pups and pedants and of remarkable vigour, vitality and vision and wit, vitriol and wisdom.

"He has fought a dual battle against mercenary interests in the film industry inside India and against the production of anti-Indian films outside India. He is not only the prince among the Cine-critics in India but a versatile genius with a keen intellect and vast knowledge of men and matters. The Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee consists of influential stalwarts drawn from many walks of life and I have no doubt that the celebrations will be a great success. I send my best wishes to Sri Baburao Patel on the completion of his 50th year and wish him many happy returns.''



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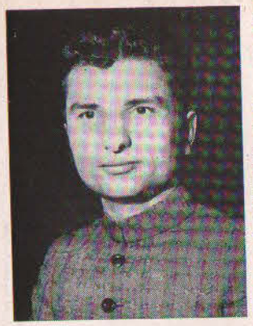
[From: The Hon. Mr. Mahendra Kumar 'Manav', Minister for Finance and Social Services, Government of Vindhya Pradesh, Rewa.]



WORTHY SON

"Shri Baburao Patel has rendered valuable service in the field of 'Films' and 'Cine-journalism'. His Filmindia is respected and read with interest all over the world. He is a fearless thinker, no matter he may have to differ in this even with the greatest personalities. He is a worthy son of Mother India. May he live long."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Shivanandan Mandal, Minister for Law, Government of Bihar, Patna]

FRIEND, PHILOSOPHER, GUIDE

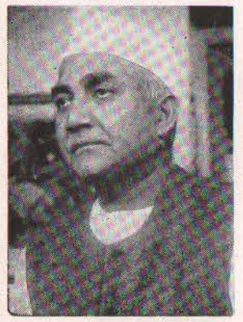
"Film industry is, at present, one of the major industries of India and, as such, has come to occupy an important place in the national life of her citizens. Its growth to its present stature was helped in no small measure by healthy, constructive criticism in journals devoted exclusively to the cause of the industry. The names of Baburao Patel and of his paper Filmindia stand foremost in this field of journalism. Baburao has indeed been the friend, philosopher and guide to the industry for a long time and, I sincerely hope, he will continue to fill that role with credit for yet a long time to come.

"May God preserve him for fulfilling his noble mission in life."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Jagat Narain, Minister for Education, Road and Transport, Government of Punjab, Chandigarh]

ORIGINAL AND IMPRESSIVE

"Shri Baburao Patel, the editor of "Filmindia" is not only a forceful writer but is also well-known for his outspoken views. His presentation of ideas is original and impressive. His comments on films are very informative and that is why his journal is so popular among the filmgoers all over the country.



"I am glad that you are bringing out a special number of the journal in commemoration of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel who completes his 50 years in April next.

"I send my heartiest greetings to you on this auspicious occasion."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Brijlal Biyani, B.A., Minister for Finance, Government of Madhya Pradesh, writer and author of "Kalpana Kanan" and "Jail Men", Nagpur]

HIS INTELLECTUAL GRASP

"I am glad to know that a Committee has been formed to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel of Filmindia. I am not personally known to Shri Baburao Patel, but I have heard about him. I have read his writings. Apart from the merits of his writings, I am really influenced by his intellectual wide grasp of things. His personality has a place in the intellectual life of the country. I wish Shri Baburao long life."

[From: The Hon. Sardar Gurbachan Singh Bajwa, B.A., L.L.B., Minister for Public Works, Government of Punjab, Chandigarh]

VERSATILE WRITER

"The Indian Film Industry has made great strides during the past decade. There is, however, a great scope for improvement in the quality of the pictures. For, apart from entertainment, cinema pictures have a great role to play in the educational and social spheres. "Filmindia" under the leadership of Shri Baburao Patel tries to make the producers, as also the public, realize the social importance of the film industry, while by a constructive criticism it aims at improving its technical side. Shri Patel is a versatile writer and I hope he will continue rendering this service in the years to come."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Kamalapati Tripathi, Minister for Information and Irrigation, Uttar Pradesh Government, Lucknow]

WORTHY EDITOR

"I am glad to know that you are bringing out a Special Golden Jubilee Number of "Filmindia" to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of your worthy Editor, Sri Baburao Patel. I have great pleasure in sending my blessings for the success of your celebrations and for the long life of Sri Baburao Patel. May he continue to serve the filmland and wield his pen in successfully moulding the readers' views in the right direction."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Hukam Singh Visen, B.A., L.L.B., Minister for Industries, Relief & Rehabilitation, Government of Uttar Pradesh, Lucknow]

NO TWO OPINIONS

"I have learnt with great pleasure that Sri Baburao Patel, the Editor of "Filmindia", is about to complete his 50 years in the near future. There cannot be two opinions about the fact that Sri Patel is certainly one of the most outstanding and foremost film critics today.

"He has made his mark in the journalistic field in the world as a whole. His contribution towards the improvement and progress of the film industry in India is great and the industry undoubtedly owes him a deep debt of gratitude. I hope and pray that he may yet be spared many more years to continue to guide this industry, which still is in its infancy, through his pen. I

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Music
SHANKER JAI KISHEN

Cinematography
M. MALHOTRA

Directed by
SUSHIL SAHU

Our Next under Production:

HAMLET

Directed by
KISHORE SAHU

offer him my hearty felicitations on this auspicious occasion. I congratulate the Golden Jubilee Committee too for undertaking a noble task indeed."

[From: The Hon. Mr. M. P. Sinha, Minister of Transport, Information and Industries, Government of Bihar, Patna]

EVERY SUCCESS

"I am glad to know that arrangements for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel have been made. It is in fitness of things that Filmindia has decided to publish a Golden Jubilee Number on that occasion. I wish every success to this attempt."

[From: The Hon. K. Venkat Ranga Reddy, B.A., L.L.B., Minister for Revenue, Excise, Forest & Customs, Government of Hyderabad, President of the Hyderabad Pradesh Congress Committee, Hyderabad]

MOST AVIDLY READ

"Sri Baburao Patel is a veteran journalist of outstanding brilliance in our country and "Filmindia", his creation, is one of the most avidly read journals published in India. His writings in this journal are excellent specimens of style and vivacity overflowing with humour and vitality. He is essentially a critic of the film world and the services rendered by him to the film cause are without parallel. He has brought to bear a rare artistic sense in his judgment of films and his criticism of films has been partly responsible for promoting their quality.

"On this occasion of his 50th birthday I wish him a long and prosperous life."

[From: The Hon. Mr. K. P. Kuttikrishnan Nair, Minister for Law, Government of Madras, Madras]

GREATER SUCCESS

"On the auspicious occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Shri Baburao Patel, I wish him long life and greater success in the editorship of his ever-popular Filmindia."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Shanker Deo, M.A., Vedalankar, Minister for Social Services, Government of Hyderabad, Hyderabad, Deccan]

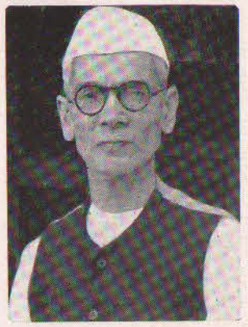
A ZEALOUS PATRIOT

"I do not think there is any one in India, who, having known him personally or through "Filmindia" will not be eager to extend his warmest felicitations for the successful completion of the other portion of the Psalmist's full span of life. The major portion of his 50 years, I should say, is a chronology of hilarious humour, wittiest anecdotes and constructive criticism about radio, stage, screen or pen with a zealous patriotism of the highest order for all that is Indian: pure, simple and indigenous. He has not been remiss and whenever he spoke or wrote, he exuded proficiency.

"He is a complete success in his life and what I can wish him further is nothing more than a long, cheerful life."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Haribhau Upadhyaya, Chief Minister, Government of Ajmer, Ajmer]

HIS LITERARY ART



"It is a matter of great pleasure to know that the Golden Jubilee of Sri Baburao Patel is being celebrated. I have had few opportunities of reading Filmindia but from what I have read I have been much impressed by Baburao's literary art and ability. May he live a hundred years. And may his Golden Jubilee celebrations be a great success."

[From: The Hon. Mr. D. Sanjivayya, Minister of Planning and Public Health, Government of Andhra, Kurnool]

WISHES SUCCESS

"I am very glad to note that the Editor of "Filmindia" has completed fifty years and that his Golden Jubilee will be celebrated soon. I am also glad to note that you are bringing out a special number to mark the occasion. I hope Mr. Patel's "Filmindia" will continue to do useful service for many more years to come and I wish them both all success."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Kalathil Velayudhan Nair, Minister for Works & Transport, Government of Travancore-Cochin, Trivandrum]

THANKS

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, I hereby convey my good wishes !"

[From: The Hon. Mr. Shyamlal Pandaviya, Minister for Revenue, Food, Civil Supplies, Roadways and Local Self Government for Government of Madhya Bharat, Gwalior]

UNIQUE IN LITERARY WORLD

"Shri Baburao Patel has indeed done a lot for the healthy growth of the film industry in India by the force of his pen in the most constructive ways. He has certainly made a unique place for himself in the literary world by his wit and humour.

"I wish him a long life with still more brilliant laurels in the race of his fortune."

On
This Happy Occasion
When
1904 Editor Baburao Patel 1954
Celebrates The
Golden Jubilee of His
Colourful Career In The Field
Of Film Journalism
GOLDEN PICTURES
Offer Him Their
Most Sincere Greetings
And Good Wishes
..... and on this memorable occasion
GOLDEN PICTURES Present
ASHOK KUMAR
The Idol of India's Picturegoers in

"ABHIMAN"

Direction: GYAN MUKHERJI
Produced By: ISABEL CLIFFORD & P. R. PATKAR
Music: AROON KUMAR

Releasing Very Shortly All Over India

"SAJNI"

Direction: VASANTRAO PAINTER
Music: SUDHIR PHADKE
Camera: ARVIND LAAD
Story: NARAYAN HARI APTE

★ SULOCHANA ★ ANOOP KUMAR
★ LALITA PAWAR ★ SAPRU
★ KRISHNA KUMARI ★ MARUTI ★ PAKKU

GOLDEN PICTURES
NILAM MANSION, LAMINGTON ROAD, BOMBAY 4.

[From: The Hon. Mr. Anugrah Narayan Sinha, Minister of Finance, Labour & Agriculture, Government of Bihar]

DEVOTION AND PERSEVERANCE

"I am glad to convey my message of goodwill for Mr. Baburao Patel on the occasion of the celebration of his Golden Jubilee. He has established his reputation as pioneer in the Film field by his devotion and perseverance and my hearty felicitations on this occasion of the celebration may be conveyed to him."

[From: Mr. U. M. Trivedi, B.Sc., Bar-at-Law, Senior Advocate, Supreme Court, Member of Parliament, Neemuch Cantt.]

HIS SINGLE-HANDED FIGHT

"Shri Baburao has grown into an institution. He is no longer an individual. Single-handed he has carried on the war against the wrong-doers and fearlessly he has expressed them. His recent eye-opener "Our Hour of Peril" is a masterly study of the present day effect in India of the most weak-kneed 'dynamic neutrality' policy of the Prime Minister. I fully endorse the views expressed by Shri Baburao in this one sentence: "A man of two minds, born in the Eastern cradle with a Western governess, tossed between ideas and ambitions, torn between courage and cowardice, thrown between critics and sycophants, shivering between decision and indecision, Nehru, our Prime Minister, has unwittingly stabbed his own people in the back and emasculated a nation of 360-million blind followers."

"I wish a further glorious record of service to the nation by Shri Baburao."

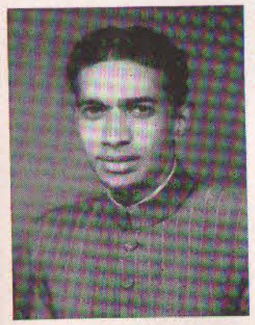
[From: The Hon. Mr. U. N. Dhebar, B.A., L.L.B., Chief Minister of the Government of Saurashtra, Rajkot]

ALL HEALTH

"I wish all health and prosperity to Shri Baburao Patel."

[From: Mr. M. S. Gurupadaswamy, M.A., L.L.B., Member of Parliament, Editor—"Prajamatha", President—Mysore Journalists' Association, President—League of International Affairs, Mysore, author of "Modern Trends in International Politics" and "Communalism".]

PROFUNDITY OF THOUGHT



"Mr. Baburao Patel has been an invaluable guide and mentor of film industry. At a time when the film industry is undergoing a progressively moral and financial crisis and when conditions portend gloom and chaos, Baburao's wise counsels and fearless criticisms provide a silver lining in an otherwise abounding darkness. In my opinion Baburao has performed a mighty task in reforming the film industry and setting up decent and intelligent standards for the same.

"Baburao's contribution is not merely confined to the truncated confines of the film world and as a matter of fact it extends to other fields of vital interest. In particular I may mention that his observations on Indian government and foreign policy of the country are profoundly interesting and illuminating, and they provide a rich source for thought and speculation. I agree with his line of thought that Indian foreign policy should not be based upon fear or whim or ambition.

"Baburao is a versatile genius. He combines in his writings profundity of thought, information, wit and humour. His service to film, politics and journalism will surely remain in the memory of the nation for long.

"May God bless him with long and prosperous life."

[From: Mr. Harish Chandra, Member of Parliament (Council of States), Jodhpur]

ROBUST PATRIOTISM

"It has been my pleasure to read his editorials for some time. Honest and forthright expression of his independent views, his scathing and unsparing criticism of the Government and leading personalities and above all his robust patriotism cannot but create respect for him in the hearts of his countrymen."

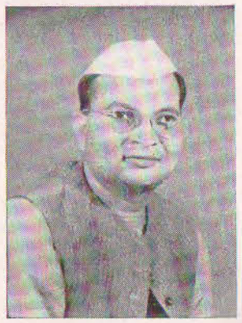
[From: Mr. N. Keshavaiengar, B.A., B.L., Member of Parliament, New Delhi]

EXTREMELY GRATEFUL

"Filmindia" fills with life everybody that comes in contact with it. All my countrymen are extremely grateful to God for having enabled our good friend Baburao Patel, a man always very original in his ideas, to start the most useful journal the Filmindia. Cost or no cost, everybody wants to read and enjoy, the contents. Pray God grant him many many long years of useful services to the country particularly at this critical time."

[From: C. N. P. Sinha, Member of Parliament, Muzaffarpur]

ERUDITE SCHOLAR



"It is Mr. Patel who is giving the advice to the Government as well on countrymen which is always sought whenever any complication arises and much of the troubles are avoided through his intervention. I can say that Mr. Patel is not only the Editor but a politician and a worker also. An erudite scholar, eloquent speaker and inspiring leader that he is, the fact that he brought himself to this high stature in the political life of the country through his own unaided personal efforts is a worthy example ever to be kept as an ideal by our countrymen. Service to the country through his hand, head and heart is his motto and he, in spite of all odds and allurements, keeps it before his eyes.

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PRESENTS

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in

COLLEGE

A STORY FOR THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES

Produced & Directed by: S. F. HASNAIN

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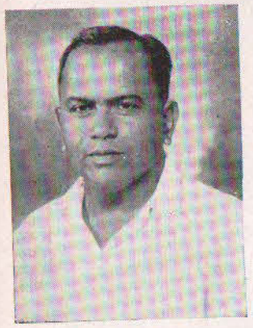
DADAR, BOMBAY.

"I hope and trust, our Government and our people follow Mr. Patel when the country today is living in a society which is in the throes of great critical changes and these changes have to be guided rightly and will if we are to evolve a country conducive to the happiness of all."

[From: Mr. B. S. Murthy, Member of Parliament and Editor of "Navajeevana"]

FELT HIS PRESENCE



"I am glad to know of the arrangements made for the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia. Though I have no occasion to meet Shri Baburao I have felt his presence while reading his articles. His contributions for the progress of Film Industry in India are unique. His criticism is fierce and fearless. His, I think, is an irrepressible personality ever soaring high in search of sagas of service in and out of his film world. His bubbling enthusiasm is, no doubt, ever attractive like youthful glamour but it should be, I presume, slightly sweetened with Socratic serenity to make it achieve the desired results.

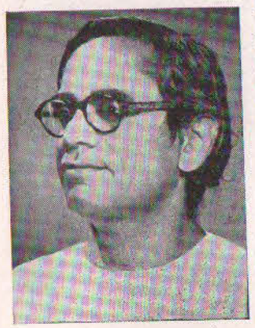
"I wish the celebrations every success."

[From: Her Highness Rajmata Kamalendumati Shah, Member of Parliament (House of the People), Narendranagar, Tehri Garhwal, U.P.]

SINCERE AIM

"I congratulate Patelji on the auspicious occasion of his Golden Jubilee. May he celebrate many such occasions.

"No matter how difficult it may be, success is there when the aim is sincere."



[From: Prof. Dr. Raghu Vira, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt., et Phil., Director, International Academy of Indian Culture, Nagpur, Member of Parliament, Nagpur]

SUPERLATIVE ACHIEVEMENTS

"Shri Baburao Patel's achievements have been superlative. He wields a mighty pen. His is the zeal of the crusader. May God grant him many more years of service to the motherland."

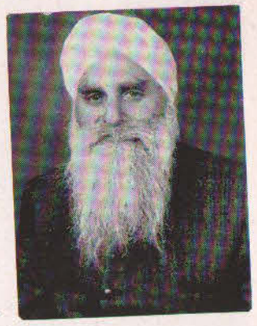
[From: Col. Shrimant Sardar C. S. Angre, Member of Parliament (Council of States), Gwalior]

FEARLESS CRUSADE

"Mr. Baburao Patel and Filmindia are like the two sides of a coin—inseparable—and a coin that has rung true these fifty years by carrying on a fearless crusade against all that is bad and worthless in our national Film Industry. Raising himself from obscurity to effulgence, creating scope and opportunity for his brilliant talents by the dint of his own efforts and God as his Patron, it is indeed a laudable achievement for Baburao Patel. My congratulations."

[From: Sardar Giani Gurumukh Singh 'Musafir', Member of Parliament, President, Punjab Pradesh Congress Committee, Chief Editor of "The Akali", author and journalist]

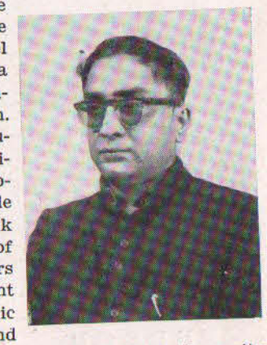
CONGRATULATIONS



"I have great pleasure in knowing that the "Filmindia" is publishing a Golden Jubilee Number to commemorate the 50th birthday of Shri Baburao Patel, its Editor. I congratulate the Baburao Patel Jubilee Committee on its enterprise and wish all success in life to Shri Patel and his friends who evidently possess the rare quality of appreciation, and true valuation of a man."

[From: Mr. T. S. Pattabiraman, M.A., B.L., Member of Parliament, Tiruchengodu, Salem Dt., Madras]

TRULY GREAT SERVICE



"I am very happy to learn that a committee has been constituted to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the veteran Sri Baburao Patel and also to bring out a Special Number of the Filmindia to mark the occasion.

"Sri Patel is an institution by himself and ordinary conventions and orthodox approaches are of little value to him. His frank and fearless expression of his views on varied matters have always been thought provoking. His dynamic personality, ready wit and sarcasm find expression in every sentence he writes. His services to the country, journalism and the film industry are truly great and he deserves our thanks and congratulations.

"May Baburao Patel and the Filmindia live long in the service of the people and our Republic. Jai Hind."

[From: Mr. V. G. Deshpande, M.A., Member of Parliament, Editor of "Hindu Outlook" and Organizing Secretary of All India Hindu Mahasabha]

THE COUNTRY NEEDS HIM

"I have great pleasure in felicitating Sri Baburao Patel on the occasion of the celebration of his Golden

The Story of a CONFLICT that obsessed the mind of one man and wrought havoc upon those who loved him.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS LTD. Present

Directed by:
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Music:
NAUSHAD

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Starring:—

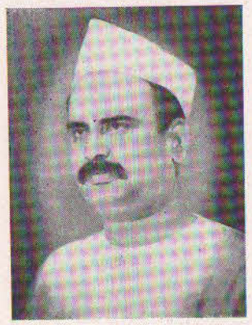
MADHUBALA - NIMMI
Jayant - Ullhas - Muqri - Husnbanoo
Amar - Siddiqi and DILIP KUMAR.

Jubilee. Sri Baburao Patel has served the country by his fearless writings in "Filmindia". His services to the cause of Film Journalism are well-known.

"But the country will be more grateful to him for his services in the field of politics where he has fearlessly exposed the Muslim appeasement policy of the present party in power. His analysis of the situation has displayed his realistic outlook and showed that he has an original mind which can take an independent view of the situation.

"I would desire that Sri Baburao Patel conducts a magazine solely devoted to politics. The country is abscessed with perverse ideas of secularism which, when analysed, are nothing but Muslim appeasement and unless the country takes a realistic view of the situation our hard-won freedom would be lost in no time. The country needs men like Sri Baburao Patel at this juncture. I therefore, pray that God may give him long life and health to serve the country."

[From: Mr. Brajeshwar Prasad, M.A., Member of Parliament, Gaya.]



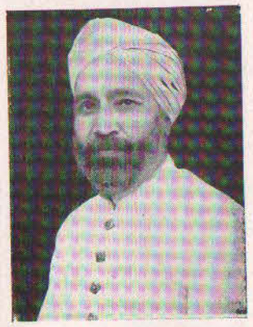
HE DOESN'T THINK SO

"Please accept my good wishes on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel.

"In the editorial "Our Hour of Peril" Baburao Patel holds the view that the Soviet Russia will insist upon an ideological conversion prior to any help with any modern armaments. I don't think so. A military alliance between India, China and Russia is the urgent need of the hour."

[From: Sardar Amar Singh Saigal, B.A., Member of Parliament, Bilaspur, M.P.]

MORAL STATURE



"My heartiest congratulations to Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, on his Golden Jubilee celebrations and I express my sincere blessings on the holy occasion.

"The magazine Filmindia is read by me and my colleagues every month and we consider it one of the best edited literary magazines of the present century and feel that there is no other magazine to compare with it as regards quality, respectability and moral stature."

[From: Mr. T. R. Varadan, Member of Legislative Assembly, Kumbakonam]

ALL ROLLED IN ONE

"Mr. Baburao Patel has the clearness of Swift, the naturalness of Defoe and the picturesque satirical descriptions of Mandeville, if all such comparisons are not impertinent. A really great and original writer is like nobody but himself. An excellent hand at inventing nick names and for hard hitting in a language which all understand, he has never had a superior.

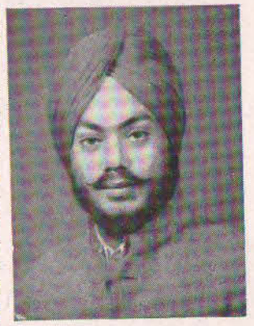
"He learns something every day and every month he takes the field to maintain the opinions of the last twenty-nine days against friend or foe.

"I feel myself in company with Mr. Patel, the writer who has something to say and means to say it, though I differ from him in politics and policy.

"Wishing many happy returns of the day."

[From: Mr. Bahadur Singh, M.A., Member of Parliament New Delhi]

LOFTIEST ACHIEVEMENT



"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel, editor of Filmindia, may I extend my greetings and well wishes for his long life!

"In this age of conflicting ideologies, in which democracies are battling against the new theory of regimentation, every Indian can help build up our democratic, young Republic into a stronger force in the comity of nations by praising the achievements of our nation and by virulently exposing our shortcomings. And in this task Mr. Patel's contribution will rank among the loftiest."

[From: Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, D.Sc., F.R.S., Secretary to the Government of India, Ministry of Natural Resources and Scientific Research, New Delhi]

FEARLESS JOURNALISM

"I have known Shri Baburao Patel for several years. What has struck me most in his character is his spirit of enterprise and the standard for fearless journalism that he has set although at times it is difficult to appreciate his reasoning.

"I am glad his Golden Jubilee is being celebrated. I wish him many more years of active life in the field which he has made his own."

[From: Mr. Guru Narain, Member of the Uttar Pradesh Legislative Council, Lucknow]

FEARLESS AND OUTSPOKEN

"I had been occasionally reading articles written by him and they provide an interesting reading. Mr.

Baburao Patel rightly or wrongly has selected as the subject matter for his articles 'Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru'. I wish Panditji had time to read some of them and they would interest him too. Mr. Patel, as a critic, I must confess, is fearless and outspoken. I send my good wishes on the occasion of the celebrations of his Golden Jubilee."

[From: Mr. M. G. Wickey, Member of Parliament, Nainpur, Madhya Pradesh]

GREAT WRITER

"It gives me great pleasure to send my good wishes to the unique special issue of Filmindia on the auspicious occasion of Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee Celebration.

"A good writer is a great asset to any organization and in my opinion Shri Baburao Patel is a great writer and genius both, and this unique Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Number of Filmindia will be a best award in his honour. I am sure, it will be found helpful to the organizers and workers for the increasing success and usefulness of this magazine."

[From: Mr. A. N. Rama Rao, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Member of the Legislative Council of Mysore, Bangalore]

SPARE THE ONE AT LEAST

"On the happy occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel, the well known and reputed journalist of India, it gives me genuine pleasure to offer him my heartiest felicitations on the eve of his 50th Birthday and may God Almighty bless him with a Diamond Jubilee and even a Centenary.

"Mr. Baburao Patel has always struck me as a seer. His striking analytical penetrating statements as contained in his Editorials concerning current and burning topics about India and its much beloved Prime Minister emanating from his "explosive pen" give an insight into his encyclopedic knowledge of men and matters and his predictive capacity of future events. He strikes hard and every stroke of his is sure, measured, weighed and never faltering.

"Taking stock of the fast running trend of events ever since we attained our Independence on the memorable dawn of August 15th, 1947, I am inclined to agree with Baburao Patel that secular democracy is thoroughly unsuited to us and the creed of "Non-violence", "Neutrality", "World Peace" on our part has been and will be mistaken for our weakness.

"His analysis of the recent Pak-American Pact, which has created a stir in some of the Asian Countries, as being a preparation for war against India ultimately to establish what Pakistan has openly avowed viz., the "Islamic Domination of the world" and published in the February issue of Filmindia under the caption "Our Hour of Peril" is thought provoking and I strongly commend the article for a careful study by every Indian citizen.

"India today needs more men of the calibre of Baburao Patel, men endued with patriotic fervour, men who are bold and fearless with an intense courage of conviction. If we cannot have a number of Baburao Patels, at least let God Almighty spare the One Baburao Patel for us for many many more years to come."

[From Mrs. Lilavati Munshi, poet, novelist and writer, Director of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay]

HER GOOD WISHES

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel, I send my good wishes and wish him a very long life."

[From: Mr. S. L. Silam, B.A., L.L.B., Member of the Legislative Assembly of Bombay and a prominent city Congressman, Bombay]

FATHER OF FILM JOURNALISM

"I have known Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, much before he stepped into film journalism. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations on his completing fifty years, I wish him a long life and the vigorous continuation of his career as the foremost film critic of Bharat. There can be no two opinions, that Shri Patel laid the foundation of responsible film journalism in this country and had a great hand in the shaping of the film industry of to-day into something coherent and dignified. The film reader has respect and regard for his versatile pen which is both analytical and well informed. The film industry in this country owes a great debt to Shri Patel for his assiduous efforts for its improvement. Looking to his long record of service it is no exaggeration to say that Shri Baburao Patel is the father of film journalism in India."

Directed by BALWANT BHATT
Songs RAJA MEHDI ALI KHAN & HASRAT JAIPURI
Produced by J. P. SANY
Dances by SURYA KUMAR
Written by TEJ NATH ZAR
Camera P. RAM ROW
Music BIPIN BABUL
Associate Director KUNDAV KUMAR

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NAAZ FILMS CENTRAL STUDIOS, TARDEO, BOMBAY - 7.

[From: Mr. Abani Kumar Mookerjee, Member of the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly, Jaipur]

FIGHTING DICTATORSHIP

"I have been regularly reading Editor Baburao's articles for the last six years and I have no hesitation in saying that his analytical methods, independence of outlook and forcefulness of language are unparalleled. Without the least regard for the disfavour of the high and the mighty he has vindicated the cause of democracy, truth and justice through his articles like "Father, Forgive Them", "Sheet Anchor of Destiny", "The Living Dead", "Crescent Over India" and many more. I wish him a long and happy life so that he can carry on his fight against dictatorship, injustice and falsehood."

[From: Mr. Biswanath Parida, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Orissa]

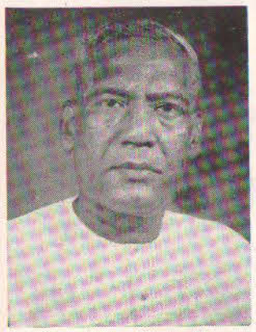
TO STABILIZE GOVERNMENT

"I have gone through some of Mr. Baburao Patel's talented views with regard to the present policy of the Government. No doubt, such views are a necessity for stabilizing a national democratic Government by bringing equilibrium in the national and international policies of the country by way of criticism.

"I congratulate Mr. Patel, wishing a long and prosperous life to him on the happy occasion of his Golden Jubilee."

[From: Mr. Kripa Sindhu Shaw, Member of the Legislative Assembly, West Bengal, Howrah]

SUPERHUMAN



"I fail to find apt and suitable words to convey justly the sincere and deep regards I hold for Sri Baburao Patel, whom I treat as a superhuman of this age. How I am tempted to present myself and my credentials in person to this great man, which ill-fortune and circumstances stand in the way of fulfilment in my case! Often I wonder how he is allowed by the despots who hold the reins of administration of this ill-fated land of ours, to go on with his undaunted challenging spirit, in exposing their inner and sinister manoeuvring, by always hoodwinking the people with their bamboozling promises by exploiting the gullibility of the ignorant masses.

"I pray on this auspicious occasion to the Almighty Father that He may grant our Baburao the longest life for dauntlessly exposing the worst criminals of the Society who exploit His beloved innocent humanity. Would He not be sending in this hapless land some such more Baburaos to serve His mission in dauntlessly exposing the faults and frailties of the worst criminals in disguise?

"May Sri Patelji accept my warmest regards as from one of his innumerable lovers at this end? JAI HIND."

[From: Mr. O. Koran, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Perintalmenna, Malabar]

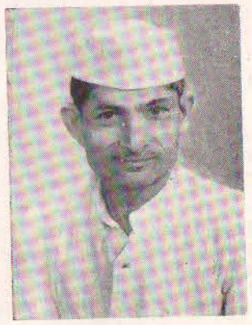
ALL SUCCESS

"I am very glad that you are going to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Baburao Patel under the Chairmanship of S. S. Vasan.

"I pray for his success and long life and wish him many more celebrations in future."

[From: Mr. Jorsinh Kavi, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Saurashtra, Palitana]

AS SHARP AS A SWORD



"I am very glad to learn that you are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel. I wholeheartedly join you in the holy work you have undertaken of felicitating a man who has dedicated himself to public service, who, though non-violently, is yet wielding his pen with greater effect and sharpness than that of a sword.

"It would be no exaggeration if I call Mr. Baburao the "lion of words". His pen has been guiding the film world on the proper path and in politics he has been using the pen fearlessly and pointedly to put before the public the shortcomings and mistakes of the party in power as well as of other political parties. He also gives constructive suggestions. I am well acquainted with his writings. These are as piercing as the point of a knife. I wish it becomes as nourishing and sweet as milk, but even as it is, I am deeply impressed with his services and his fearlessness.

"I pray to God to enable him to serve the country most with his fearless and impartial pen by guiding the film world towards good behaviour and better culture from its present field of perversity and rudeness. May God give him long life, health and energy to wield his pen that way."

[From: Natakaratna G. H. Veeranna, Member of the Legislative Council, Bangalore]

EYE-OPENER

"It is with great pleasure that I read the writings of Sri Baburao Patel in his Filmindia. They are interesting and instructive, and function as an 'Eye-Opener' to all those who apparently feel they are on the safe side.

"I stress that far greater importance should be

attached to every word of his writings than is done hitherto, and on this solemn occasion of his Golden Jubilee I pray God Almighty may shower on him the choicest of blessings and enable him to see that his efforts fructify in the interests of the country at large.

"May we see his Diamond Jubilee, and he live long for decades to come."

[From: Mr. H. S. Dora, Member of the Andhra Legislative Assembly and Andhra University Senate, Jarjangi, P.O. Kotabommali, Dt. Srikakulam]

SELFLESS AND FEARLESS

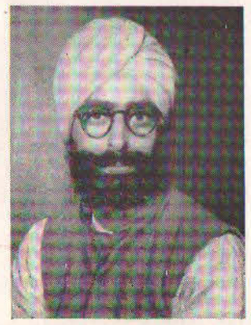
"What newspapers are to political world, Filmindia is for the film world. Nowadays films are seen and enjoyed by 99% of the population. They educate the people. The morality and character of the people are moulded by these pictures. I am glad that India produces only such pictures. Your Golden Jubilee Committee consists of such men who can be trusted to produce such films.

"May the Filmindia continue to serve the people of India, rather world, in the same strain in future and pray to God to give strength and wisdom to Sri Baburao Patel to continue his work fearlessly and selflessly."

[From: Mr. V. Sitaramayya, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Member of the Orissa Legislative Assembly, Chatrapur, Ganjam Dist., Orissa]

RARE TALENT

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebration of Sri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, I wish him long life and prosperity. He has made a brilliant contribution to the field of journalism by his versatile writings on various aspects of the Indian film world. In the field of political criticism his masterly analysis, grasp of facts and presentation in most vivid colours to his countrymen is really a talent of rare nature."



[From: Mr. Gurdyalsingh Sandhu, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Rajasthan, P.O. Jalluka, Dist. Ganganagar]

IN COUNTRY'S CAUSE

"May your Golden Jubilee be a success, and you may enjoy a happy, prosperous and long life, and plead the cause of the country. With good wishes."

[From: G. Latchanna, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madras, Leader, Legislature K.L.P., P.O. Baruva]

UNSURPASSABLE CRITIC

"Shri Baburao Patel has contributed to the film industry as well as film journalism the best of his services. His creative genius and constructive criticism without fear or favour, paved the way to reform and improvement in the film field. His achievements are found to be of the utmost importance and unsurpassable as a critic, editor and director.

"I wish him long and cheerful life so that he can bestow the best of his attention to the achievement of further progress in motion pictures and journalism."

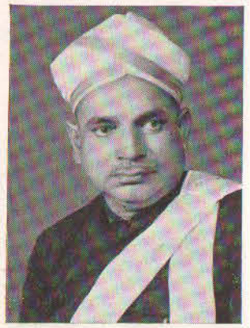
[From: Lt. Col. R. Daleepsinha, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Rajasthan, P.O. Kheroda (Rajasthan)]

FIGHTING FASCISM

"I along with the several admirers of Shri Baburao Patel are happy to learn of the celebrations in honour of Shri Baburao Patel. A courageous man of strong convictions, he has consistently carried on his vast battle against the growing fascism of the Congress, and a man like me cannot but pray for his long life to continue the battle and represent the vast mass of the oppressed middle class."

[From: Mr. B. Hutche Gowda, President, District Board and Member of Mysore Legislative Assembly, Tumkur]

EARNEST EFFORTS



"What better message can I give except to congratulate Sri Baburao Patel for his earnest and sincere efforts in enlightening the people on the various activities of the film world. True critic, as he is, he has helped the film stars to know their defects and to rectify the same, on an international level. Filmindia has played a very prominent role in making the people know something about art and in solving many doubts of the cinegoers.

"There has been a great dearth of writers, artists and technicians with requisite training and experience in the film industry. Sri Baburao Patel has contributed greatly to improve the industry. There have been great social conflicts. Different idealists are splitting the world with their ideological pursuits and a true film can rightly contribute to solve the problems in the present day society. I am glad that Shri Baburao Patel has made bold attempts several times to point out the defects of many a film in advance."

[From: Mr. Godavaris Misra, Member of the Orissa Legislative Assembly, Ex-Minister of Finance and Education, Bhubaneshwar, Orissa]

YEOMAN SERVICE

"I am almost a regular reader of the articles of Mr. Baburao Patel, reprinted from "Filmindia". I have

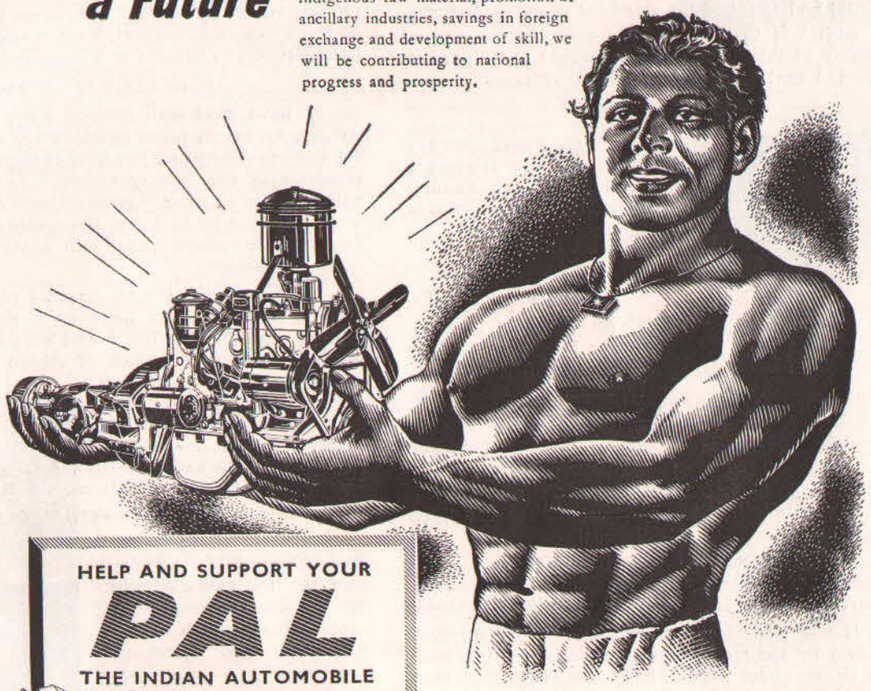
A Planned Programme with a Future

From the start of our modern, fully equipped plant in 1947, we drew up a planned programme of manufacture by progressive stages of complete trucks and cars in India.

First, side by side with assembling of automobiles, came the manufacture of component parts such as radiator, muffler, propeller shaft, leaf springs both rear and front, all steel cab, etc. This involved considerable research in designing, skill and experience in tooling and making of dies, jigs and fixtures.

The next step is the manufacture of all vital components such as **ENGINE, TRANSMISSION, REAR AND FRONT AXLES AND CHASSIS FRAME.** To manufacture all these components, indeed in the making of the entire truck and car, as much indigenous material as possible is being used. What is more, highly technical operations such as designing, tooling, casting and machining are being done by skilled Indian craftsmen sent by us for specialised training to America and the U.K.

By the end of 1955, according to this planned programme, Indian made vehicles will come out of our factory to meet the ever-growing demand from road transport, bus operators, national projects and defence. Thus, through direct employment, utilisation of indigenous raw material, promotion of ancillary industries, savings in foreign exchange and development of skill, we will be contributing to national progress and prosperity.



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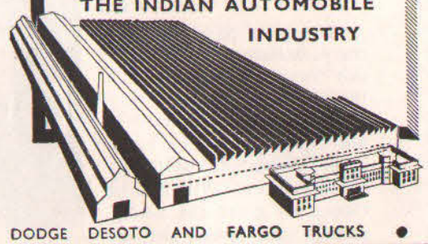

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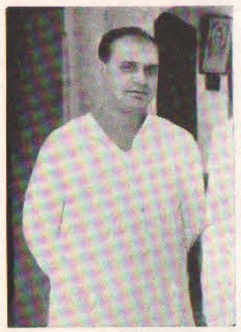
very great pleasure in saying that I am extremely fond of reading them. He is a forceful writer having complete mastery over his pen. He writes absolutely fearlessly even when criticizing in utterly scathing language the very highest and most popular authorities of the Government of India. This he can do, it must be said, because what he writes he knows to be perfectly true. I have never seen his opinions about them, however unpleasant, contradicted in writing. Criticisms have their value and strong criticisms have more value. It can, therefore, be unhesitatingly said that, by his writings, Mr. Baburao Patel has been doing a yeoman service to the country. He is proving that the pen is mightier than the sword. May he live long and wield his pen in the way he is doing!"

[From: Mr. Puran Chand Azad, Member of the Punjab Legislative Council, Rohtak, Punjab]

SERVED INDIAN CULTURE

"It gives me immense pleasure to write a few lines on the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia—a journalist of very high repute. Through his journal he has raised the standard of Indian Culture.

"I wish him to serve for the unity of the nation particularly at this juncture when Bharat is threatened with United States-Pakistan Military alliance."



[From: Mr. Pasala Suryachandra Rao, Deputy Speaker of the Andhra Legislative Assembly, Tadepalligudem]

NATION BUILDING

"Hearty greetings on the occasion.

"Wish Mr. Patel many more Happy Springs and courage for more nation building writings through "Filmindia"."

[From: Mr. T. S. Rajagopal Iyengar, M.A., L.L.B., F.M.U., Advocate and author, Member of the Legislative Council, Mysore]

PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE

"Democracy to thrive must need at least two organized parties. India, just at present, is lacking in them.

"It is a singular fact, but none the less a fact, and well-known by the most common experience, that men will do things under the terror of the Party lash that they would not on any account, or for any consideration, do otherwise. It is on account of this, and more so to give the other side of the picture, that we need at least two political parties.

"Till they so arise, there must at least be people who are both able and willing to maintain their personal independence, to say what they think, to do what they know to be right, and to refuse to prostitute their minds, their pens and their votes.

"But this criticism from individuals, howsoever well-meaning it may be, should not be against the interest of the country; nor should it aim at personal ridicule.

"I wish Shri Baburao Patel a long and useful life in the cause of the country."

[From: Mr. Parmanand Patel, B.A., Member of Legislative Assembly, Madhya Pradesh, Jubbulpore]

KNOWN TO EVERYBODY

"I am glad to learn that you are celebrating Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel. The name of Shri Baburao Patel is known to everybody in India who is even slightly interested in films. Film is a great medium of education. May God spare him for many more years to enable him to serve our country."

[From: Mr. P. L. Saraogi, a business magnate, Member of the Legislative Council, West Bengal, and President of the Bharat Chamber of Commerce, Calcutta.]

FORCEFUL WRITINGS

"I have read with interest some of the editorials written by Sri Baburao Patel. They are always forceful and set the readers thinking of the various important problems of the country although one may not agree with the views and even some statement of facts. People who are anxious to know the truth always get some materials for examination with a view to arriving at right conclusions.

"I wish there were no personal attacks. But then we are just trying to build up a democracy in this country and by our trials and errors we shall learn how to criticize the views of others in a democratic set-up.

"I wish Sri Patel a long and prosperous life."

[From: Mr. R. V. Bade, B.A., L.L.B., Member of the Legislative Assembly, Sendhwa, via Mhow]

NOT A WEATHERCOCK

"Mine is the province of Adivasis and far away from Railway station, interior in the Satpura Hills. We always welcome Baburao's articles which are informative and instructive too.

"Though I have not seen the personality of Mr. Baburao Patel, I can see him through his pen. He is very bold and straightforward in his expression. Like many other journalists he is not a weathercock. Whatever he thinks he gives out boldly, plainly and lawyer-like, he proves by facts and figures. I have seen his pious

wrath expressed in his article on the death of Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee.

"He is also rhetoric in his expression when he compared white-clad patriots to parrots.

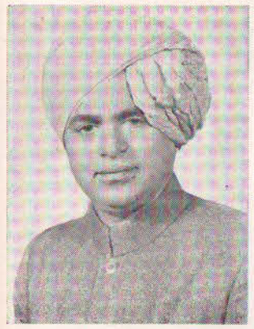
"Indeed a very strange and noteworthy and healthy combination of an artist and a journalist I have seen in Mr. Baburao Patel.

"I wish him long happy life and prosperity."

[From: Mr. Santosh Singh Kachhwaha, Member of the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly, Jodhpur]

A GREAT PATRIOT

"Shri Baburao Patel will easily rank as one of the greatest patriots of our time. His forthright statements reveal his immense passion for the security and well-being of our motherland.



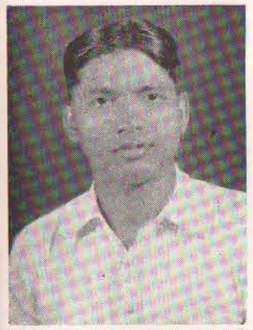
"Many will share his views that the time has come when not mere words but action and military preparedness of a high order should be our watchwords so that the threat to our national security consequent to Pak-American military aid pact may be successfully averted.

"On the occasion I wish Shri Patel a long, robust and prosperous life to illumine our path by his writings that shed the Golden light."

[From: Mr. M. Rajeswara Rao, B.A., B.L., Member of the Andhra Legislative Assembly, Eluru]

SELFLESS SERVICE

"I have great pleasure in acknowledging the courage and firm convictions with which Mr. Baburao Patel has been attempting at a criticism of the policies of the Government and particularly of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru at a time when he is being indiscriminately worshipped as an unrivalled hero and the only saviour of this country.



"I hear many of my colleagues in the Congress Party often say that his criticism is vindictive and is perpetuated by vested interests, but I cannot simply understand why one should take such a keen interest in public administration when it does not otherwise profit him particularly in these days of thirst for power and pomp through patronage, humiliation and wooing, unless he feels his duty to the country above self as any other responsible citizen of the country feels.

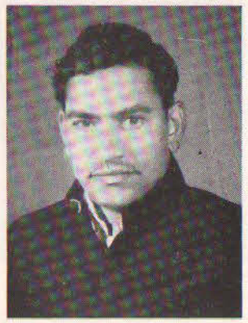
"I have no doubt that we find very few people of the type of Mr. Baburao Patel who, while taking to a risky journalistic profession, can aim at a relentless but purposeful and constructive criticism of the day-to-day administration of the country which, of course, he believes to be delicate and profitless from a personal point of view.

"I believe his reflections, serene and well-thought-over as they are, will have far-reaching effects on all sections of the intelligentsia. I personally feel that his contribution to the cause of the country is no less or even more than that of a legislator. I wish him, on the eve of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations, more wisdom, long life and prosperity to serve the country in a greater degree."

[From: Mr. Tejmal Bapna, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, High Court, Member of the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly, Bhilwara]

TRUE PICTURE

"It has been my special programme for long to go through and enjoy one of the best journals, Filmindia, every month edited by Shri Baburao Patel.



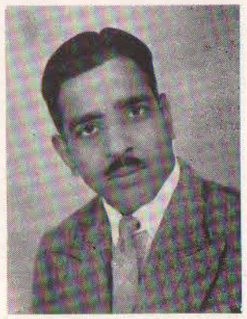
"Besides materials for entertainment special articles on national and international problems by Shri Patel are very interesting. I have always found a frank expression of opinion and a true picture of the facts by him.

"Please accept my hearty congratulations on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee Celebrations. I wish him sound health, success and long life to render his best services for the cause of the Nation."

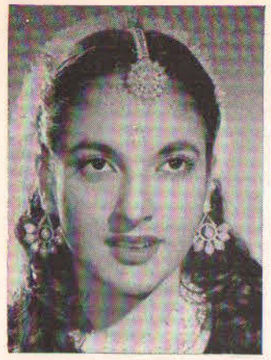
[From: Mr. N. P. Govinda Gowda, B.A., President of the District Board, Member of Legislative Council, Chikmagalur]

CORRECT, TRUTHFUL AND TIMELY

"I had the honour of reading the editorial articles written by Sri Baburao Patel. He has dealt on all matters that had some connection with the policy of the Indian Government. As far as I studied them carefully I found them to be correct, truthful and timely. His way of expression of things, clear grasp of the subject, vast knowledge of men and matters and more than all, his humble and noble desire to correct people who are in power, whosoever they may be, in the selfless interest of the progress of the country—is admirable.



"Sincere and conscious people like Sri Patel are very much needed to safeguard the independence of the



Asha Mathur

Amita

Kamal Mehra

Sahu Modak

Hira Sawant

Naaz

Maya Dass

Kum Kum

ALL IN ONE :

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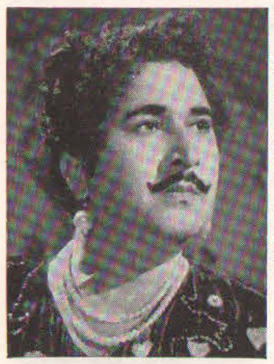
Patronised by . . . . . .

(AKHIL BHARAT SANKEERTAN MAHA MANDAL)



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Music: S. D. Batish

Scenario: Sahu Modak

Dance Direction: Shahzadi

Direction: K. C. Pandit

Dialogue & Songs: Walli Saheb

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WALLI SAHEB

country and to protect democracy specially which is in infant stage in India. May I pray Almighty to bestow his choicest blessings on Sri Baburao Patel so that his best services are made available to this country for many more decades?"

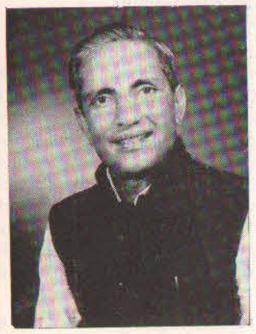
[From: Mr. Chandra Pratap Tewari, M.A., L.L.B., Member of the Legislative Assembly, Vindhya Pradesh]

WORTHY OF ADORATION

"On the happy occasion of Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee celebrations, let me wish him a long life and bright career. His undaunted spirit to correct the film industry, nay even the highest authority of this vast land viz. the Prime Minister of India, is really a rare quality and worthy of adoration at the same time. The infant democracy of this country expects much at his hands."

[From: Mr. H. R. Hiremath, Advocate, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Raichur]

TORCHBEARER



"Being a regular reader of Filmindia all these years, I say without any exaggeration that it is the torchbearer of democracy and liberty. In all these days after independence the Filmindia expressed its views freely and fearlessly regarding our political problems and policies and helped much to awaken the political consciousness of the people. For all these efforts Shri Baburao Patel, the Editor of Filmindia, deserves respect and encouragement.

"So, I send my good wishes on the golden occasion of the GOLDEN JUBILEE celebrations of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia and pray for his prosperity and long life."

[From: Mr. Hridaya Narayan Singh, M.A., B.A.(Hons), B.T., Member of the Legislative Council, Uttar Pradesh, Principal, Tilakdhari College, Jaunpur]

MASTER OF IRONY

"Shri Baburao Patel has carved out a permanent niche for himself in the edifice of Indian journalism. The way in which he has been editing and publishing Filmindia has won the admiration of all and sundry. His articles on various problems confronting the country are outspoken and refreshing and show, on the one hand, his burning patriotism and candour and on the other, his shrewd insight into things. He is a master of irony and sarcasm and wields a facile pen. He has obtained an excellent command over language and to me many of his articles have been a real treat, both for their thought and their style.

"On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee Celebrations, I heartily wish him a long life of health, happiness and fruitful activity."

[From: Thakur Mohabbat Singh, B.A., Member of the Legislative Assembly of Rajasthan, Mohabbat Nagar, Dist. Sironi.]

POLITICAL FORESIGHT

"I have always enjoyed the articles written by Shri Baburao Patel and have got an high appreciation for his pen. He is the best and healthy critic of his time. His Filmindia magazine is the only one of its style and kind in this country. His recent editorial "Our Hour of Peril" is a masterpiece. He is not only a fine writer and a healthy critic but also a politician with great foresight. His contribution to the society is no doubt much and praiseworthy. I wish him a long life, health, wealth, peace and prosperity. May his fame and name shine brighter."

[From: The Hon. Mr. Bhagirath Singh, Speaker, Legislative Assembly, State of Ajmer, Ajmer]

IMPARTIAL CRITICISM

"It is really a matter of great pleasure that you are going to celebrate Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia.

"Shri Patel has done notable service not only to the 'film-world' but also to the masses of this country by imparting knowledge. His impartial criticism about films and also in the field of politics etc. have been very significant.

"Our country needs journalists like him. I wish Shri Patel a long life."

[From: Mr. Rakhahari Chatterjee, Member of the Legislative Assembly, General Secretary, Bankura Dist. Hindu Mahasabha, Member of the Working Committee, Akhil Bharat Hindu Mahasabha, Bankura]

MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION

"I am very happy at the proposed Golden Jubilee celebration of Sri Baburao Patel, Editor, Filmindia, who, in my opinion, has in fact proved that the pen is mightier than the sword, and has been successful in correctly moulding the public opinion as regards the various issues with which India is faced today. For his political foresight, outspokenness, versatile genius and unique courage, his countrymen should be ever grateful to him. Let me join with his millions of friends and admirers on this happy and auspicious occasion and pray to the Almighty for his long and prosperous life."

[From: H. K. Veeranna Gowdh, President, Mysore Pradesh Congress Committee, Bangalore]

ENDEARED HIMSELF TO ALL

"It gives me great pleasure to send my cordial felicitations and good wishes to Sri Baburao Patel, Editor of the Filmindia, on the occasion of the celebration of his Golden Jubilee. As a steady patron of art and as an informed critic of men and things, Sri Patel has endeared himself to one and all. May he be blessed with health and long life to serve India and the noble cause of Art."

[From: Mr. Tarapada Bandyopadhyay, M.A., B.L., Member of Legislative Assembly, West Bengal, Katwa, Burdwan]

MOST VALIANT SENTINEL

"I would most warmly congratulate Sri Baburao Patel, the celebrated editor of the most influential journal "Filmindia", on this happy and auspicious occasion of his completing the fiftieth year. I most fervently wish him many such happy returns on this occasion. May our beloved Baburao live long and long in full health and spirit to give an acutely precise guidance to the film industry in India, and, more than that, to the current of social, economic and political thoughts of free India.

"Sri Baburao Patel is a superbly unique figure in first class Indian journalism. He is a whole institution in himself. His vast and accurate knowledge of men and things, of Indian as well as world history; his forceful, pungent, expressive and flowery language with a command of an almost endless picturesque vocabulary makes him a most powerful writer almost unexcelled in contemporary India. His almost brutal frankness in exposing the faults and foibles, and mistakes and weaknesses of the Congress Government, and specially of Pandit Nehru, has endeared him to all true lovers of the motherland. He is a passionate lover of India, the culture of India and the people of India. His writings can, without exaggeration, be termed as really classic. He is unconcerned with frown or favour.

"He can and does always call most effectively a spade a spade. His study and exposition of the Muslim character is incomparable. None perhaps knows the trend of Pakistan's mind better than Baburao. His diagnosis and prognosis of the ills and dangers of India are always very timely and correct. He is not at all obsessed with any unpractical theory or idea, but is always a most practical realist. Some of his utterances have already proved prophetic.

"He is a constantly watchful and most valiant sentinel of the wellbeing and freedom of India. May he continue to serve our Motherland for long years to come and install her on the surest and soundest basis!"

[From: Mr. L. Lakshmandas, B.Com., Member of the Andhra Legislative Assembly, Pathapatnam.]

IN THE RIGHT CHANNEL

"It is a matter of pleasure to me that your Committee is celebrating the Golden Jubilee of Sri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia. The film has of late become a significant medium in the field of social education in our country and it has no doubt a bright future. But, sometimes we see purely business-minded forces and factors misusing it. Mr. Patel's services to the country in diverting this 'film force' in the right channel are indeed laudable. I, herewith, send my wholehearted blessings to Mr. Patel on the eve of his Golden Jubilee, and wish him long life and happiness."

[From: Mr. Shraddhakar Suparkar, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Orissa, Sambalpur]

WARM PATRIOTISM

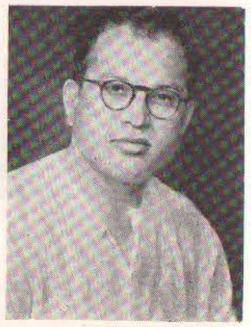
"I join myself with your committee in congratulating Sri Baburao Patel on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. Sri Patel's contribution to the improvement of standard of our films is very great. He is mainly responsible for making the "Filmindia" the premier film journal of India. What, however, impresses me most is his forceful style in his editorials mostly on current political problems of our country. It is not possible always to agree with the views expressed by Sri Patel with such usually vigorous language but it is impossible not to be impressed with the warmth and patriotism in his writings.

"I wish Sri Baburao Patel a long life of many more decades of active service to the filmland and motherland."

[From: K. Veeraswamy, M.A., Member of the Hyderabad Legislative Assembly, General Secretary of the United People's Party]

PROPHETIC POLITICAL THINKER

"There is hardly any educated Indian who has not read the thought-provoking articles of Shri Baburao Patel on various problems facing the country. Specially, his articles on political affairs in the country are many a time prophetic. Though not an active politician, he is yet a very great political thinker and whose political thinking is not based on empty political theories, but on solid, bare and naked facts and figures.



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2.	Hubby appreciates ___ wife gives him when he comes home tired	CUSHION	PETTING
3.	Average family would be short of money if they had no ___	EARNER	FATHER
4.	Dad is seldom keen on going with mother to see new ___ in the shop	CUSHIONS	FASHIONS
5.	When questioned about the window he broke, sly lad is likely to ___	FIB	JIB
6.	It's often impossible to get people to talk about things they consider ___	SECRET	SACRED
7.	Man lying on grass may idly watch movements of ___ overhead	FLYER	FLIES
8.	Child who starts late to join party going for picnic is likely to be ___	LAST	LEFT
9.	Child usually loses interest in game when he is ___	TIRING	LOSING
10.	Fact that he is ___ makes young man conspicuous in a gathering	BALD	TALL
11.	If he's working, cricket fan will ___ to miss that important match	HATE	HAVE
12.	Captains like to have reliable men in ___	SHIPS	SLIPS
13.	Right sort of ___ helps to make guests happy at party	FOOD	MOOD
14.	Policeman's ___ is likely to give burglar a scare	TORCH	TOUCH
15.	Those devised for children are sometimes not appreciated by them	PLANS	PLAYS
16.	Every country must work hard for ___ in the world	PEACE	PLACE
17.	Before he sits down to write adventure novel, author must first find ___ plot	LIKELY	LIVELY

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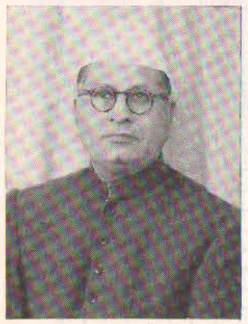
reflect upon the many facets and many-sidedness of Shri Baburao Patel. He is a pioneer in Film Journalism, and if I may say that he is the foremost film critic in India. He is a versatile writer, author, political thinker and political critic. One may not agree with him on certain political points, but every one has to confess that he is a very great servant of the Nation and in whose cause and its people he does not shirk to criticize and show the path to even the topmost leaders and rulers in the country. In short his mania is service of the Motherland and its down-trodden people."

[From: Mr. Ajmer Singh, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Ludhiana]

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

"For some time I have had the occasion to read the writings of Shri Baburao Patel. I must say at once that he is a fine writer who has command over his language and expresses his ideas fearlessly and courageously. He is a man of his own convictions. His criticism is always constructive and to the point. I wish him many more years of his life so that he may continue contributing to the welfare and good of the country and the nation."



[From: Mr. Chandi Ram Verma, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Punjab, Abohar]

GOOD OF THE PEOPLE

"I am glad to send my blessings to Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations and I wish him every success in the huge task he has undertaken for the good of people."

[From: Dr. K. B. Menon, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madras, Leader of the Praja Socialist Legislature Party, Madras]

STOREHOUSE OF INFORMATION

"I am an interested reader of the spirited editorials of Shri Baburao Patel and I keep a file of all the booklets he publishes. They are a storehouse of information. On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee I wish him a long lease of life that he may continue to serve our country with the vim and vigour that is characteristic of him."

[From: Mr. Rajendra Bahadur Singh, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Vindhya Pradesh, Shahdol, V.P.]

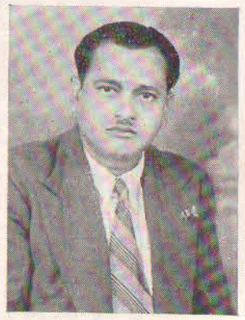
SUSPECTED OF GREATNESS

"To my mind, Mr. Baburao Patel is a unique figure and has got characteristics of greatness. As Editor of Filmindia, he has always thrown light on the true nature of films. Filmindia has great utility at length and must be popular all over the world.

"I congratulate Mr. Patel heartily and pray God to bestow on him long life and happiness."

[From: Mr. S. M. Abdullah, Municipal Chairman, Member, West Bengal Minority Commission and Board of Secondary Education, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Calcutta]

RAISED STANDARDS



"The contributions of Mr. Baburao Patel in the progress and development of film industry in India are unique. As the Editor of "Filmindia", the best journal in the line, Mr. Baburao Patel has not only raised the standard of films but at the same time through his pen he has tried his best to raise the social, economic and political standard of the people of India.

"As a pioneer of film journalism in India and of the film industry, his name will ever remain fresh and green in the hearts of the people of his country.

"On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee I pray to Almighty for his glorious future, long and peaceful life."

[From: Prof. Dr. J. N. Basu, M.I.E., M.A.E., V.D.I., Member of the Legislative Assembly of West Bengal, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, College of Engineering and Technology, Bengal, Calcutta]

THANKS

"I offer my best congratulations on the Golden Jubilee Celebration of Mr. Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia. May God bless him with a long life and prosperity."

[From: Shri Kalyan Singh, Raja of Bhinai, Member of Legislative Assembly of Ajmer, Ajmer]

OUR FOREMOST CRITIC

"It gives me great pleasure to note that Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, will be completing his 50 years in April next and his numerous friends and admirers have rightly thought of celebrating his Golden Jubilee on this happy and auspicious occasion.

"It is needless for me to recount the valuable services rendered by Mr. Patel as a journalist but I cannot help mentioning that he upheld the high prestige, ancient culture and civilization of his country abroad.

"Mr. Patel is undoubtedly one of India's foremost critics of art, stage, films and politics and in view of the esteem in which he is held by his countrymen and abroad, it will only be a befitting honour done to him to celebrate the Golden Jubilee sponsored by his friends and admirers.

"I wish Mr. Patel a long and happy life to continue to serve his motherland and also wish the celebrations all success.

[From: Mr. Ambika Prasad Bajpai, Member of the Legislative Council of Uttar Pradesh, Lucknow]

FAMOUS JOURNALIST

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel I send my heartfelt blessings. In the world of journalism, no other journalist has been so fortunate enough to be as famous as Baburao because of his creative and independent thoughts.

"He cannot be praised enough for the guidance he has all along provided to the film industry by his constructive criticism even though sometimes one may not completely agree with him. It is a pity our producers have not taken the full benefit of his guidance.

"May God give a long life to Baburaoji and inspire to serve our country as well in future."

[From: Mr. Killi Appala Naidu, President: S. C. Central Bank Ltd. and Member of Legislative Assembly, Srikakulam]

INDOMITABLE FORCE

"It gave me great pleasure to know of these celebrations. Shri Baburao Patel is an indomitable force in Filmindia and his achievements as critic, editor and director are of the utmost value and are unsurpassable. His contributions by way of his accurate criticism combined with force and fearlessness have played a commendable role to improve, reform and refine the Film Industry.

"I take this opportunity to convey to Shri Baburao Patel my heartiest greetings for his achievements in the film field and film journalism. I also wish him long and cheerful life so that he will be able to continue his devoted service to film industry and its journalism with all the innovations and creative genius."

[From: Mr. K. K. Ganapathi, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Coorg]

NEEDED MORE TODAY

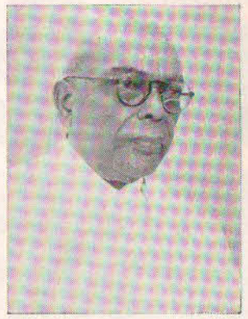
"I felt very happy at the news of your Golden Jubilee Celebration. Though I have not been a constant reader of your writings I have read enough of them to be able to say that, notwithstanding the rather rough and ready tone, they are as eminently invigorative as they are educative in their wording and outlook.

"May you be able to serve the country with the same indefatigable vigour and vitality for another fifty years. So mighty is the nature of work yet to be accomplished that men of your stoutness of heart, sincerity and steadfastedness of purpose, are needed more today than ever before.

"I therefore wish the forthcoming celebration all the success that it so rightly deserves most heartily."

[From: Mr. P. Sitaramiah, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Member of Legislative Council, Mysore]

GOOD WORK



"On this occasion of Golden Jubilee Celebrations, I offer my hearty congratulations for the good work Sri Baburao Patel has been rendering to this country as a journalist and a film critic. Indian film industry in particular, if it has to serve as a source of spreading knowledge and information, requires good critics like Sri Patel and I, on this occasion, wish him prosperity and long life to enable him to serve better the cause for which he devoted most of his life."

[From: Mr. H. B. Ari Gowder, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madras, Coonoor]

EDUCATING PUBLIC OPINION

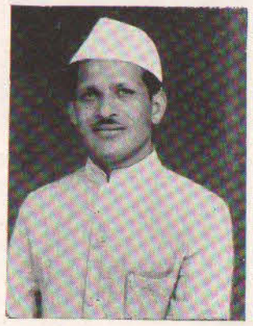
"I have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. Baburao Patel heartily on his completing his 50th year, and on the most valuable contribution he is making towards the enlightenment of public opinion in this country.

"As regards my opinion about his articles, I wish to say that I have greatly enjoyed myself going through them.

"The articles are educative, and deserve to be read and re-read. I wish they are compiled together in the form of a book and given publicity throughout the country through every medium possible."

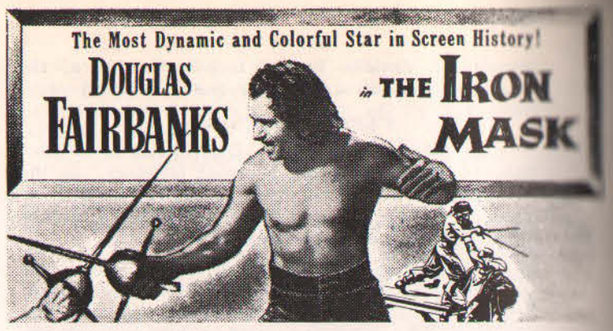
[From: Mr. R. G. Kamat, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Bombay, Haliyal, North Kanara]

NEVER SUCH A MAN



"I have found Shri Baburao as the genius in journalism. He is the prince among the versatile writers. His balanced criticism couched with benumbing sarcasm or satire has cowed down many a great man. He is fearless and merciless in exposing falsehood, putting the truth and real state of things before the eyes of the readers, giving the proper perspective. His journalism is of a rare sort, unique in its own way, never have I found such a man.

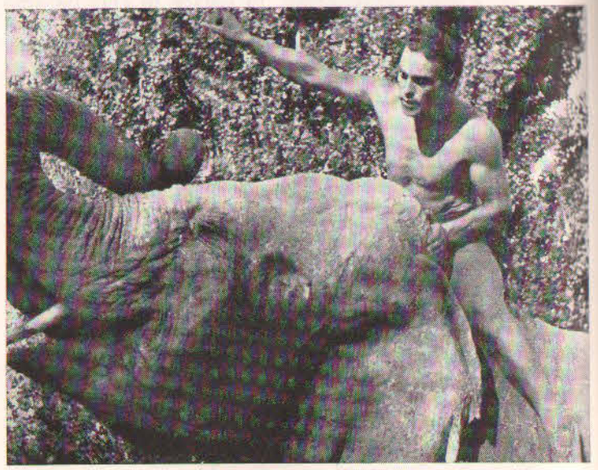
"India needs such Baburaos to strengthen the Fourth Estate, which is the bulwark of Democracy. He has fought all kinds of battles in life and political field, and I crave to see his Diamond Jubilee. May God give him added energy and vigour to serve his cause and country in his own unique way."



NAHAS FILMS' "SETT-UL-HOSN"
IN GEVACOLOR from EGYPT

"QUEEN OF SHEBA"
AN IMMORTAL TALE OF LOVE FROM ITALY

"QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS"
FULL OF CIRCUS THRILLS from GERMANY



"TARZAN STAMBULI"
A TARZAN PICTURE FROM TURKEY

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[From: Mr. Laxman Kumar, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Hyderabad, Sangareddy (Medak Dt.), Hyderabad, Deccan]

MY PRIDE

"I feel great pride in sending this piece of message to the Filmindia for the service it is doing to the Republic of India, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Mr. Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia.

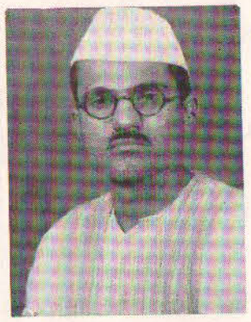
"Let Almighty bless him with more vigour and health to serve for many more years to come, in our Free India."

[From: Mr. P. Chellathurai, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madras, Villangattoor, P.O. Tiruvegampet, Ramnad District]

NOBLE EDITOR

"I pray to God with my full heart to give long life and prosperity to the noble Editor of Filmindia, Mr. Baburao Patel."

[From: Mr. R. A. Belsare, B.A., L.L.B., Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madhya Pradesh, Nagpur]



THOUGH — AND YET !

"Though I am opposed to most of the views expressed by Shri Baburao Patel in his writings about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, I am impressed by his style and arguments. His pen is powerful and effective. His style is persuasive and his words reach the hearts of the readers. He could have done greater service to India by writing on constructive subjects. I wish Shri Baburao Patel long life and prosperity."

[From: Mr. Ram Rai Mohan Rai Munshi, B.A., L.L.B., Lawyer-Journalist, Member of the Legislative Council, Bombay, Ahmedabad]

EXCELLENT WORK

"The Jubilee celebrations of Shri Baburao Patel of Filmindia are a great occasion for appraising the excellent work of one of India's foremost film pioneers and courageous journalists. His editorials are fearless expositions of realities. I wish the Jubilee provides a magnificent opportunity for displaying the might of the film as an educational medium—an instrument of instruction and training our children and youth in duty and nobility and as an agent for inculcating patriotism among citizens."

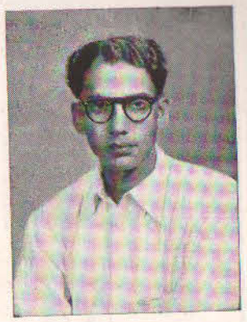
[From: Dr. Sarojini Krishnarao Babar, M.B.B.S., Member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly, Poona]

GREATER SUCCESS

"It gives us much hope when we find that work spread over long period of years has fructified itself. On this occasion it gives me great satisfaction to note that you have succeeded in your efforts. Any good act has its reward. I can only wish that the work you have undertaken may take you to greater success and better reward."

[From: Mr. G. C. Kondiah, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Nellore]

GREAT SON OF INDIA



"In fact, I have no words to express my appreciation for this auspicious occasion. It is true that I may not agree with all what Baburao says on political trends in India. But I am one of those who will not hesitate to appreciate his great and searching pen to dig deep into the fabric of Indian social as well as political life to explain the inevitable tragic ends.

"His articles on Kashmir, Indo-Pakistan relations and his satirical comments on Indian leaders and their fear complex and bogus prestige really provokes one to think deep on our fate. I have no doubt in my mind when I say, that he is one of the best critics, journalists, writers and above all a man with courageous pen not to flinch an inch to tell the truth as it comes to his mind. India will and must be proud to have produced such a great intelligent son. I wish for his long life to enlighten us on many an intricate problem we are faced with in this era."

[From: Mr. S. G. Warty, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Bombay, Bassein, Dist. Thana]

UNIQUE EDITORSHIP

"For over a decade Shri Baburao Patel has been doing splendid service to the community by his unique editorship of Filmindia and by his espousal of worthy causes. He is a born crusader. May God give him a long life and may Filmindia, which has already become an institution, rise to even greater heights of fame."

[From: Mrs. Radhabai M. Shreyakar, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Bombay State, Belgaum]

A PRECIOUS GEM

"It may not be exaggerating if I attempt to say that you can be counted as one of the precious gems of our country in the present day. Your bold and impartial reviews about the films since many years and the recent reviews of the issues of national importance are definitely the landmarks of your illustrious career. I pray to the Almighty to give you long life and prosperity thus enabling you to pursue your independent career.

"Wishing you all prosperity."

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★AMIR KARNATAKI ★ BIKRAM KAPOOR
★ B. M. VYAS ★ MURAD ★ MISHRA
(Guest Artists)
★ LACHHMAN ★ SAVITA ★ KABIR
★ PANDEY & introducing
PREM PRAKASH.

Directed by
SHANTI KUMAR

Music
SHANKERRAO VYAS
AVINAS VYAS
MANNA DEY

Songs
RAMESH GUPTA

Camera
BAL JOGLEKAR

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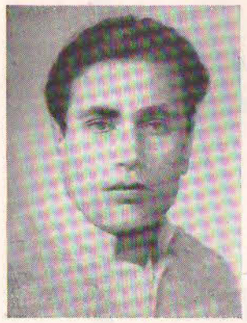
[From: Mr. Ramadhar Pande, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Vindhya Pradesh, Ex-Chief Whip of the Congress Party]

DARLING OF INDIA



"Shri Baburao Patel has been the pioneer in unfolding and unearthing the mysteries of cine world. He, by dint of his singular perspicacity, untiring passionate zeal, fraternal solicitude, sincere and unflinching devotion to the service of cine fans, austere aesthetic sense, colossal stock of knowledge and erudition of this particular realm and others, coupled with the ready and disarming wit, has easily become the darling of cine fans, nay the whole of India. I have always been appreciating his brochures published from time to time pertaining to political criticism conducive to the welfare of this country.

"I am a regular reader of your popular magazine and I make bold to say with the greatest emphasis at my command that the contribution made by Shri Baburao Patel deserves unstinted acclamation and commendation of all and sundry. I pray God for the many happy returns of this day."

[From: Mr. P. C. Azad, M.A., Member of the Legislative Council of Uttar Pradesh, Bareilly.]

TRUE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

"I send my heartiest felicitation on the Golden Jubilee celebration of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, a well-known and prominent journalist of our country. Really it is difficult for me to find suitable words to congratulate Shri Baburao Patel for the services which he has rendered in the cause of journalism.

"I am confident in future also his constant endeavour will be to discharge his duties as a journalist conscientiously and in true spirit of service."

[From: Mr. S. Ramalingam, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Tanjore.]

TO SERVE THE CAUSE

"I take the privilege of greeting Mr. Baburao Patel on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebrations and wish him long life so that he may serve the cause of people, for peace and democracy through "Filmindia".

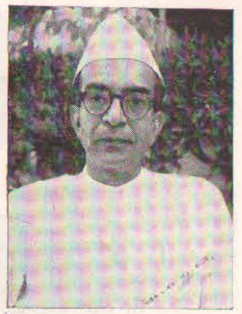
[From: Mr. B. C. Kamble, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Bombay.]

DARING AND LOGICAL

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, Bombay, I sincerely wish for him a longer and happier life, and for us the sympathisers, readers and the PEOPLE from him the fulfilment of expectation of continuation of his pen-battle against confused thinking, hypocrisy, and social inequalities in this country with added vigour and sharpness. I hold him as one of the great critics possessing the rare qualities of daring and logical thinking. I have to conclude with this earnest request to him that he may please devote more his energies, intellect and even space in "Filmindia" for that section of down-trodden PEOPLE called the BACKWARD CLASSES, in this country."

[From: Mr. Shanti Swarup Agarwala, Member of the Uttar Pradesh Legislative Council, Hapur]

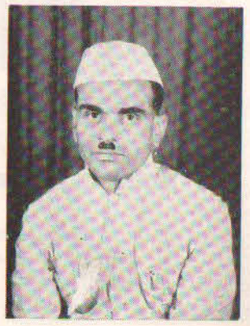
INDIA'S PRIDE



"I have been reading with very great pleasure and curiosity the editorial articles by Shri Baburao Patel, editor of Filmindia, for the last several months. I always find a true, unbiased and factual picture and correct, forceful and constructive criticism in his articles. I feel, Baburao Patel's pen is India's pride and I send my best wishes and prayers for him for his many many years of dynamic living and selfless journalism."

[From: Mr. P. D. Subbiah, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Coorg, Mercara]

RENOWNED FILMINDIA



"I wish the function all success, and pray Mother India will shower her choicest blessings for the furtherance of the good cause Shri Baburao is striving through the renowned "Filmindia"."

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[From: Mr. U. P. Shankar Rao, Member of the Legislative Council, Mysore State, Shimoga]

RARE INSIGHT

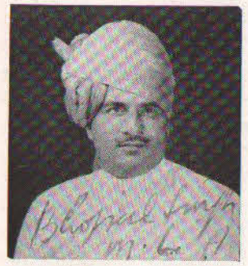
"It is gratifying to note that Editor Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee is to be celebrated. No doubt he is a noted journalist.

"I have been reading his articles for some time now. As a critic of films, his services in that field are unique. He has impressed me as a man of rare intellect and deep insight. The way in which he sees things is really an admirable one. His writings are well noted for clarity and he never minces matters. It is my opinion that no national-minded person could ignore his views.

"I wish him a long life and ability to serve the country's cause still more."

[From: Mr. Bhopal Singh, Member of the Rajasthan Legislative Assembly, Gottera]

WITHOUT FEAR



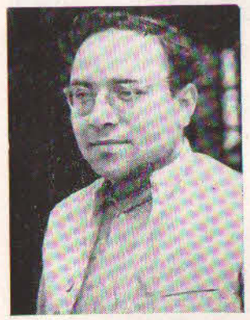
"I am reading Patel's articles, since 2 years and I can strongly say that his articles are very independent in nature without fears and ambitions. His are the only articles which guide the democratic Government of India to the right path. They convey strength and significance.

"He is very independent, humorous, and has got the initiative which freedom has given us for stabilizing the Indian nation."

[From: Mr. Yash, journalist and Editor of "Hindi Milap", Jullundur and Member of Legislative Council]

HIS ONLY PRAYER

"If acquaintance can be had with a writer through his writings, I am acquainted with Shri Baburao Patel for years even though I have never seen him.



"This acquaintance is so deep and intimate that I have always been impressed by his personality. With his industry, ability and intellect he has not only created a place of honour for himself in the world of journalism and society but has also guided others' path.

"When he is completing the fifty years of his life, I have only one prayer that he should try to understand India's Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal. I think in this matter, Shri Patel has erred.

"May God give him a long life!"

[From: Mr. S. Daivasigamoney, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Member of the Legislative Assembly of Madras, Madras]

RUSKIN OF INDIA

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. Baburao Patel's writings sometime ago, I was really amazed at his fearlessness, fluency of style, freedom of expression, fine rhetoric and foremost of all his fervour to espouse a just and righteous cause irrespective of personalities. Since then I became one of his ardent admirers and I seldom miss any of his articles.

"His editorials on current politics and political thought are indeed great revelations of truth to even experienced politicians. It can never be said that his criticisms are unjust and biased. The facts and figures and other details which support his arguments can never be controverted. He is a Class and Institution by himself. I am quite sure that in the days to come he will be hailed as "Ruskin" of India.

"On the eve of the celebrations of the Golden Jubilee of such a great son of India, I offer him my sincere greetings and wish him a long life of continued useful service to our Motherland."

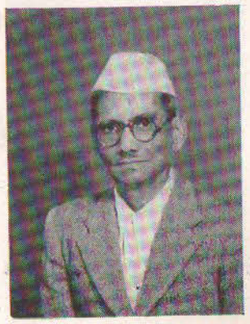
[From: Mr. Jaykrishna Harivallabhdas, Member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly, Shahibag, Ahmedabad]

TO SERVE THE NATION

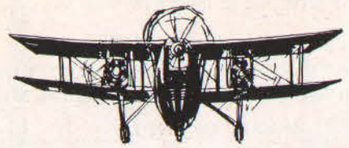
"I am glad to know that you are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia. I join with you to wish him long and happy life, so that he can serve the Nation in best possible manner."

[From: Mr. N. Z. Nandurkar, B.A., L.L.B., Member of the Legislative Assembly, Madhya Pradesh, Yeotmal]

MADE HIS MARK



"I heartily congratulate Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee celebration and wish him long, healthy and prosperous life. He has already made his mark by his perseverance and sincere industry which I quite appreciate, though I cannot identify myself with his political views."



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[From: Mr. Vimalkumar Chordia, B.Com., L.L.B., Member of Legislative Assembly, Bhanpura, M.B.]

EFFECTIVE WRITINGS

"On the auspicious occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of Shri Baburao Patel, Editor of Filmindia, I wish him long life with deep patriotic feelings.

"I have been reading his editorials since last two years specially those which concerned political activities.

"I am of the opinion that the writer of those is an independent, fearless writer and a best reasonable critic with feelings of betterment of our country. His writings have great effect on those who read them.

"I should not hesitate to say that if Hindi edition of his editorials is also published it will do a lot to make our people intelligent, daring, reasonable and patriotic."

[From: Mr. Vasant Rao Wickey, B.A., Member of the Legislative Assembly and Member of Tribe's Advisory Council, Jabalpur]

IMPARTIAL REVIEWS

"I have since long been a regular reader of Filmindia and it has always been a pleasure to me to read the film reviews which I found to be impartial.

"Shri Baburao Patel is one of the greatest writers and a film critic. He is a great asset to film industry in general and Filmindia in particular.

"I wish this Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee every success."

[From: Mr. Kusumkant Jain, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Ratlam]

ANGELS FEAR

"Mr. Baburao Patel is a great journalist and a man full of adventurous spirit. He would walk on the path where even angels fear to tread. He has great courage of his convictions and gives full expression to his convictions. His style of putting things in writings is masterly and forceful.

"I wish him best of the luck in his mission and long life."

[From: Mr. Brijlal Varma, B.A., L.L.B., Member of Legislative Assembly, Madhya Pradesh, Baloda Bazar]

FRANK, FAIR AND HONEST

"I have been always keen to read the articles of Shri Baburao Patel which are most useful in all respects specially to those who are in active politics. By going through his articles one would easily say that the writer must be a honest critic, a great journalist and a patriot. He is frank, fair and honest in his thought and gives clear and true picture of present problems of India.

"The articles "Fishing for Hamlet's Heir", "The Living Dead" and "Our Hour of Peril" are most striking as they give the true picture of Nehru Government and how Nehru is dealing with the national and international problems.

"Shri Baburao Patel is a great independent journalist doing great service to our motherland. God give him long life to serve and guide the country in this hour of peril."

[From: Veer Wamanrao Joshi, famous author, orator and dramatist, whose stage plays like "Rakshashi Mahatvakanksha", "Randundubhi", "Dharma Sinhasan" etc. once set fire to a nation.. He is a Member of the Legislative Assembly, Madhya Pradesh.]

UNIQUE IN CONSTRUCTIVE PENMANSHIP

"I must frankly admit that I am not a regular reader of Filmindia. The occasional peeps into its contents, however, have certainly created a soft corner for it in my heart; and I am more and more being attracted towards its illustrations, writings and writers—especially the editor himself. Mr. Baburao's pen is marvellously powerful, even inspiring admiration and high respect for him. As a critic, his ardent love for unbiased judgement is too conspicuous to be missed. This is no doubt an unique accomplishment in constructive penmanship and though at times he seems to have been cruelly pungent in his satire, he has never been found guilty of having strangled truth nor of having trampled justice.

"On this auspicious occasion of his Golden Jubilee, I heartily wish Mr. Baburao Patel a long and prosperous life to be devotedly dedicated to the service of 'Swatantra Bharat'."

[From: Mr. Hiralal Sharma, B.A., Member of the Legislative Assembly, Madhya Bharat, Indore]

FROM THE HEART TO THE HEART

"What shall I write about Shri Baburaoji Patel? He has become so closely identified with the Film Industry of India that he and the industry have become synonymous. Mr. Patel has played a very important role in raising the standard of the Indian film industry and in securing for it a place of pride in the international market. There is no doubt that Shri Patel has become a great asset and a boon to our Film Industry.

"Shri Patel's hard work and forceful fight are ideals for the youth of the nation to follow and his achievement is a matter of pride for the nation. His powerful, dignified, fearless and brilliant pen is full of the spirit of patriotism on a higher moral plane and is equally alert and farsighted in matters requiring constant vigilance. His writings come from the heart and go to the hearts of the readers. His humour is very bitter and sarcastic. I consider "Filmindia" to be the most popular and most brilliant magazine in India and Mr. Patel a journalist of the highest calibre and the most successful one at that.

"And now for some time past his brilliant pen is showing wonderful lustre in dealing with Indian political affairs. He expresses his thoughts in a manner befitting a most seasoned and well-versed politician who has studied politics—past and present—in their correct perspective and understood them properly and the future he draws before you becomes as clear as the light of the sun.

"Today our beloved country is suffering from many troubles. These troubles cause the entire nation great misery and are a matter of the nation's misfortune. In such distressing times the leadership of the nation has gone into the hands of reactionary and perverse people. The country today wants the leadership of people filled with Bharatiya ideals. In such sad times, writings of Shri Patel provide rays of hope and faith. The present times demand the propagation of the ideas coming from the steel pen of Shri Patel. I am suggesting to you some ideas on this auspicious occasion, and I hope the members of the Golden Jubilee Committee will give them the consideration they deserve:

1) "Filmindia" should be made cheaper so that it can reach the most ordinary readers.

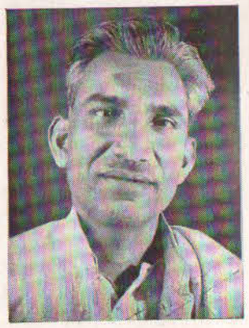
2) "Filmindia" should be published also in other languages like Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Tamil etc.

3) The publishing department of "Filmindia" should be expanded and all editorials published in the magazine so far, and other articles and comments be published in book form in all principal languages of India for the benefit of the entire Indian population. Other books and literature, also in keeping with this ideology should be published.

"Finally, I wish Shri Patel, on his Golden Jubilee, long life, health and happiness and pray to God that He may grant the nation the greatness of seeing Shri Patel's dreams of our country's welfare and prosperity materialised."

[From: Mr. Niranjan Varma, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, Member of the Madhya Bharat Legislative Assembly, Leader of the Opposition, Vidisha, Bhelsa, M.B.]

INHERENT HUMOUR

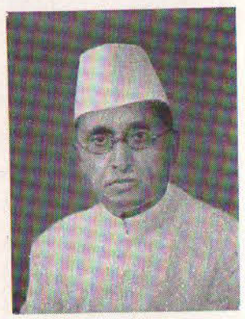


"I have been reading Shri Baburao's writings always with great attention. I congratulate him for his intellect and his fearless ideas, as also for his plain speaking. There is great need of impartial criticism for the progress of democracy. Mr. Patel's writings are pungent but because of their inherent humour they provide beautiful reading. There are many friends who fully agree with his ideas.

"On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee I wish him a long life and congratulate you for felicitating him on the occasion."

[From: Mr. Jamnadas M. Mehta, M.A., L.L.B., Bar-at-Law, Ex-Mayor of Bombay and Ex-Revenue and Finance Minister of the Government of Bombay.]

A REAL GENIUS



"I am glad to learn that it has been decided to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel and that an influential Committee has been appointed for that purpose.

"No one deserves the honour better than Shri Baburao. His massive intelligence, his powerful pen, his originality, courage, the accuracy of his factual presentation and above all his integrity are mostly of the highest admiration and the celebration of his Golden Jubilee will be a just tribute to a real genius. I wish him all success."

[From: Prof. S. K. Mitra, D.Sc., F.N.I., Head of the Dept. of Radiophysics and Electronics, University of Calcutta]

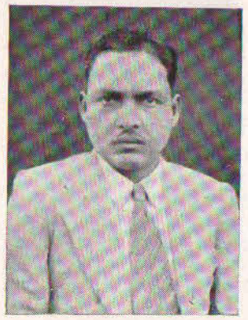
BRILLIANT INTELLECT

"I consider it a pleasure and a privilege to be able to associate myself with the many friends and admirers of Mr. Baburao Patel in wishing him long and usefu life on the occasion of his 50th Birth Anniversary.

"Mr. Patel had not had the opportunity of studying in a college or a University; but the success he has achieved in life shows that lack of such opportunity is no handicap to one possessing natural gift of a brilliant intellect. The film industry in India is grateful to Mr. Patel for the service he has rendered to it by laying the foundation of responsible film journalism. His writings—which are not confined to those on film industry alone—illustrate the aptness of the old adage "Pen is mightier than sword". In wishing Mr. Patel long life, I, at the same time, wish his "Filmindia" many many years of useful service to the public."

[From: Mr. Arjun Das, M.A., B.L., Member of the Orissa Legislative Assembly, Bolangir]

NO ILLUSIONS, NO CONFUSION



"It is in most cases impossible to judge a man from his writings. But Mr. Patel is one of the rare exceptions. For, in his case, the writing is a part of the writer himself.

"The highly individual style of Mr. Patel, with its fine literary merit, amazingly wide vocabulary, convincing manner of presentation and corrosively pungent effect marks out the personality of the writer in all distinctness and does not fail to grip the mind of the reader and make him think hard on the subject. Behind the writings is mirrored an ardent and sincere soul, a fiery crusader, who suffers from no illusions and no confusion of thought and who would not stop at halfway compromises with all that he considers to be evil for his country.

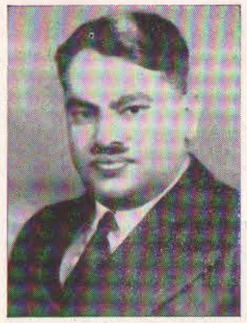
"I have read with pleasure and instruction the devastating attacks of Mr. Patel against the type of crime films that make a hero of the criminal and engender among our youth a spirit of bravado and lawlessness and strangle our time-honoured spiritual and social values. That he has succeeded in making us alive to this horrible gift of unscrupulous modern commercialism and of the film industry is in itself not a mean achievement. His attacks on that greatest of present day evils of India, corruption and the consequent vulgarization of Government and society are no less a supreme example of moral courage and public spirit.

"Mr. Patel's achievements cannot be measured in terms of actual success. His greatest merit lies in his ability to shake the political torpor and complacence of the reader and rouse him to the realities of the situation. He is no journalist writing banalities in clever glittering phrases. He writes with a moral purpose. One may disagree with him, but there can be no doubt that he imparts to the reader something of his own fervour in public affairs, something of his own strong reaction to the environment and a realization that in present day India at least, there can be no substitute for hard thinking on the part of her people. And for this alone, if for nothing else, we have need of many more persons like him.

"On the occasion of the celebration of his Golden Jubilee I express my hearty greetings to Mr. Patel and hope and pray that God may grant him a long life to serve the public cause to which he has dedicated himself."

[From: Mr. D. M. Bhosle, Ex-Prime Minister of Kolhapur, Ex-Financial Secretary to His Highness the Maharaja of Kolhapur, Kolhapur].

TURNS OUT TRUE



"To say the least of Shri Baburao Patel's writing is to say that it is audacious and outspoken and it is certainly this characteristic in his writing which brings him to the prominent notice of readers. I believe, too, that this audaciousness and outspokenness are the reasons which have earned Shri Patel so large, wide and intelligent a field of readers.

"Many of Shri Patel's articles do seem exaggerated to some but ultimately they turn out to be prophetic; for what he had written a month or so previously materialises in too realistic a manner.

"Shri Patel has also succeeded in making the general public interested in the films they are to see by his

OH! WHAT A THRILL
BRASSIERE WHICH OPENS AT THE FRONT
IT'S A

Beauca REGD.
BRASSIERES
INVENTION!
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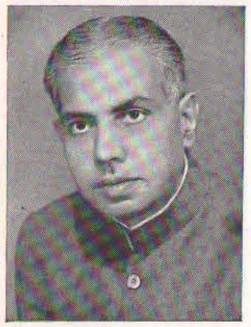
masterly reviews which are unbiased; no thought being given to whether the film has been advertised or not in "Filmindia". Very often a picture well advertised in "Filmindia" receives a poor review while one that may not have even been advertised receives a bouquet.

"Shri Baburao Patel's "Filmindia" has endeavoured to keep Indian films clean and it stands to Shri Patel's credit that this endeavour has met with a great deal of success.

"I cannot but mention here the great help which Smt. Sushila Rani, Shri Baburao Patel's loving and devoted wife, gives her husband. And if Shri Patel even at this age does not show signs of wear, it is due entirely to the loving care and devoted affection which Shrimati Sushila Rani showers on him.

"On this auspicious occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Shri Baburao Patel I wish him many more happy years of public service, complete good health and prosperity. And may his family, in which I include "Filmindia" serve and prosper with him."



[From: Mr. Narayan Mahtha, Member of the Council of States, Muzaffarpur]

STAR EDITOR

"Mr. Baburao Patel can well be called one of the Star Editors of our time. He has won popularity for his paper which may well be the envy of any editor. In doing so he has not sacrificed rank or quality."

[From: Prof. N. G. Ranga, Member of Parliament, Professor of Economics and Political Science, Chief of the Bharat Krishak Mazdoor Janata Party—author and writer]

HIS PROPHETIC INSIGHT

"I am glad that the Golden Jubilee of Sri Baburao Patel is being celebrated by friends in Bombay. By honouring him thus, we are honouring our faith in independence of spirit, parliamentary democratic spirit of criticism and heroic activity in film and political journalism. So many of us are coming to realise, only now, the extreme need of India for scrupulous, bold and timely criticism of our irresponsible Parliamentary ministries which are so keen on perpetrating their one party domination on our minds also. Sri Baburao Patel displayed prophetic insight into our political malady and began to criticise the Nehru idolatry of our politicians and masses and warn the public about the dangers of the tribal politics that is being injected into our civic life all so surreptitiously. His cartoons, articles, critical analysis of current events as they are coloured by Nehruism have done much service to arouse our people to the need of courageous and scrupulous parliamentary opposition, as a constructive function within and service to our democratic cause.

"I wish him long life and a happy and useful role in our national life."

[From: Dr. Amul M. Desai, M.B.B.S., Member of the Legislative Assembly, Bombay—the Man who defeated Chief Minister Morarji Desai in his home town and made history]

HIS COURAGE OF CONVICTION

"Baburao Patel is a bold man and a bolder writer. Threats, pressures to prestige have not been able to deter him from his convictions. Courage of conviction is his synonym.

"Let the tremors of age neither enter his pen nor his thoughts.

"We are happy to participate in his Golden Jubilee and hope to participate in all subsequent Jubilees."

[From: Mr. V. G. Gopal, Member of the Council of States, Jamshedpur.]

COMMENDABLE WORK

"The "Filmindia" has done commendable work and has been of immense help to the Film Industry, film artists and film lovers. I send my heartiest felicitations to Mr. Baburao Patel on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee and wish him a long and happy life. I take this opportunity of wishing every success to the "Filmindia" and also send my good wishes to all the readers of "Filmindia"."

[From: Lt. Col. Syamnandan Sahaya, Member of Parliament and Vice-Chancellor, Bihar University, Muzaffarpur.]

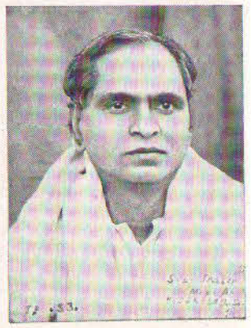
DISTINGUISHED PERSONALITY

"Shri Baburao Patel is an outstanding personality not only in the film land but I feel he is also a distinguished personality in the field of journalism. The manner in which he combines literature, constructive though sharp criticism, wit and humour with pleasant scenes and descriptions of the film world is unique of its kind. The Filmindia is not only entertaining and pleasant reading but also instructive and educative.

"I wish him a long life of useful activities and I look forward to the day when his Diamond Jubilee will be celebrated."

[From: Mr. S. L. Sastri, Member of Legislative Assembly, Nizamabad.]

CREATING HIGH STANDARD



"Sri Patel's efforts in the development of film industry and creation of high standard Indian films, could not be forgotten by those interested in the film industry."

[From: Mr. Laxman Singh Shaktawat, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Ajmer.]

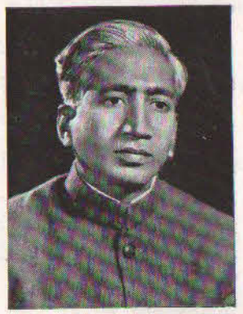
INTENSELY PATRIOTIC

"Believing in the age-old adage, "Better late than never", I herewith send the Committee my felicitations to honour Shri Patel on the occasion and wish that such outspoken and intensely patriotic journalism could be emulated by the so-called regimented and purely party press of India to put the people wise to their great sense of patriotism and choice of the right type in civic matters.

"I pray that Shri Patel be spared many coming years to celebrate occasions like these so that the flow of his independent criticism may keep the powers that be running between the embankments and not overflow with any false sense of power or prestige to the detriment of our country and its people."

[From: Mr. M. B. Gautam, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Hyderabad and Member of Land Commission, Hyderabad.]

CHASTENING WITH RIDICULE



"The "Filmindia" has been devoting many of its pages for healthy criticism of the film industry which is also a potential factor in formation of public opinion and moulding the individual's character; but its editorial notes are much more important from the political point of view. The method of its criticism is something like, as George Bernard Shaw said on his works, "to chasten morals with ridicule" i.e. "curing one's folly by making one feel like a fool, just as the dentist cures one's toothache by pulling out his tooth, giving him plenty of laughing gas."

"Men of morality and sound thinking alone can constitute a healthy nation which can only contribute its strength for the maintenance of the world peace. I see, to this end the "Filmindia" has been striving for and I hope that it will serve to achieve the objective."

[From: Mr. P. Kunhiraman Kidavu, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Madras.]

PRIDE OF INDIA

"India is proud of celebrating the Golden Jubilee of Sri Baburao Patel, Editor of "Filmindia". I wish all success for his future career."

Greetings to

Shri Baburao Patel

the doyen of Film Journalists

on his Fiftieth Birthday

from

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Cheque Writers—

Only those who found time and words

in the midst of directors' meetings

also stop and felicitate

[From: Mr. C. H. Bhabha, M.A., B.Com., J.P., Director of Central Bank of India Ltd., Oriental Assurance Co. Ltd. etc., Chairman of the Eastern Shipping Corporation and Ex-Commerce Minister of the Government of India.]

A ROUGH DIAMOND

"On this occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Mr. Baburao Patel, it gives me great pleasure to have the opportunity of wishing Mr. Baburao Patel many more years of useful life.

"Looking back on his past, Mr. Baburao Patel has something to be indeed proud of. He is fulfilling a mission and is still needed for quite a long while to solidly establish the "Spirit and Institution" of Baburao Patel. His robust spirit, his straightforwardness, his tenacity and fearlessness, will assist him in the future as in the past in a task that is his and his alone.

"His greatness as a film critic is well-known and well recognized. Also to many others, his wit, subtlety of thoughts and the sting of his words are food for learning and education. It is by these specialized weapons that he outshines other reformers and teachers. He is a rough diamond, naturally tough.

"We really need many more of his type and with our rich heritage we feel confident that Mr. Baburao Patel, in future will devote himself to discover, train and present to his dear "Mother India" many more 'Chellas' who can carry on his work forever.

"I wish Mr. Baburao Patel a long and useful life and may he forever remain cheerful and buoyant as he makes others feel through his special columns of Filmindia."

[From: Sir Jwala Prasad Srivastava, M.Sc.(Tech), A.M.S.T. (Manchester), K.C.S.I., K.B.E., Kt., D.Litt. (Lucknow), Member of Parliament and industrial magnate]

DESERVES RESPECT

"I am glad to hear that my old friend, Mr. Baburao Patel, is celebrating his Golden Jubilee. Mr. Baburao Patel's contribution to the art and technique of film manufacture in India is of no mean order. He is one of the recognized leaders of this industry and his journal "Filmindia" commands a very wide circle of readers. One may or may not agree with Mr. Baburao Patel's views on certain matters, yet one cannot help having respect for what he says and for the sincerity of purpose which is behind all his activities.

"I wish Mr. Baburao Patel many more years of useful life."

[From: Mr. Sankalchand G. Shah, B.A., LL.B., a business magnate and Chief of the New India Rayon Mills, the Bharat Tool Mfg. Co. Ltd. and Saraswati Foundry & Engineering Works, Bombay 7.]

RARE ABILITY AND INTEGRITY

"I am glad to know that Mr. Baburao Patel completes his 50 years in April 1954. It is in fitness of things that an influential Committee has been formed to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of such an enterprising and noble soul.

"I have been a silent admirer of FILMINDIA from its very inception and the very fact that Mr. Baburao has brought this magazine to the ranks of one of the first class magazines in the world speaks volumes for his thorough study, for his remarkable capacity and for his independent views on men and matters, courageously and fearlessly expressed during all these years, in a country where people have not yet formed the habit of standing even the most legitimate and honest criticism against them. It has been an uphill task conscientiously performed without fear or favour and even at a tremendous risk which only a few can undertake and still fewer can successfully accomplish as Baburao has done.

"Although I am not in close personal contact with Baburao, I have always entertained the highest admiration for the man, for his rare ability and integrity, for the courage of his conviction and sweet reasonableness and above all, for his depth of knowledge and the tact and skill with which he keeps the public spellbound throughout the pages of FILMINDIA by means of his superb penmanship.

"I hereby congratulate him on his completion of 50 years and for his devoted service in the cause of the Industry for which he has put in ceaseless and strenuous efforts only with one object and one only—to raise its level to a high standard obtaining in United States and other countries. Baburao has ceased to be an individual. He has grown into an Institution.

"May he be spared by the Almighty for many many years to come to serve the cause which has been so dear to him with the same undaunted spirit."

[From: Mr. R. G. Saraiya, B.A., B.Sc., J.P., O.B.E., Cotton Magnate, President of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, Chairman, Bombay State Co-operative Bank Ltd.]

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"I shall be glad if you will congratulate Mr. Baburao Patel on my behalf on his completing 50 years of an active, adventurous and useful life. May the next 50 years bring to him more fame and more constructive work for the country and for the industry he loves, namely the film industry.

"Mr. Baburao Patel has brought fame to himself and his magazine FILMINDIA, which not only provides interesting and amusing reading for an idle hour but also provides food for thought and constructive criticism on questions affecting the film industry. Mr. Baburao's comments are almost always interesting and often original, although one may not always agree with his point of view. It is the essence of democracy that everyone should have the right to express one's own point of view.

"I wish every success to Mr. Baburao Patel and all his ventures."

[From: Mr. Chhotalal S. Patel, J.P., Millowner and Industrialist, Member of the Legislative Assembly and Chairman of Bombay State Transport Corporation]

ESPOUSED RIGHT CAUSES

"I have been observing with interest and pleasure the excellent work Baburao has been doing in the direction of educating public opinion through a very important medium of amusement which combines entertainment with instruction. Films have an important role to play in the toning up of the morale of the people.

"Film journalism is a new development in our country, and it can be productive of very beneficial results, if it is entrusted to competent hands. Shri Baburao Patel is known for his energy and enthusiasm. Frank and fearless, Shri Baburao Patel has espoused many right causes and attacked with equal vigour many wrong trends.

"I do hope and trust that he will be blessed with many more years of active and constructive activity in the special line which he has chosen for himself."

[From: Mr. Jagannath J. Patel, pioneer and business magnate, Managing Director of International Talkie Equipment Co. Ltd., Bombay.]

TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL

"Baburao Patel—who does not know him in the Film Industry, as well as, outside the Film Industry for his pungent pen and of late for his political outbursts. Of course I do not agree with his views on everything. However, I know Baburao well, as I know him since the early days of FILMINDIA and its phenomenal growth, which has been staggering. Of course, FILMINDIA is a one-man show, that one man is Baburao Patel. From the usual measures of University Degrees, he is definitely not educated, yet people with best University Degrees and Diplomas can hardly be compared with Baburao for his witty and sarcastic writings. Of late Baburao has taken to twisting the lion's tail and he jolly well knows the art of getting away also. In this art of his he has not spared the high and mighty.

"Baburao is hated, abused and yet above all, he is liked immensely for his witty criticism, his blunt truth and for his powerful Film Journalism, in which I can safely say he stands unique."

[From: Mr. M. A. Fazalbhoy, banker and business magnate, Chief of Photophone Equipments Ltd.—the man who brought many firsts into the Indian film industry. An enterprising pioneer indeed.]

MAN OF GREAT IDEAS

"It was with great pleasure that I volunteered to become a member of the Committee which has been constituted to celebrate the 50th birthday of that inimitable journalist, Mr. Baburao Patel.

"Through sheer sincere and hard work, Mr. Baburao Patel has attained an unassailable position today, and Filmindia, the most widely read film magazine in this part of the world, is no doubt a true indication of Mr. Patel's diligence and farsightedness. A man of great ideas, he has, by his frank criticism, incurred the displeasure of certain sections, but his intuition, courage and undaunted spirit have helped him to overcome many problems and emerge triumphant. His wit and frankness of speech have been responsible for the vast following Mr. Patel has and for the astounding popularity Filmindia enjoys today.

"My long association with Mr. Patel commenced in our youth when we attended the same school. Being in the Film industry myself, I am well aware of the various services rendered by Mr. Patel for the welfare of the Industry in general, through the medium of his magazine, and on this memorable occasion I join in wishing him long life and continued success."

[From: Mr. P. M. Chinai, J.P., M.L.C., Director, The National Rayon Corporation Ltd., Bombay and Vice-President of the Indian Merchants Chamber]

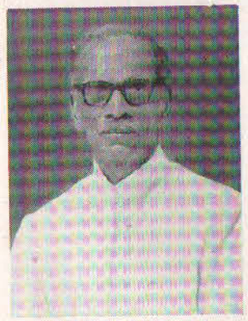
HARDLY MISS READING

"On this happy occasion, kindly convey to Baburao my best wishes and many more happy returns of the day. I think I am voicing the opinion of a very large number of film fans when I say that Shri Baburao Patel has been and is rendering yeoman service to the film industry, though a few amongst us find his remarks rather unpleasant on occasions. His writings to my mind are always prompted out of his keen desire to see the film industry developed on most rational lines.

"So more power to his elbow for many more years to come in the field of film journalism and be sure I and the members of my family hardly miss reading Filmindia which ranks very high in the field of film journals.

[From: Mr. B. Ranga Reddy, Retd. Revenue Secretary, Hyderabad Government and Zamindar, Secunderabad]

ONE IN THE WORLD



"Blessings and good wishes to Baburao! Fifty years are but a brief span of life, compared to the Biblical age. But in judging a man, it is not age that counts. It is not 'living long a hundred year like an Oak that makes a man better'. One must look to the character and attainments of the man to assess his work. Judged by that standard, Baburao cannot but make us marvel.

"Baburao is a self-made man. Filmindia is a creation of his own. It shows his hard and untiring work and in it he has displayed talents worthy of admiration. His editorials have always arrested attention, not only by the excellence of their style but also by their sparkling grasp. Had providence utilized his services or his genius as an Editor of a political periodical or daily, instead of a monthly magazine like Filmindia, it would have been a matter of still greater pride for the country. He is no respecter of persons. His amazing outspokenness may sometimes wound people. But his criticisms have always been just and born out of a keen imagination with which he is able to visualise events in their true perspective. His rapier thrusts are intended not to wound but to cut open and expose a festering sore, so that it may heal better.

"Baburao, though a faithful and trustworthy friend, is also an unsparing antagonist. One would like to have him on one's side always. He has his faults. Who that is born of men has not? But his good qualities and sterling worth outweigh all his weaknesses. In my extensive world tours, including the recent one of America, I could hardly find any one who could excel him in his extraordinary powers of expression, understanding and criticism of men and matters.

"I wish him many more years of good health and usefulness, so that by his bold and truthful writings, he may purify the social, political and cultural atmosphere."

[From: Mr. H. N. Ashar, Managing Director, The Digvijay Insurance Co. Ltd., Hon. Presidency Magistrate and Justice of Peace, Bombay.]

FIERCE AND FACILE

"Very few people can create things in our country—may it be an industry, institution or a newspaper, because it requires foresight, good planning, organizing power, tremendous energy and considerable knowledge. The task becomes all the more difficult when one starts from practically nothing. I have known Shri Baburao indirectly through his pen when he started his paper in 1935. Since the office of "Filmindia" was shifted in 1941 to the same building where my office is we have become next-door neighbours and since then I came in his direct touch.

"Baburao is a giant amongst our countrymen. He is a fountain of energy and hard work. I have been a reader of his magazine since its inception. Shri Patel was only a film critic since the inception of his paper and he has rendered yeoman services to that industry and also served the public at large by selecting and recommending right type of pictures.

"He has also diverted his pen for last two years

WE COULDN'T HELP

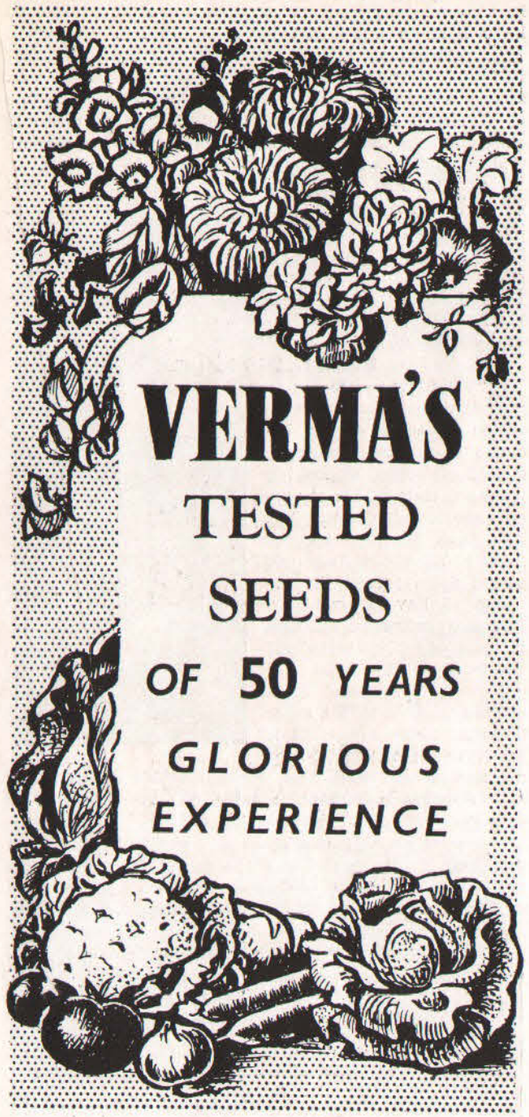
The response to our request for opinions on Mr. Baburao Patel's work has been so huge and overwhelming that it became impossible for us to accommodate every message or opinion in the Golden Jubilee Number.

Hundreds of messages, opinions and articles could not even be considered because they reached us after the Press date.

Selected comments, evaluating Mr. Patel's work from different angles, have therefore been published in this issue. We have done the best we could under very difficult circumstances and we apologize to hundreds of unknown friends for not being able to publish their spontaneous tributes paid to the man they love with such warmth and sincerity.

Ramoo Thakkar
B. S. Folton
Jt. Hon. Secretaries,
Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee

The Vegetables in Baburao Patel's beautiful "Girnar" grow from our seeds. We satisfy the great critic !



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to politics. He has got a fierce but a facile pen. His articles are read by many politicians as they are based on facts and figures though one may not agree with his views. Many times, I find his articles written in a very harsh language and creating unpleasantness, but behind this he has got a golden heart. When he started this paper it had a humble beginning and nobody expected including his best friends that this magazine in a decade's time will be a household magazine. Shri Baburao has varied interests in life. I have known his love for astrology, music, literature, art, medical science and horse-flesh. He has helped many deserving causes.

"Shri Baburao's success is greatly enhanced by his worthy partner Smt. Sushila Rani, M.A., L.T. and his daughter Miss Patel. I wish Shri Baburao Patel health, wealth and prosperity on this occasion of his Golden Jubilee."

[From: Seth Damodarlal Jaipuria, Trade and Industrial Magnate in Textiles, Mining, Plastics, Sugar etc.]

FRANK AND FEARLESS

"Shri Baburao Patel is a well-known personality in the Film World—at the same time is also a frank and fearless critic and fighter for the cause of Film Industry. It is quite befitting that his Golden Jubilee is being celebrated and a Special Golden Jubilee Number of "Filmindia" is being published on this occasion.

"I send my heartiest felicitations to Shri Baburao Patel on this happy occasion and wish that he should continue to give yeoman service to the country and to the cause of Cine Industry."

[From: Mr. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, a leading business magnate of Bombay, associated with the Adult Education Society of Bombay]

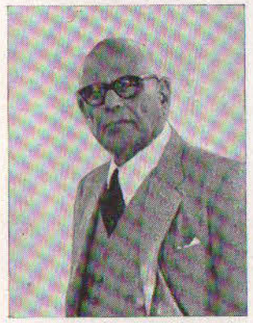
GAINED INTERNATIONAL FAME

"It gives me great pleasure to felicitate Mr. Baburao Patel, whom I have known since the early years of Film Industry, on his Golden Jubilee. Although one must admire his fearless pen it is very often difficult to agree with him. The manner of his presentation of a case on which he is more often than not right, very often loses its force and value. One would have wished that instead of being so critical, had "Filmindia" concentrated on building up the Indian Nation, I am sure he would have met with still greater success than what he has achieved now.

"Mr. Baburao Patel is well known as one of the greatest journalists of our time and is one of the very few who has succeeded in gaining International fame. I feel he should now devote more of his energy on popularising the FIVE YEAR PLAN specially what part the development of the Film Industry in which he is more interested should play so that every man in the country can derive the benefit from the Cinema.

"I pray for his long life and hope that now that he has attained his Golden Jubilee more mature thoughts will govern him and he as the captain of the ship of "Filmindia" will direct it from the stormy seas of the past to the more calm waters of philosophic subjects of life."

[From: Dr. Gokul Chand Narang, M.A., Ph.D., Bar-at-Law, Ex-Minister, undivided Punjab Government, Author of "The Message of the Vedas", "Transformation of Sikhism" and "Real Hinduism", and Industrial Magnate.]



DOUGHTY WARRIOR

"You are perfectly right in describing Mr. Baburao Patel as a doughty warrior of the pen. Please convey my hearty congratulations and best wishes to him on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. All interested in his writings must be praying for his long life."

[From: Mr. Chimanlal B. Parikh, President, Indian Merchants' Chambers, Vice-President, Indian Central Cotton Committee, Vice-President, East India Cotton Association Ltd., Cotton Magnate, Bombay.]

SEVERE YET CORRECT

"I send herewith my felicitations on the occasion of your Golden Jubilee.

"You have done through "Filmindia" yeoman service to the film industry and tried your best with the force of your pen to eradicate the forces which tend to lower the moral tone of our films. The film industry is not a money-making institution only, but it is a powerful medium through which the country can advance culturally. You have been many times very severe, and even bitter, in your criticisms of Indian films, but it must be recognized that your motto has been always to serve the industry and to keep it in its proper channels.

"I wish you long and happy life, so that our country can take advantage of your constructive efforts in the line of journalism."

Greetings
To
BABURAO PATEL
Editor
filmindia
on the occasion of his
GOLDEN JUBILEE
from
F. R. POONAWALA Director,
COMMERCIAL ART ENGRAVERS LTD.
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who had the privilege to make Colour Blocks for cover page of FILMINDIA throughout the period of publication without a break.

Phone: 71769
★
Awarded first prize in Blockmaking at All India Printers Conference & Exhibition at Calcutta on 28th February, 1954.

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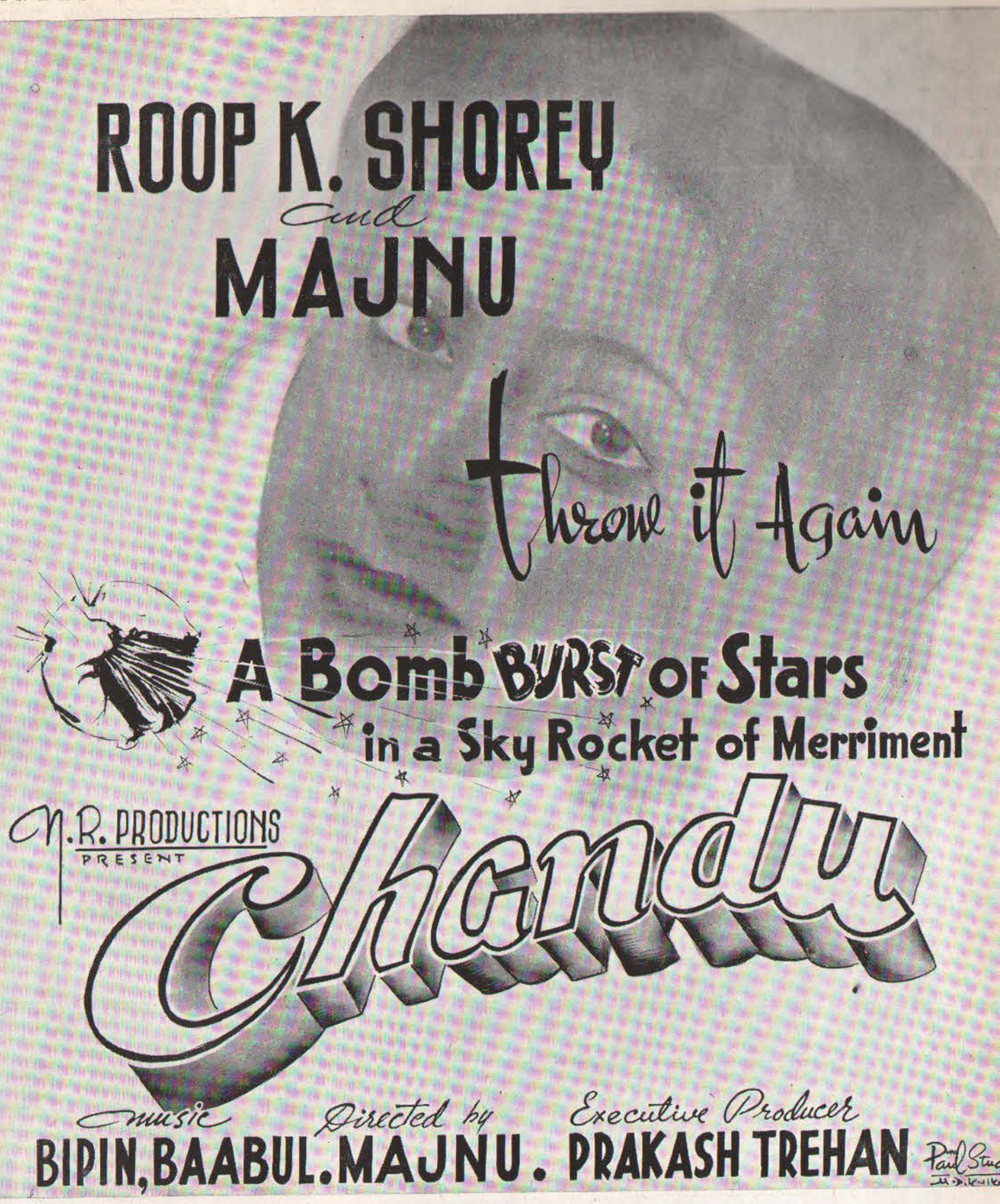

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[From: Mr. Mehboob Khan, India's celebrated producer-director, who succeeded in breaking down the resistance of the foreigners and showed his "Aan" in London and other foreign cities for the first time in the history of Indian films. He is a history maker.]

A BLOOD RELATION

"Baburao and I have been together for years as friends and comrades through the storms and struggles of life. Neither of us has smiled or sighed alone without the other sharing these sighs and smiles.

"Baburao is a great critic, a great writer whose powerful pen has given our film industry all the glamour and glory it needed in many countries of the world. I have personally felt the influence of Baburao and his Filmindia—rather our Filmindia—in my travels in England, Europe and America. The film magnates of the world know only Filmindia as the greatest symbol of the Indian film industry and because of it they often wonder at the unique success of our industry. These foreigners think that our film industry is as perfect and streamlined as Filmindia.

"Baburao's frank, fearless and honest criticism has been the only beaconlight of guidance to our film industry. During all these years of stress and struggle Baburao has revealed the character of a great man, a great fighter and a great lover of our film industry and our country. His pen has no rival.

"But few know Baburao as a friend as I know him. It is at once my great luck and honour to be his friend. In friendship Baburao is a greater blood relation than those one can claim by birth or family ties. For his warm and honest heart, there is no sacrifice too great in friendship. To me he has been an elder brother and never have I felt lonely and helpless in any part of the world with my Baburao still living and fighting on the same planet. I may not have earned much in this film industry—money and prestige being vanishing assets—but I have earned Baburao's friendship and I feel it was worth joining the films and facing its numerous struggles all these years to hold the hand of an honest, god-fearing man in eternal friendship.

"I am a man who believes in prayer and all I can do is to pray to the Almighty to spare Baburao many many years to keep this world a friendly one for me. Inshallah!"

[From: Mr. Gajanan Jagirdar, B.A.—actor, writer, director and producer—is one of our very few versatile film men. He has been in the game 23 long years and his work has been so voluminous and versatile that it cannot be mentioned here. Some of his great character portrayals have made the nation weep.]

A SENSITIVE MAN

"My first glimpse of this unique individual, Baburao Patel, was in 1931, long before he became a celebrity. I was assistant to Director Bhalji Pendharkar who had just initiated me into films, and Baburao was called from Bombay to direct another picture for the same company, the famous Maharashtra Film Co. of Kolhapur. I had heard of Baburao before as an outspoken critic of Indian films, and a writer of crisp English. He had earned recognition as the Editor of one of the first film journals in India, I think it was called the Cinema Samachar, and was also sought after by producers for writing sub-titles. Those were the days of 'silent' pictures and captions were of vital importance to suggest the unheard dialogue.

"Within a couple of days of his arrival in Kolhapur, Baburao won remarkable notice by his cocksure manner and witty speech. He started sizing up and labelling everything and everybody around him and lost no time in scattering his snap-verdicts right and left. His aggressive criticism soon made him either thoroughly liked or thoroughly disliked. What I personally liked about this outspokenness was that it was always the tall poppies that Baburao loved to slash. He took no pleasure in hunting small game. One is glad to observe that this trait still adorns his character today. One may disagree with his judgement and his outlook, but one cannot doubt his integrity.

"Once in those far off days when he was a producer, I sold him one of my stories, a trifle. I recall this incident not for any fame that the story brought me—(it never saw the light of day, worse luck!) but for the grand fortune of Rupees Fifty Baburao bestowed upon me as an advance payment. He knew my urgent need and wanted to help but he never encouraged bor-

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rowing and always liked the other fellow to feel that he had earned the help. That money he gave me was to preserve my self-respect.

"Throughout his writings, Baburao rightly fought against the fatal tendency among the producers to regard the box-office success as the index of a picture's worth. He fills his "filmindia" month after month with generous appreciation or ruthless slating of the endless crop of pictures, but has not himself succeeded in giving us a single picture of outstanding merit, thus supporting the popular belief that a confirmed critic rarely makes a good craftsman. This is a pity, for intellectually and aesthetically Baburao is perfectly fitted to become a pioneer of a New Era in Indian Films. I hope he will yet fill this role one day. This is the success I would wish for him hereafter. For there is still plenty of time. After all—and here speaks one who—alas! is not so very far from the ominous fiftieth milestone—after all, the real sliding down begins after SIXTY! Baburao Patel will, I am sure, stretch that fateful decade by at least 15 years with discreet manoeuvring at which he excels. So cheer up, Baburao, and many happy returns of the "Jubilee"! Why not? You may prove to be the first living specimen of Shaw's "Superman" and Huxley's "Brave New World"!"

[From: Mr. A. R. Kardar, a leading producer-director and proprietor of Kardar Productions, Bombay. He has produced pictures for 20 years—too many to name but the outstanding ones were "Shah Jehan", "Jeewan Jyoti" and "Chacha Chowdhary".]

A LION WITH GUTS

"Pen has written the history and destinies of nations. Who can deny the fact that Baburao Patel's pen is maintaining the same sway over the film industry of India today? For over a quarter of a century, he and his pen have captured the heart and soul of the generation and shall do so for years to come. Like the sword of Caesar, it moves from victory to victory, stupefying even his inveterate enemies.

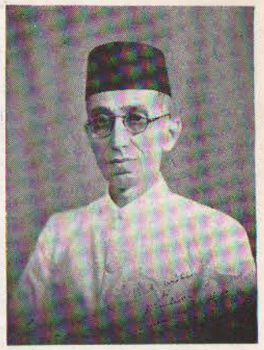
"It shall be his pen which shall change the unsympathetic attitude of our Government towards the industry and earn for it a deserving support to save it from its present critical juncture.

"Baburao Patel is a man of gifted genius. In the domain of criticism, he is a lion and I sincerely admire his guts and frankness with which he calls a spade a spade effectively. To him the Industry looks for writing a filmic Bible to guide it towards prosperity and be a beacon light for one and all connected with it.

Long live Baburao Patel and his Pen.

[From: Mr. Chimanlal B. Desai, a leading producer, distributor and exhibitor. As the proprietor of Sagar Movietone, he produced several pictures too numerous to name.]

IN SPITE OF OPPOSITION



"My association with Baburao Patel dates back to twenty years and I am happy to note that it has been a period of pleasant memory. In him I have found a person who has the courage of his convictions and who sticks to them in spite of every opposition. And I unhesitatingly say that I found the wisdom of his convictions during the period he was in charge of the Publicity Department of my Company, Sagar Movietone.

"Today he is celebrating his 50th Birthday and let me remind Baburao Patel that the Film Industry is still a teenager whom he should adopt now as a Godchild and guide its destiny.

"I wish him a long and prosperous life."

[From: Mr. M. Sadiq, writer, director, producer and Managing Director of Sadiq Productions Ltd., Bombay. Easily the best film worker that the celluloid mill could produce yet.]

A LIVE BOMB

"Yes, I am definitely sure. It was in April 1935—along Chowranghee, the famous Calcutta thoroughfare, that I picked up a live bomb—from a bookstall. It was the first issue of "filmindia".

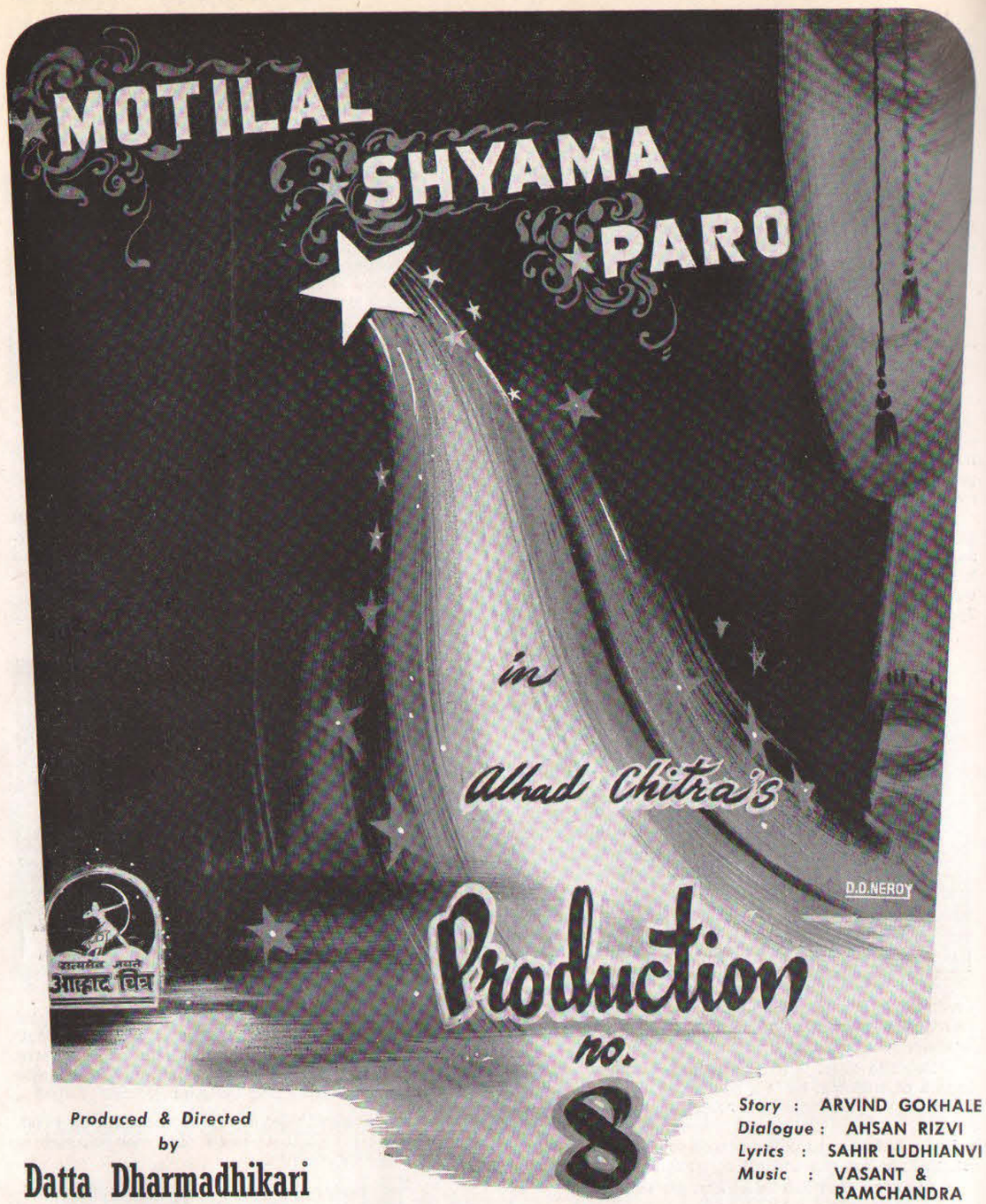
"From its fiery pages shot out a man. It was somebody masked behind the nom de plume of 'Judas'.

"From the very outset this man started tearing down the taken-for-granted 'Idols' of the then-film world with his bold and undisguised criticism. With his pen he ripped away the veils of greatness from the faces of many a great of the day. This man 'Judas' had a very sharp pen.

"There was a tremendous uproar. More than half of the film brotherhood felt indignant at the 'insolent' style of his writing. There were many who showered upon him some classic abuses. Some joined in a wild exclamation—"Who is this arrogant fellow!"

"A few wiser and grayer heads nodded in approval. They giggled behind their straw fans and whispered—"who is this man?"

"I met the man in 1938. By then the general antipathy against him had changed into admiration and respect. He had a small office in Apollo Street. I waited impatiently on a three-legged chair surrounded by piles of books, files and a lot of Chor Bazaar furniture. A squeaking door opened and a marvellous



Produced & Directed by
Datta Dharmadhikari

Story : ARVIND GOKHALE
Dialogue : AHSAN RIZVI
Lyrics : SAHIR LUDHIANVI
Music : VASANT & RAMCHANDRA

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spectre stood before me. I collided with the smiling eyes of a very pretty Anglo-Indian steno. Her charms partially imparted to me a good impression of the man behind the door. I smiled back at her not knowing why—or did I perceive a speck or flattened lipstick at the corner of the bashful girl's lips? She ushered me in.

"There he was. A six-foot pillar of solid flesh and bones. This was Baburao Patel without his mask.

"He spoke most of the time. I listened quietly, putting up a wise front. I found him to be a man of rare intellect, dominant, persuasive and a fluent conversationalist.

"Years have added more human qualities to the credit side of this paradoxically shrewd journalist. He has become more affectionate.

"There have been times when his harsh criticism has pained us. The bitter pills he administered were hard to swallow. But deep down the formidable waves of his writings one could fathom his sincerity to be helpful and constructive.

"To me Baburao has always been a friend and a guide. I regard him as a symbol of perseverance. I know how hard he has struggled right from the pavements of Bombay to the well-earned comforts of GIRNAR.

"To the man of pavements and GIRNAR I offer my hearty congratulations on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee and wish him a long life full of sunshine and happiness."

[From: Mr. P. N. Arora, Producer-director and proprietor of All India Pictures, Bombay, is perhaps our fastest film man in the country]

ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE WORLD

"I feel that Mr. Baburao does not need any introduction or any praise as he is already the most well-known journalist and a staunch writer acknowledged in the world. His contribution in politics and public affairs of this country is too great to be expressed in few words. People who know him as Editor of Filmindia know his unlimited journalistic talents, and his proficiency as such cannot be challenged by anyone.

"As a film critic he has done much useful service to the Indian Film Industry, and the Industry shall ever remember Mr. Patel for his fair criticism and impartial treatment. I can say with confidence that he is one of those few who are responsible, who have given Indian films proper place in our social structure and given it due strength, character and dignity.

"I wish Mr. Patel many happy returns of the day."

[From: Mr. A. V. Meiyappan, one of India's leading producers and proprietor of the AVM Studios, Madras. Mr. Meiyappan holds the secret of mixing art and commerce beautifully in his product and the secret has brought home millions]

SINCERE FRIEND

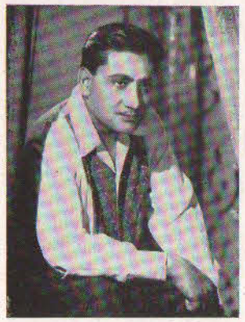
"My acquaintance with Mr. Baburao Patel dates back almost to the first publication of FILMINDIA 20 years ago. His career as a film journalist has been marked by the singular desire to place the industry on a firm footing. His forthright expression—candid and at times devastating comments on film life and film personalities—have been actuated by the burning ambition in him to make this industry play its rightful role in the economic and social set-up of India. If in his enthusiasm Mr. Patel has queered the pitch sometimes, it is only attributable to a sense of impatience at the frailties of this industry rather than criticism for criticism's sake.

"This immense popularity of FILMINDIA reflects in unmistakable terms the esteem and admiration in which Mr. Baburao Patel is held by the horde of reading public in this country. On the occasion of his GOLDEN JUBILEE, let us join in saluting this veteran, the greatest publicist, inveterate critic and above all a sincere friend of the film industry."

[From: Mr. R. Chandra, producer and director, Managing Director of Shri Vishwa Bharati Films Ltd., Bombay]

OUR HANNEN SWAFFER

"Baburao Patel, the doughty journalist, started his career at a time when Newspaper Row was just an extension of Grub St. He has, however, stayed long enough to make it a safe and lucrative place for even his enemies.



"This month Baburao bids goodbye to half a century. Critic, crusader and campaigner, Baburao's fifty crowded years are so interlinked with the history of the Indian film industry that it is indeed difficult to separate the two.

"But it is as a crusader for cleaner films that Baburao made his mark. Using all the invectives in his literary armoury, Baburao has carried on this relentless campaign for well over two decades. And it can be truly said of him that he has never known defeat.

"Baburao packs dynamite into his writing. His devastating humour has the sharpness of a razor's edge, while his sarcasm has pricked the egoistic bubble

of many a movie idol. He writes what he likes and incidentally likes what he writes. What Hannen Swaffer is to Fleet Street, Baburao is to Film Row.

"But in an industry where honour and fairplay are at a discount, Baburao is a much misunderstood man. Time and again unscrupulous people have tried everything short of cutting off his ink-stained hands to still his voice. But, it takes more than mere threats to silence a man who has the courage of his convictions to defy even the highest authority in the land.

"If he has struck terror into the hearts of impostors and charlatans, he has also often incurred the wrath of his compeers, especially those who sell their conscience for half a page of advertisement or two pegs of whisky.

"But like the Rock of Gibraltar, he has withstood all attacks and at fifty is still a force to reckon with in the industry. It can verily be said of him that he has set the standard for cine journalism in this country.

"It is indeed well nigh impossible to record here all the valued contributions of this fabulous character, who is by now a household word throughout the length and breadth of this country.

"For, even when all is said and done, there's still something left unsaid about his incredible achievements —that certain something is for posterity to figure out."

[From: Mr. Ram S. Daryani, producer-director, who has done outstanding work as a film maker. Some of his hits have been: "Sungdil Samaj", "Zamana", "Doosri Shadi", "Ghar ki Izzat" and "Tarana".]

NOT A FLUKE

"I have known Baburao Patel since the days when he was taking out Filmindia which was being sold for four annas only. From six annas to three rupees is a long jump. And it is no fluke, because a fluke cannot last a span of about 20 years.

"It has been the tremendous power of his pen that has established Filmindia as the most read film magazine in India. It can favourably be compared with the best of foreign film magazines. Filmindia is Baburao Patel and Baburao Patel is Filmindia. It is through the medium of this paper that he has shown his talents as a politician, a philosopher and above all a journalist.

"It gives me great pleasure to wish him the best of everything on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. I hope that he adds at least one more Jubilee to the active service of the country in general and Film Industry in particular."

[From: Mr. S. F. Hasnain—writer, director and producer —is the Managing Director of Fazli Brothers Ltd. Some of his outstanding pictures are: "Quaidi", "Chowranghee", "Fashion", "Ismat" etc.]

PEN PAID BETTER

"I do not agree with some of the political views expressed by Mr. Patel. However this is not the time to enumerate his drawbacks but it is an occasion to compliment him for the qualities he possesses.

"Baburao Patel has climbed up from the very rung of the ladder. A very creditable performance indeed. This Banjara left plough for pen and reaped a richer harvest—another feather in his cap (although he seldom wears it). Further he is endowed with an extraordinary sense of wit and humour. His book "Grey Dust" is a living example. He writes King's English and in this few Britishers can hope to rival and none to excel him.

"I wish this fifty year old young cricketer a brilliant century."

[From: Mr. R. K. Shorey, Producer, director and proprietor of Shorey Films, Bombay. Opinion printed without any additions or alterations as demanded, with the only correction in the spelling of "Dr. Jekyll".]

TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT

"Which is greater, pen or the sword?" has been one of the great controversies since times immemorial. But to Baburao Patel alone goes the credit of finishing this controversy once for all as in his case pen and sword are synonymous.

"With his pen he slashes people and personalities, inflicts wounds and bleeds them mercilessly. Only sometimes like the great Don Quixote, he creates, challenges, fights and conquers foes that are imaginary and enemies that do not exist.

"There is no gainsaying the fact that Baburao Patel is the great doyen of Indian film journalism and if he also appears a great demon, that only proves once again that there is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in anyone of us. Though it is certainly more dramatic and interesting to be Mr. Hyde (the bad man) than to be Dr. Jekyll (the noble one). I will always have the ambition (not hopeless, I hope) that Baburao Patel may yet some day realize that Dr. Jekyll is after all not so useless and uninteresting a fellow as he appears.

"My only regret is that Baburao Patel has not used his talents in the right direction, because had he done so, "Filmindia" today should have been on top of the world, and he would not have lost the confidence of the film industry and the public.

"Wishing Baburao Patel the best of everything in life."

[From: Mr. Tushar Kanti Ghosh, B.A., Editor of "Amrita Bazar Patrika", Calcutta; Director: Press Trust of India and United Press of India; Member, Central Board of Film Censors]

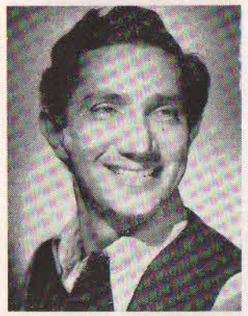
WIDE ATTENTION

"One may not always agree with all the views expressed by Mr. Baburao Patel from time to time with courage of conviction. It cannot however be gainsaid that his contributions to the development of the Indian film industry have always received wide attention."

[From: Ex-Captain Pesy Billimoria, once Army photographer—now Director of Sadiq Productions Ltd., Bombay.]

RIGHT AMBASSADOR

"Through the journey of my life there are few books which I have made life-long companions. They are "Bhagwad Geeta", "Chesterfield's Letters To His Son" and "Life of Bonaparte". For light and refreshing reading my choice has always been Filmindia. In my opinion it is the only magazine read by literates, semi-illiterates and known even by those affected by ignorance. One question has always been a dilemma to me. Is Filmindia Baburao Patel or Baburao Patel is Filmindia? Did Henry Ford make Ford Motor Cars famous or Ford Motor cars made Henry Ford famous? This is a paradox. In my opinion Baburao Patel and Filmindia are Siamese twins.



"Baburao is living in Girnar and is sending his twin to every nook and corner of the world. In India it is a national guide. Abroad Filmindia goes as our rightful and staunch Ambassador.

"Filmindia is not merely a big business, but monopolised journalism. With its foresightedness, vision and honest policy, I have no hesitation in saying that it is going to be a dynamic force in near future. It will be known for its usefulness to elect and defeat candidates for public offices, destroy public confidence in legislatures, stampede a nation out of a prohibition hysteria. If full freedom of press is allowed, Filmindia will be a decisive force, in preventing war, strengthening democracy and building up our nation in spite of the tremendous handicap of Five-Year Plan.

"Our film journalism was conducted by run-away apprentices, half-baked and self-styled journalists. It was Baburao Patel who brought Cine Journalism to respectable standard in the eyes of educated public and made the Government conscious of "Film-Force". His individuality in writing is his personal distinction. Many people say that he is very loud in criticizing a director, picture or producer. But whenever he appreciates a good job, he softly whispers through his pen. The standard which Indian films have achieved today is mainly due to his dauntless efforts in improvement and relentless and frank criticism.

"On this auspicious occasion of his Golden Jubilee I honestly and sincerely wish Baburao good luck, good health and prosperity. I express same feelings for Sushila Rani Patel whose intelligence is not only valuable to Baburao but is also contagious."

[From: Mr. Kaushik R., veteran technician and Director of Audiography at Mehboob Productions Ltd., Bombay.]

A TRUE CRITIC

"Accept my heartiest congratulations and best wishes on your completion of 50 years of this valuable life.

"Your life has been that of a critic—a true critic on whose shoulders lay great responsibilities of guiding the average citizens who have been struggling hard and find their life harder and harder due to the present day world-over confusion of political, economical, social and legal affairs. These average citizens set their eyes upon their favourite critics like you and their free, fearless and healthy criticisms for their guidance and for their existence.

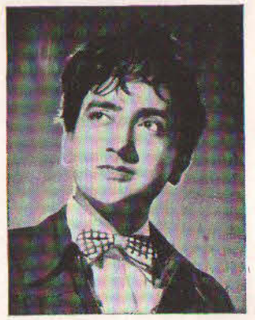
"Though your life as a true and front-rank critic is devoted mainly to the film industry for whose advance and progress you have played no less important part, you have always been looked upon by your fans for your guidance on all the spheres of life whether it may be political, economical, social, religious or legislative and you have never disappointed them.

"May God bless you and your pen with long, long life to carry on and fulfil these sacred duties towards our countrymen."

[From: Bharat Bhushan, India's most popular film star —the man with a god's face—the darling of millions and the dream of maidens]

AS POPULAR AS A STAR

"It happened in the studios one morning. The latest issue of "Filmindia" had just come out.



"The usual group of stragglers had collected in the studio-grounds. They were discussing the contents of that issue. Some particularly trenchant piece of criticism came under the spotlight, and they were discussing whether it was fair or not. One of these persons dragged me into the discussion by asking me: "What do you think of Baburao Patel?"

"I told him my opinion. He did not agree!

"This was his argument. "However highly you may think of him, Bharat", he said, "You must admit that

very often the man goes to extremes and hits people below the belt."

"You may be right," I replied calmly. "He does go to extremes. At times he may hit below the belt. But I have never seen him hitting anybody below the intellect!"

"Baburao is as popular with the public as any of our topmost stars. To become so popular without applying make-up and facing the studio-lights is no small achievement.

"I have heard both Baburao Patel and "Filmindia" being discussed and berated by those who have felt the sting of his pen, and by such orthodox people as have no taste for our Indian films.

"But by the sheer strength of his pen, he has conquered the hearts and entered the homes of many such orthodox and uncompromising people.

"You might differ with his views. But you cannot but help admire the way in which he expresses these views.

"You might differ with the sharp and cutting manner with which he puts these views across, but neither you nor I—nobody, can differ with, or ignore, the courage and conviction with which he communicates these thoughts, these views, these ideas, to the people who love India and her films."

[From: Mr. P. Jairaj, veteran artiste, writer, director and producer, Bombay]

MIGHTY OAK

"Before I knew Baburao Patel he was already a rebel, liked and disliked, loved and hated but no one denied his spirit and courage. He was a pioneer in the unexplored lands of film journalism.

"Thoroughness is his attraction. If he was interested in horticulture, politics, architecture or anything he would not like, write or experiment unless he has made an authoritative study and his capacity for painstaking study is amazing. Efficiency with him is an obsession. He will never accept or forgive not even his near and dear ones the quality of inefficiency.

"He is a Teuton, proud, hard, unyielding and thorough. He loves colour and pageantry in a big way. With him nothing is small and petty. In his moods he reflects the gypsy strain, the basic man—impulsive in his emotions, strong in love, friendship and anger. His standards are his very own but his friends and foes will say he is a generous man.

"One should not be led away by his calm, for deep under he is like a volcano about to thunder and erupt—always moving ahead, thinking ahead, tense and dynamic. Competition makes him keen and alert and once on the warpath he is relentless like a tiger stalking his prey.

"One might differ with his ideals but his sincerity is never questioned, for he has an intellectual honesty and idealism all his own. He has the willingness to face adverse facts and with unerring accuracy he can winnow the grain from the chaff.

"He is a student who attended the school of life—life with all its hopes, disappointments, strife, turmoil, loves and hates. As years rolled on he has mellowed with knowledge, understanding and love for mankind.

"May the springs and summers to come give strength to this mighty oak and shelter it from storms for his fellowmen to take comfort in its shade."

[From: Mr. Faredoon A. Irani, veteran technician and Director of Photography at Mehboob Productions Ltd., Bombay]

BLUNT TRUTH

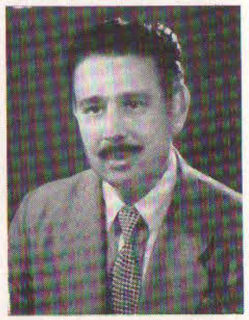
"Much water has flowed under the bridge since we, as young men, worked together.

"I have always taken my hat off to your courage in speaking the truth directly and bluntly. Your preeminence in the world of criticism is a matter of history. I know that you will continue the good work you have done so well for so long.

"My heartiest and warmest felicitations on your fifty first birthday. May you double those years!"

[From: Mr. Baban Gokhale—character actor, sportsman and businessman of Bombay]

HIS 3-D PERSONALITY



"I have known Baburao Patel for the last eighteen years and since the day I met him I have felt that I have met a living character out of the Book of Fairy Tales. Baburao is a great day-dreamer and a lucky one too, because many of his dreams have come true and he has consolidated them. His success is mainly due to his hard work, perseverance and stubbornness.

"Writing about Baburao and not mentioning the weaker sex is unfair—as women in the past have played an important part in moulding and remoulding his life. Any way, of late Baburao has developed a perfect 3-D personality as seen by women (in distress). Some see in him the Prince Charming with a magic wand, some the Cave Man with a club and of late most of them have discovered in him the depth of a Sugar Daddy with a fat cheque book. The only disinterested specimen of a female has been

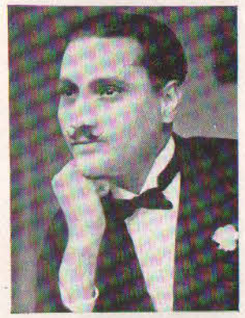
Dame Fortune who has been very generous in lavishing her rich favours for his hard work.

"Now Baburao Patel is fifty and has achieved most of his desires and ambitions and I sincerely hope that this good friend of mine will now devote more time in helping Bharat to regain her past glory and expose her internal and external enemies.

"I wish him all luck and many Happy Returns of the day."

[From: Mr. Bhagwan Hajeley, M.A., L.L.B., producer-director, is the pioneer of films in the Uttar Pradesh, Kanpur]

SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED



"I deem it a privilege to pen a few lines on my reminiscences of Baburao Patel. More than a decade has passed since I first met him but his simple and dignified form still lingers in my mind.

"With an impressive symbol of 'plain living and high thinking', coupled with a dignified twist in his popular articles, Baburao embodies in him all the virtues of a true GIVER to his millions of Filmindia readers.

"Cool and calculated, with a kind and sensitive disposition, he carries with him all that is essential to a journalist and a patriot.

"May he be spared long to serve the cause of our film industry."

[From: Mr. K. G. Punwani, Proprietor of Film Show Productions. A newcomer to film production, Mr. Punwani still brings good education and observation to the industry.]

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

"While wishing him many more Jubilees so that he keeps alive "Filmindia" for years to come, I have nothing but praise for Mr. Patel's work in the cause of the film industry. I feel interested in his writings for his outspokenness and straight-from-the-shoulder talk, though at times he is devastatingly frank and sometimes just an inch far from the fact. But there are frailties in all humans and Mr. Baburao is no exception. I admire him for his pen and his forensic ability. He stands like a colossus amongst critics, but to make his views and criticisms prevail effectively, how I wish Mr. Patel became a little less 'critical' and 'devastating'."

[From: Mr. John Grierson, Father of the British Documentary Film, held many official posts as the Head of the G. P. O. Film Unit, Film Commissioner for Canada, Controller of Films Division etc. His book "Grierson On Documentary" is a standard work on the subject.]

STILL EXCITING

"I send my respects to Baburao Patel on this jubilee occasion.

"I said long ago that Filmindia was one of the exciting film papers of the world. I still think so. The secret of movie is its contact with life and its assertion that with all its foibles, follies and extravagances it is worth living. That is its value to the people as a mass medium. It is their act of faith and it is their art of faith. Never to be bored about it but always to be alive about it come hell or high weather, is the greatest contribution anyone of us can make. If ever anyone was alive about it it is Patel. Good luck to him from across the seas."

[From: Mrs. Shobhana Samarth, artiste and producer, the darling of millions of filmgoers]

ALWAYS A FRIEND

"Baburao Patel who is a friend in need is a friend indeed."

[From: Mr. S. B. Borker, an enterprising distributor and Managing Director of Borker Brothers Ltd., Bombay]

LION OF JOURNALISM

"It is indeed a great event for Indian Journalism and the Film Industry in particular that we have the opportunity and the rare privilege of felicitating Mr. Baburao Patel, the lion of Indian Film Journalism, on his Golden Jubilee. I, therefore, hasten to extend to him on this auspicious occasion a big hand and congratulate him on the grand and successful battle he has waged with the Government and the vested interests to raise the standard of film journalism and in its stride the prestige of his own paper **FILMINDIA** and side by side espouse the cause of Film Industry in all its branches.

"It is a well-known fact that but for his balanced and dynamic editorials month after month penned in his inimitable style and the single-minded devotion to

the improvement in the conditions in the trade and the quality of Indian films in particular and the common man's lot in general, FILMINDIA might have been like any other paper of doubtful calibre that clutter the industry today. FILMINDIA and its editor with the frank and fearless policy they follow, made us feel that they are the conscience of the Industry pulling up wayward members and commending those whose technical and artistic excellence have been a major contribution to whatever good that people have seen in our films today. It is unfortunate, however, that some of us have taken amiss Mr. Baburao Patel's pungent and scathing broadsides on men and matters filmic, instead of taking them as fatherly admonishments. Mr. Patel may seem to have a rough exterior but within it beats a heart that is good and tender as any one will tell who has had the good fortune of getting his sound advice and help and he is there always to help all who care to go to him.

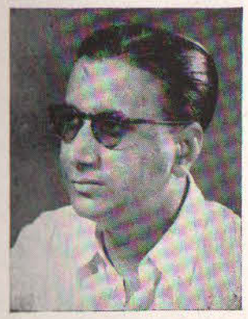
"I may not be in the ranks of film producers but being closely associated with this business of production as a distributor, I can boldly say that whatever Mr. Patel has propagated through his paper shall always inspire me to serve the Industry honourably and patriotically and if thereby I can help to create a cleaner atmosphere in it and to bring stability which it badly needs today so as to command the respect of the people and the Government, I shall feel my efforts were not in vain.

"It is a pity that there is only one like him and till others reach his stature, let us pray that God may not diminish in him the strength and the zeal with which he has championed the interests of the Industry and may the light of his experience and intelligence that he has shed on the industry in the past yet serve us as the beacon light to steer clear the mist of selfishness, greed, and mismanagement that are sapping the vitality of the industry at this hour. Only then shall we stand on our own legs."

[From: Mr. S. M. Pandit, India's topmost artist, the man who gives Filmindia's colourful covers and jumps first into the hungry eyes of Filmindia's millions of readers every month. His paintings have won numerous Gold Medals.]

IMPRESSED AN ARTIST

"Baburao Patel as a journalist and critic has few equals in the world today. As a man he can be compared to the Kohinoor diamond—which looked at from any angle—displays the same lustre and brightness.



"Baburao Patel is a self-made man, having the capacity for any subject—be it politics, economics, philosophy, astrology, art or anything under the sun.

"As an artist, I have come in contact with India's leading film personalities, including ace directors, artists, producers, technicians etc, but it must be said to the credit of Baburao Patel, that in the field of art, he is the man that has impressed me the most. With his towering personality he towers above the rest. I have found him to be the only man in the film industry, concerned about the well-being of others less fortunately placed, ever ready to give them a push in life. I am not an exception to this benevolence of his, and I am grateful for all that he has done for me. I acknowledge Mr. Baburao Patel as one of the men who have influenced my life to a great extent.

"I congratulate him on his completion of 50 years, as the world's leading journalist, and I wish him many more successful years to come.

"May his name live forever among India's greatest men."

[From: Mr. Sudhir Sanyal—author, journalist and film publicity expert, Calcutta.]

ANSWER-MAN OF THE NATION

"Internationally-famed, Baburao Patel, is to us the father of film journalism in India. To me, he is more than that. He is my "Gurudev".

"As I entered his office for my first conversation with this great journalist, he gave me his hand across a clean, flat desk and asked me to sit down on a comfortable chair, eyed me for a moment and made me feel at home.

"I was face to face with a celebrity whom I tried to measure up by comparing notes with the dream-picture I had of him from his writings. I found him tall, straight with a sort of ramrod straightness. A broad-shouldered, well-built and immaculately dressed, Editor Patel spoke with a deep voice. He seemed to me completely incapable of small talk, but he liked intellectual adventure and when engaged in it, his desire to probe a problem to its depths overcame his great inner restraint. He, I soon found, was very frank when he felt he would be properly understood.

"It was easy for me to realize that his brain was a precision instrument and his memory phenomenal. His knowledge of my home-province, Bengal, was as profound as that of Bombay and Madras! He spoke of many big and small people of my province including many of our stars, producers and directors. I do not know if his weakness for Bengal is as strong as his passion for whiskey, but his capacity to admit, appreciate and acknowledge her talents is as profound as it is genuine.

"It is not sheer luck that has brought him fame, wealth and position. To me, his life reads like the life of a big industrialist which tells us that there is no golden rule to achieve success in life, excepting sheer hard work. Editor Patel merits the position he occupies today not only as the biggest journalist, but, as the only friend, philosopher and guide for the picture-makers and picturegoers alike.

"Even Patel was not spared the insult which the under-dogs levelled against him. He was not the man to swallow it without a counter-stroke. His GREAT CHALLENGE against the alleged charges of black-mailing, which was never answered, earned for Editor Patel nationwide praises. This proves that he is temperamentally incapable of despair. He is a fighter with a record of victory after victory which is almost colossal.

"During all the meetings I had so far with Mr. Patel, I noticed that there was not a trace of annoyance in him, though to an unsympathetic eye he might give a contrary impression.

"Editor Patel is the "answer-man" of the nation. His pen is like an electric-torch. No living man to my knowledge has answered so many questions on so many topics in his life-time. And whatever he writes in reply to a query, is read, remembered and quoted.

"He enters into the 50th year of his life with all its force and creativity intact. Behind this vital force, I can feel the soul of a warrior, yet, as soft and tender as that of a woman. His passion to rule is natural to him as his capacity to love and being loved.

"If I am permitted to quote, I would like my thought to run as under on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee:

"Count your garden by the flowers
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your life by smiles, not tears
And with joy on this your BIRTHDAY,
Count your age by friends, not years!"

[From: Miss Mina Kapoor, popular playback singer of India, Bombay]

READ IN MOONLIT NIGHT

"I remember just like yesterday when about fifteen years ago my father (Shri Vikram Kapoor) one day brought a copy of "Filmindia" and kept it on the table. Being a child of only eight, I was much attracted towards the magazine and started turning pages after pages. Seeing this my father explained to me some beautiful jokes and the Editorial article, which he said, was written by Mr. Baburao Patel, the editor of the magazine.

"From that day onwards the most humorous and impressive articles of the editor brought me the idea of most beautiful pictures which I could not resist without seeing day in and day out. As a result I used to spend most of my time going through the magazine even forgetting my meals. Seeing this extraordinary interest, my father had to warn me many a time not to take so much interest in it as to spoil my interest in my studies. In spite of his frequent warnings I could not resist the temptation of going through the magazine sometimes even in the moonlit night to avoid my father.

"By nature I am more interested in reading than anything else. During the last fifteen years I have been reading a lot of literature on various topics. But I find, without the least exaggeration, that Mr. Baburao Patel's pen has such a wonderful power, which would easily place him among the best writers in the world. Undoubtedly his services are an asset to the literary world in general and the film world in particular. On this most auspicious occasion of his Golden Jubilee Celebrations, I most earnestly pray for his health, prosperity and happiness. May God bless him with a very very long life."

[From: Messrs. Indukumar Shah and Shantilal Baxi, proprietors of Shobha Art Films, Bombay]

MANY MINDS

"We sincerely congratulate Mr. Patel for choosing the film as his particular field of journalistic endeavour as it has helped to guide the Indian film industry. It was he who forced the leaders of politics and public affairs in the country to realize the social importance of the Indian film industry.

"We are proud to say that he has given the best years of his life for the up-lift of the film industry of India and proved himself as the beacon light of guidance in its darkest hours.

"Again, we wish him all happy returns of the day and wish him long long life to write fairly, frankly and honestly as he has been doing in the past.

"We cannot resist the temptation of naming him as a man of many minds."

[From: Miss Lata Mangeshkar—the most popular nightingale of the screen]

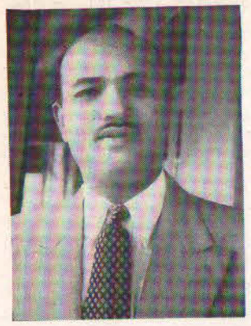
PRACTICAL WISDOM

"Through his fearless and impartial criticism, yet with warm appreciation and sympathetic encouragement, Baburao Patel has rendered invaluable service to the film industry. It shall not at all be an exaggeration to assert that his undaunted courage and practical wisdom have been responsible to a great extent in raising the film industry to its present status.

"Although a sturdy fighter, by his simple philosophy and practical approach to problems in life, Baburao Patel has endeared himself not only to the people in film industry but to the layman as well. On this happy occasion of the golden jubilee, I have great pleasure in joining others in wishing him a long, and prosperous life. May He endow him with good health to carry on the fight to better the conditions of our film industry."

[From: Mr. Sadanlal Jain, Financier—distributor and proprietor of "Film Syndicate", Bombay and Delhi]

NO OTHER MAGAZINE



"Today you are entering your jubilant 50th year and I hasten to send my warmest greetings to you, and let many more such birthdays be observed in time to come.

"In fact a strong-willed man like you is greatly needed amidst us, to put us on the right path, when we err. But several people resent this, when their drawbacks are pointed out. It depends on how we take it. I am very much impressed by your selfless task in improving our industry, and more so, I admire your vast knowledge, and the masterly way you tackle any subject from films to politics.

"There was a time when your genuineness was put under trial and several called you a blackmailer and so on. But you had the guts to throw an open challenge to such people and ultimately they were silenced. I do not think that there is any other magazine in India to compare with yours both in contents and the standard in which it is brought out, though several people tried their best to imitate you and failed.

"I wish you all luck and may God shower on you His choicest blessings for long life and prosperity."

[From: Mr. Kantilal S. Desai, Advertising Expert and proprietor of Asha Advertisers, Bombay]

50 CANDLES

"Fifty candles will grace the birthday cake of Shri Baburao Patel, today at that enviable "Girnar".

"I am inspired to say that, if candles can speak each one will narrate a different story of the man's great struggle—the struggle of the man who built "Filmindia" with his mighty pen.

"Seldom has success crowned a writer but Shri Baburao Patel is an exception. On the contrary success ran after him and brought him fame and fortune both.

"Today is the red-letter day in the annals of Indian film journalism, for, the giant among film journalists is celebrating his Golden Jubilee.

"On this occasion, I wish him many more springs."

[From: Mr. Mahipatray Shah—financier, producer and distributor, proprietor of Rupkamal Chitra. His latest picture was "Bhagyawan".]

MAN OF DEVOTION

"They say "Some people are born great and some achieve greatness . . . . . ." Without exaggeration, I can say Baburao Patel has achieved greatness, and how? But for those who achieve greatness, life is no bed of roses. Day in and day out, they have to struggle and fight all odds. To build today's most circulated "Filmindia", Baburao has slogged day and night. Today's "Filmindia" is an outcome of years of struggle and devotion.

"I am reminded of what he once wrote: "With devotion, you can even buy the Almighty." He has put these words in action, his limitless devotion to build a unique film journal has put "Filmindia" on top.

"This friend, philosopher and guide of the film industry is celebrating his Golden Jubilee. On this occasion, I wish him years of many more advertisements and timely recovery of money."

[From: Mr. Kikubhai V. Desai, veteran distributor and financier and Chief of Paramount Films, Bombay]

IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

"Journalism is no bed of roses and more so journalism devoted solely to films and the persons concerned with this vital Industry.

"Starting at a time when there were very few film journals "filmindia" had made enormous strides since then in the matter of get-up, editorials, apt criticism, attractive illustrations, caustic comment and host of items that go to make a journal worth reading.

"One may not agree with all that Mr. Baburao writes but none can deny that his contributions make an exhilarating and sometimes thought-provoking reading and no wonder that "Filmindia" is very popular with persons in all walks of life."

THE INDIAN GLOBE INSURANCE CO., LTD.

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Transacting business in

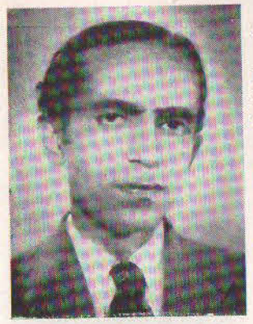
FIRE, LIFE, MARINE, MOTOR, ACCIDENT, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ETC.

Branches & Agencies all over India.

[From: Mr. V. M. Vyas, one of our most enterprising producers and directors and proprietor of Sunrise Pictures, Bombay. He has also worked so hard that he forgot his meals and missed his weight.]

HIS LIFE A WAR

"At thirty, Baburao Patel was a name to reckon with in the show business.



"At fifty, he is a legendary figure.

"In the intervening years, Baburao has achieved so much that one could say he has lived his life twice over.

"A veteran myself, I had the pleasure of watching his dizzy rise to fame from a modest beginning in 1934. Though over the years, there have been occasions when we could not see eye to eye on certain matters, I would ungrudgingly add that even when provoked, he has never stooped down to hit below the belt. Though loyal to friends and causes dear to his heart, he would not hesitate to pull them up when they deviate from the path of righteousness.

"His life is like a war that never ended a war, albeit a one-man affair, against corruption and nepotism, injustice and iniquities. And it can rightly be said of him, that he has never proved to be a false prophet who had to eat his own words. His relentless fight against anti-Indian pictures like "Ganga Din", which was later banned as a result of his campaign, is proof, if proof was necessary, that he has seldom lost a battle or a debate.

"As a journalist cum crusader, he never believes in mincing words or pulling a punch. His wit and sarcasm are well known. Equally well known is his indifference to criticism. In fact, there are many journals that eke out an existence by just writing against Baburao Patel. That, I think, is a tribute to his personal popularity.

"Bellicose journalist, enlightened reformer and relentless crusader, Baburao has by now earned for himself a permanent niche in the Movie Hall of Fame.

"In fact, there is only one man who could steal the thunder from the Patel named Baburao. That man is Baburao Patel!"

[From: Mr. Prithviraj Kapoor, artiste, director and producer, Prithvi Theatres]

IMPARTIAL CRITIC

"On the occasion of your Golden Jubilee my Theatre and I send you greetings. May God give you a hundred years. The film industry today badly needs an impartial critic like you."

[From: Mr. Bhagwan—popular writer, artiste, director and producer—proprietor of Bhagwan Art Productions, Jagriti Studios, Bombay.]

RICHLY DESERVES

"You richly deserve to enjoy this celebration. In your journalistic achievements you can very well look around with pride for the unique popularity of your "FILMINDIA". While other monthly journals have the collaboration of a panel of editors and contributors to sustain their readers' interest, your "FILMINDIA" could give month after month to its thousands of readers varied and interesting articles, caricatures and news items from your own pen, to the amazement and envy of other editors.

"I very well recollect some of your precepts and your Churchillian spirit against various odds to triumph ultimately in your undertakings. Your naming of your palatial bungalow as "GIRNAR" gives one an inkling of your spirit akin to the majestic residents of the famous Girnar forests.

"Wishing you still glorious time ahead and looking

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MODERN *Bust* BUILDER

The Master Hormone-Vitamin Treatment to beautify your Bust to fascinating form. It develops, lifts, rebuilds, rejuvenates and remoulds the contours to exotic curves.

Mammytone offers five standardised treatments for different breast defects, and that is why **MAMMYTONE NEVER FAILS.**

MAMMYTONE No. 1. Develops and Swells a Flat Bust to perfection . . . **Rs. 15**
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Select your treatment and correct your contours. If you cannot decide send As. 8 in stamps for our Clinical Report No. 7, describing in detail "The Facts about Female Form" with 30 Perfect Bust-Beauty Art illustrations.

FASTRIN for Pimples, Black-Heads and Wrinkles:—Fastrin is a combined cold, vanishing and base cream, tissue and skin food. It contains all the essential hormones, vitamins and skin-food oils of almond, anisi, castor, olive, sandal, turtle with lecithin, lanolin, lavender, witch hazel glycerine, rose-water and sulphathiazole and penicillin the wonder drug to combat infection.

Fastrin Cream A. For Blonde Skin. Per Pot Rs. 5.
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ELLIS & MARTYN

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forward to the day when you celebrate your Diamond Jubilee also."

[From: Mr. R. T. Waravadekar, General Manager of Messrs. T. S. Waravadekar, Leading Newsagents, Bombay.]

WILL SELL AT RS. 5|-

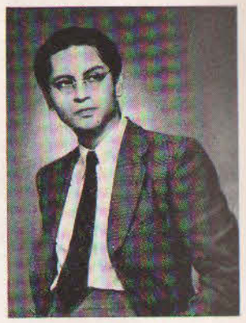
"You have borne the editorial yoke of the magazine "filmindia" with great success for 20 years and got for the magazine unprecedented reputation in every corner of the world. It is no exaggeration to say that such a nice, ideal and great magazine is not published anywhere else in the world —not even in America.

"Your extraordinary command over the English language and your beautiful style of writing cannot be acquired by anyone else even with great effort. Yours is the only magazine in India selling at three rupees a copy and yet so popular, but even if its price were to be raised to Rs. 5|- a copy, people would still buy it with pleasure just for the beautiful style of your language. Your editorials in the "filmindia" cause a lot of thinking even to the Government.

"I have been intimately connected with "filmindia" for the last 17 years and it is my request to you that the relationship may continue like that till the end. It is my prayer to God that your future life be full of happiness, prosperity and progress."

[From: Mr. Gyan Mukerjee, well-known writer, director and producer of Bombay]

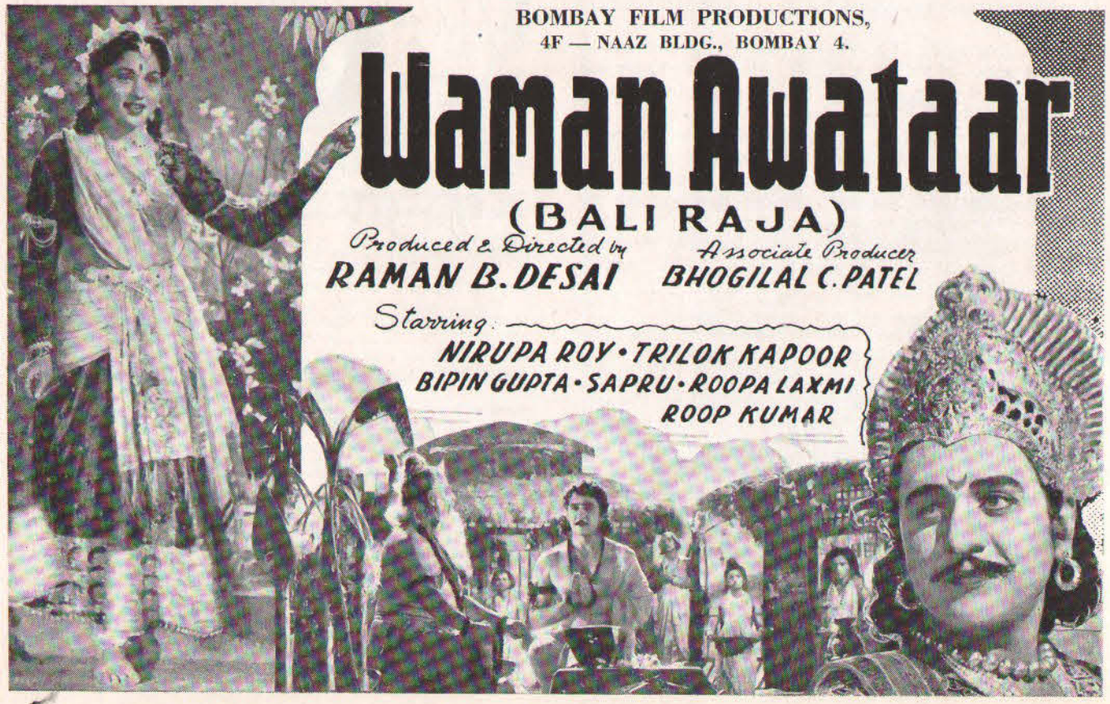
THE PHENOMENON



"The half century just gone by has been remarkable for many historical events: two World Wars, Mahatma Gandhi, Stalin and Indian Independence. Equally remarkable in the annals of journalism has been the ascendancy to power and popularity of the phenomenon known as BABURAO PATEL. For, at no time in history has a single journalist—and a Film Journalist at that—exercised such potent influence on contemporary thought as the exciting and stinging BABURAO PATEL of FILMINDIA.

"Yours has been a Himalayan achievement, to say the least; and at the present juncture of life when you look back to the five decades of endeavour, struggle and victory and look forward to glories yet shrouded in the womb of the future, we all sincerely pray the Almighty to spare you for many more decades to come to enable you to carry the torch before us.

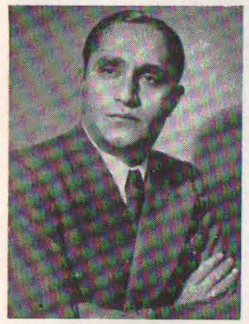
"With warmest felicitations and sincere prayers for many many happy returns of the day."



C.P.C.I.:—VASANT PICTURES, JALGAON.

[From: Mr. Vijay Bhatt—leading producer and director of Prakash Pictures. His hits are: "Ram Rajya", "Ram Baan", "Bharat Milap", "Baiju Bawra" and "Maha-prabhu Chaitanya" etc.]

HIS MIGHTY PEN



"I am very glad to hear that the Golden Jubilee of Mr. Baburao Patel, our veteran journalist, is being celebrated in a befitting manner.

"On this happy occasion I send my sincere good wishes and pray to Almighty that may he live long to celebrate his Centenary and continue to serve our industry and the nation at large with his mighty pen and intellectual contribution.

"His brickbats and bouquets spiced with sharp wit and sense of humour, have helped the Cine-industry to go from one height to another. I wish him health, wealth, happiness and prosperity. Let Fame and Filmindia progress together."

[From: Mr. M. I. Dharamsey, our young and enterprising producer-director and proprietor of Zodiac Pictures, has already several good pictures to his credit, Some of them are: "Hamari Baat", "Anokha Pyar", "Saudagar", "Pratima" and "Mulakat".]

SET TO PURPOSE

"Every person born in this world has a certain definite purpose to serve but most of us are found at the end of our lives either lacking in the knowledge of that purpose for which we were born or having had an inkling of the same, fumbling for ways and means of achieving it. Shri Baburao Patel is in the happy position of those who by their personal efforts and experience not only knew well the purpose but also knew the way to achieving it in the prime of his life.

"Let us all pray, may his 'Light' guide him with more tolerance and co-operation towards complete fulfilment.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

Amen."

[From: Mr. Jayant Desai is one of our most successful box-office producers and directors. Some of his recent hits are: "Bhakta Raj", "Manorama", "Samrat Chandra-gupta", "Maharana Pratap", "Har Har Mahadev", "Hazar Raten" and "Mala".]

NEVER BOWED DOWN

Is it not wonderful that, today, I am whole-heartedly wishing every success and long life to the man who once wrote in "Filmindia" that I should be hanged in a public park . . . . .?

"But I have taken this comment about me smilingly because I know the frank and fearless ways of criticism of Mr. Baburao Patel.

"To run a film journal like "Filmindia" is a herculean task; for us, the producers, Filmindia's comment affects our bread and butter. But Mr. Baburao Patel has never cared or never bowed down to the producers. Although highly controversial, my hats off to this undaunted journalist and his mighty pen.

"Many happy returns of the day with every good wish."

[From: Mr. Raman B. Desai, well-known producer and director of India. He has produced and directed many pictures in Hindi and Gujarati. Some of his outstanding ones are: "Paheli Pahechan", "Krishna Sudama", "Radhe Shyam", "Raja Harischandra", "Nag Panchami", "Hari Darshan" and "Raj Yogi"]

UNIQUE UNIVERSITY

"At fifty Baburao Patel is a triumph and a tragedy.

"It is a glorious triumph for an individual who started life with twenty-six letters of the English Alphabet as his sole material assets to have built up an unique university in the world. And that is what "Filmindia" means to its countless readers who form a colourful cross-section of human race, spread over different countries on the globe. For a film journalist to be a friend, philosopher and guide to a vast majority of his readers continuously for over a period of twenty long years, is an achievement unparalleled in the entire history of journalism.

"In movieland it is a rare triumph for Baburao the man, to have steered clear and clean through gutters of glamour, traps of temptations, mines of Movie-Marwaris and ropes of rulers, and to have emerged at fifty as an integrated personality whom phenomenal power has failed to corrupt.

"The tragedy of Baburao is two-fold.

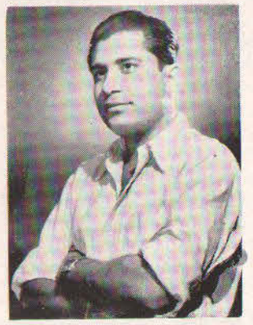
"In a field where his constructive criticisms could have been utilized to lay firm foundations and ensure a planned progress for the industry, those who take

him seriously do not count, and the majority of the movie-merchants who count, have all along considered him a Don Quixote, a stimulating nuisance, a swash-buckler, a blackmailer, and above all, a reliable and useful ladder to secure strategic points for personal power, positions and gains.

"At fifty Baburao Patel is an intellectual giant in chains—the chains of the limitations of his chosen field of film journalism. It is a tragedy that an intellectual of his stature and integrity cannot be put to some better and wider national use.

"On the memorable occasion of his Golden Jubilee I wish and pray that may the intellectual giant in Baburao stand up to full stature and play his rightful role during the many many years that are to come in the larger interest of our motherland."

[From: Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty—writer, director, producer and proprietor of Mars & Movies—is one of our most successful film makers. His recent hits were "Daag" and "Patita".]



AN INSTITUTION

"Baburao Patel is not an individual. He is an institution. I would like to survive him to write his obituary, to write "what he was". That will be the proudest moment of my life. But let that 'moment' take ages to come, and, that is what I wish today with all my heart and prayers."

[From: Mr. Kidar Sharma, one of our few intellectual film makers and proprietor of Ambitious Pictures. Poet, writer, director and producer, Kidar Sharma never touches a theme without art, beauty and lofty purpose.]

WHERE'S THE NOORJEHAN?

"Live long! Your pen is a gift of God but your courage is the courage of a MAN. If you were born in the days of The Great Mughal (not the one being produced by Mr. Asif) you would have added to his 'Jewels'. You would have been number ten.

"Anyway you have the qualities of a prince. I can always imagine you as a sauntering Saleem in your Girnar gardens, with this difference that in your case a Noorjehan has to come to you to ask you to hold her pair of pigeons."

[From: Dewan Sharar, famous author and playwright. It was his first story, "Shakuntala" that made a struggling producer popular and prosperous. A man of letters Dewan Sharar commands and gets respect from all intellectuals.]

NAME THAT COUNTS

"What's in a name? There is a lot in a name and Baburao Patel's name spells charm.

"For young writers and journalists his is a name to conjure with; for his readers, it means thrill and excitement, amusement and fun, and food for thought; for patriots and politicians, a name to reckon and recognize; and for the Indian Film Industry, a name that counts and counts a lot.

"Baburao Patel of Filmindia, in spite of his keen preferences and prejudices, is a staunch ally, a good companion and a generous friend.

"I have been the recipient of many a gift from him; the best gift being his deed of introducing me to Shri V. Shantaram whose personal friendship, inside and outside the Rajkamal Studios, I cherish and treasure so dearly.

"Here's wishing Baburao Patel the best of luck: may his handsome "GIRNAR" and his beautiful LADY of GIRNAR be a source of joy and inspiration to him for a long long time to come!"

[From: Mr. K. N. Singh, one of our famous character actors, has given many great performances during several years that he has been in films.]

A STRANGE PHENOMENON

"I know Baburao Patel as a critic and as a friend, as a man with biting words in his writings and warm, friendly words in his conversation, as a man too ready to be hostile to anything when rubbed the wrong way in his Filmindia and very hospitable at his home. He is hard working like a bee and an epicurean like Omar Khayyam. He is a strange phenomenon in journalism and an institution in film journalism.

"It is undeniable that no other person or institution has battled both for and against the Indian film industry so hard and so long as he has done. Having given enough impact to the film industry he is now turning his attention to the politics of the country and I wish him all luck.

"To celebrate his Golden Jubilee he has a committee mostly of film folks. His Diamond Jubilee, I think, will be celebrated by politicians.

"Baburao Patel is a born crusader and a noise-maker. I wish him many many more years of noise crusades and of course triumphs."

The Post-Freedom Indian She?

By : HYACINTH

Eight years spent in an orderly Western country had left me thirsty for the insanitary charms of an Indian street; the suicidal wanderings of the Indian pedestrian; the discordant cries of the vendors; but above all for the sight of Indian women going on their modest way, self-consciously elegant as only they can be. Now, I thought, now I will leave a hundred years behind me. To think of living again in an India made more Eastern by virtue of its independence! Oh, for the wonderful hazards of dodging misplaced pan juice again!

Bombay, here I come . . .

And what did I find? An India even more Westernized than the one I had left behind. Here was Bombay, here was the familiar dirt, the dust, the seething masses, but here also were bigger and better Cadillacs; more and pinker Europeans, and over everything a pseudo Anglo-American veneer.

The touch of West was on everything—but more especially on the women. Where were the delicately shuffling Indian women, their carriage made more graceful by the restraining sari? Here were women stepping out in the unmistakable longer stride of the long-emancipated—here were Indian, and particularly Parsi girls, wearing dresses and shorts, and when they were wearing saris, wearing them in a more figure-revealing way.

Yes, it was in the women that I saw the greatest changes. Some are for the better. I approve, for instance, of make-up used more generally by Indian women. In a cosmetic-conscious world it is almost a conceit to think one's face looks good enough without it!

The clear reds of good cosmetic makers look enchanting on the olive to mid-brown skin tones of the average Indian women. They lend a contrast and a glow that is most flattering. But why do so many wear a dark blue-red lipstick, ugly and unflattering to any but the palest of skins, and making an inky gash of the mouth? And the many who use cheap makes of lipstick, their mouths appearing to melt and drip with grease in the sun!

MASS UPLIFT

What India needs is more and better cosmetic manufacturers, people who will blend and tone powder to suit the Indian skin tones, and more and better beauty specialists to teach women how to use make-up to full advantage.

Perhaps the most astonishing of all the changes in Indian women is the uniform voluptuousness of their bosoms—with uniform as the operative word. Here were hundreds of Indian Jane Russells. How had this come about? Was the Government adding some secret ingredient to the flour—were mass exercises being organised for the development of the female form? Sindhis, Parsis, Mahomedans alike—all sported the new bigger bosom.

Here were hundreds of Indian Jane Russells.

Several shopping expeditions provided me with the answer. There in the myriads of underwear shops that decorate our main shopping areas, were brassieres in the most extraordinary variety of "up-lift" shapes. I decided that the new up-lift of the masses had nothing to do with charity and the poor!

The new voluptuousness coupled with cholis worn in a more Western and decollete fashion, could put the modern Indian women in the glamour-girl class—but, glamour of the figure-revealing type is strictly for the young. Once past forty, fleshy displays of the arms and bosom can be an embarrassment to other people.

I sat, content to be a wall-flower and watched just such displays at a smart nighterie. A Sindhi woman holding madly to a fading youth, jigged to a rumba with an embarrassed-looking partner, her jigs never coinciding with his jogs. A very ample bosom strained the seams of a tight white satin choli to bursting point. She bulged and oozed out of her neckline, and her gyrations on the floor were only justified by the amusement it caused onlookers. But her poor partners!

A Sindhi woman holding madly to a fading youth, jigged to a rumba.

An ample Parsi dowager, sadly in need of corsetting, looked determinedly gay as she cavorted with her business-tycoon husband. She's come determined to get her money's worth of fun and it didn't matter to her that mutton dressed up, and behaving as lamb, could look nothing but ridiculous.

APING THE WEST

The young Indian girls enjoying an evening out looked charming and elegant in their evening cholis and

more seductively-worn saris. Here was the New Look at its best.

I approve of hair knotted higher on the head rather than in a sadly drooping bun on the nape of the neck. The rather Grecian looking effect is very flattering and suits the Indian girl. But why do women in India do a fashion to death? In Western countries, once a fashion has passed from "haute couture" to shop-girl-little-typist level, anyone, with any fashion sense drops it. But here, society girls, typists, railway-institute belles combine in killing any new fashion. High top-knots are "in" so every female equivalent of Tom, Dick and Harry, wears her hair knotted high. Cholis are worn lower cut, so everyone wears a choli cut to the same lower shape.

This sheep-like attitude applies to the wearers of dresses too. My first impression was that all the girls were in uniform—a uniform consisting of a slim or dirndl skirt and a sleeveless blouse. Now the sleeveless blouse is obviously a matter of great joy to the tailor, since it simplifies tailoring, and a great boon to the wearer in this hot climate, but duplicated a thousand times it becomes the dullest of garments.

Then the horse-tail hair style! Pity the poor horse—most noble of animals, what has it done to deserve this guying of that useful appendage, its tail? Hair tied in a horse's tail style looks pretty silly on anyone, but it may pass as "cute" on an American teen-ager complete with jeans, bobby-sox and all the doodads one connects with that uninhibited American age group.

But the word "cute" is peculiar to the West—Indian girls may be beautiful, dignified, exotic, attractive, but never cute. "Cute" fashions should therefore stay where they belong—in the West.

Why ape the West in any but its most attractive form? Why ape the West at all? The worst offenders in this West-worship in fashion are the Parsi girls. Parsi women can be very lovely and they can also be extremely unattractive, and they are at their least attractive (with some exceptions) when they wear dresses.

The Parsi waist can be a very elusive thing—very often it isn't there—it is crowded out by an encroaching bosom and stomach. The Parsi slouch does not help. Why not conceal the fact in the kindly, flattering folds of a sari?

The Parsi slouch does not help.

The sari is the most admired, the most envied garment in the world. Travel West and you will hear nothing but praise for it. It is the Indian woman's finest heritage. Wear it as you will—to be figure concealing, or to be figure-revealing, but WEAR it.

Look for the Asoo Mark - It signifies the best in Indian Sweets

Asoo

SWEETMEATS

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Slick And Seductive

Starlet Peace Kanwal models the designs on this page. Above is a yellow georgette sari printed with blue and yellow flowers. The choli of blue crepe is cut on Chinese lines and edged with yellow piping.

White satin gharara and kameez with tikki work on the sleeves and skirt. Notice the interesting bare midriff coyly showing in front, and the loose, threequarter sleeves. Dopatta of white georgette with tikki work on it.

Combine a plain Kashmir silk sari with a choli of striped, dimpled velvet. The high neckline has an unusual side-tying scarf effect. Elbow sleeves.

This ensemble matches a black and purple georgette sari combination with a black satin-backed crepe choli that has cap sleeves and a round neck.

Team a white Kashmir silk sari with a bright red silk choli. The chief feature of the choli is its back interest with two tie-up fastenings.

My Favourite Punjabi Recipes

By Geeta Bali

Seekh Kababs

Ingredients: ½ lb. minced meat, 2 green chillies, 1 onion, salt, a little tamarind to taste, ghee.

Method: Grind masala. Paste together meat and masala. Grease metal skewers with ghee, heat lightly. Take portion of paste and bind evenly round skewer. Smear with ghee and roast on brisk fire, constantly turning skewer. When cooked, gently slide off meat from skewers. Garnish with sliced raw onions and tomatoes.

Raita

Ingredients: 2 cups curd, 3 large tomatoes, ½ teaspoon cumin powder, ¼ teaspoon chillie powder, ¼ teaspoon clove, cinnamon and cardamom powders mixed, salt.

Method: Beat curd to smooth consistency, slice tomatoes and mix together. Sprinkle remaining ingredients on top or mix in.

Cauliflower Sag

Ingredients: 1 cauliflower, 1 onion, ½ teaspoon mango powder, ½ teaspoon mustard seed, salt, 1 teaspoon turmeric, 3 pods garlic, small piece ginger, 2 green chillies, 1½ tablespoons ghee.

Method: Break cauliflower into small sprigs and soak. Slice half the garlic, ginger and chillies and grind remainder. Brown sliced onion in hot ghee. Add sliced masala and fry for 5 minutes. Add all remaining masalas except mango powder and fry. Sprinkle powder on when cooked.

Aloo Dum

Ingredients: 6 large potatoes, 1 tablespoon shelled peas, 1 green chillie, ½ an onion, salt and lime to taste, ghee. Curry: 4 tomatoes, 1 onion, ½ teaspoon turmeric, ¼ teaspoon chillie powder, salt, few drops sour lime juice, 3 tablespoons ghee.

Method: Cut potatoes in half and scoop out centres. Crush peas coarsely and mix together with sliced chillie, onion, salt and lime. Stuff potatoes with mixture. Place two halves together and bind by securing with fine sticks or toothpicks. Shallow fry in ghee till light brown, and drain. Make curry from ingredients given and add 1½ cups water and fried potatoes. Cover and steam till tender.

Bhurta

Ingredients: 4 large brinjals, 4 large onions, 1 teaspoon cumin, 2 small chopped chillies, salt, 1 tablespoon ghee.

Method: Roast brinjals and onions in hot ashes. Peel and mash brinjals coarsely. Chop onions and brown lightly in hot ghee. Remove from fire and mix all ingredients together.

Kofta Curry

Ingredients: Koftas: ½ lb. minced meat, small piece ginger, ½ large onion, 1 pod garlic, 2 cloves, small stick cinnamon, 1 green chillie, salt, ¼ teaspoon coriander powder, 1 teaspoon sour lime juice. Curry: 2 large tomatoes, 1½ inches piece of ginger, 1½ large onions, 4 pods garlic, ½ teaspoon turmeric, 1½ teaspoon coriander powder, 1 teaspoon khuskhus, 4 cloves, ¼ cocoanut, 2 dry chillies, ghee.

Method: Grind all masalas and meat together to prepare koftas. Add juice of lime and form into balls. Shallow fry in hot ghee till dark brown. Drain and put aside. To prepare curry cut tomatoes into quarters. Slice ½ onion, garlic and ginger finely, and grind remainder to paste. Brown sliced onion in hot ghee. Add masala paste, sliced garlic and ginger. Fry. Add koftas and cook over low fire for 15 minutes, occasionally shaking vessel from side to side to prevent burning. Add tomatoes, salt and ¾ cup water. Cook over low fire till curry thickens.

Stuffed Poories

Ingredients: 3 tablespoons black gram, ¼ teaspoon chillie powder, ¼ teaspoon cumin, ¼ teaspoon turmeric, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons ghee.

Method: Soak dal overnight. Heat ghee and fry dal and masala together till dal is tender, add a little water if needed. Mix together 2 tablespoons whole wheat flour, 2 tablespoons refined flour, salt, to prepare dough. Divide into balls and roll out into small rounds. Divide cooked dal into five parts, place each portion on to one round, fold over and roll out lightly into poorie ¼ inch thick. Heat ghee and deep fry poories, gently pressing down with flat spoon in circular motion. When bloated, turn over. Remove when light brown. Drain and serve hot.

Biryani

Ingredients: 1 cup rice, salt, ½ lb. mutton, 4 onions, 1 cup curd, ½ teaspoon saffron, 3 pods garlic, large piece ginger, a few coriander and mint leaves, 2 green chillies, 4 cloves, 3 cardamoms, 1 teaspoon khuskhus, small stick cinnamon, 8 almonds, 12 raisins, 2 hard-boiled eggs, ghee.

Method: Add water to cover rice mixed with salt. Half-boil. Heat, crush and soak saffron, slice 2 onions. Grind remaining onions and masala. Brown sliced onion crisp. Mix together cut meat, curd, masala paste and browned onion. Soak for one hour. Cook mixture over low fire till almost dry. In large vessel put ½ the meat and gravy and cover with layer of rice. Repeat. Sprinkle saffron and dot with small lumps of ghee. Cover with lid and seal it with dough. Place over low fire and cook for an hour. Before serving garnish with browned almonds, raisins and sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Natty Notions

Tidy snack for a toddler: peel and core an apple, tie it to his wrist with white tape through the hole in the centre.

Give the soles of your new shoes a longer life by painting them with a couple of coats of clear varnish (make sure first is dry before applying second.)

To turn a blemish into a beauty spot, darken a small mole on your face with the point of an eyebrow pencil.

Delicious combination for a sweet tooth—sandwich and ice a coffee flavoured sponge cake with lemon-flavoured icing and mock cream.

First aid for hoarse throats: halve a large turnip, hollow out the centre and fill with brown sugar, leave overnight. Next day you'll have a turnip full of soothing syrup.

Good substitute for a stiff petticoat: tack a piece of tarlatan or canvas about 9 inches wide round the inside hem of your skirt.

Ever tried dampening the ironing cloth instead of the clothes? It moistens them more evenly and avoids water stains.

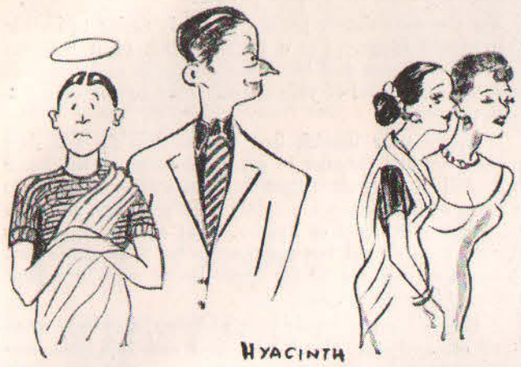
Try a wire shoe brush to remove the dog's or cat's hairs from husband's suit.

Make-up, Part Of A Woman's Face!

By : Hyacinth

Women can be divided into four categories when it comes to the question of make-up.

1. The Soap And Water Girl. You will hear her say such things as—"My dear, I can't be bothered to do anything to my face—I just haven't got the time" or "My husband likes me as I am—he doesn't like me to use make-up." "A soap and water girl, that's me—I couldn't bear all that sticky stuff on *my* face." "This is the face God gave me and this is the face I'm going to keep."



Husbands who show a keen appreciation of make-up on other women.

Which of us has not among our friends, one woman acquaintance who says just such things? And have we not all, at some time, thought her the most self-righteous creature alive?

Behind all her remarks there is an infuriating smugness. She is secretly confident that the face God gave her is a pretty good sort of face, and she has talked her husband into thinking he likes it unadorned. "My husband likes me as I am", she says. But does he? Has he any choice in the matter?

It is surprising the number of husbands of "natural" wives who show a keen appreciation of make-up on other women.

"Why gild the lily?" you might say—but how many of us can aspire to such heights of beauty?

It is accepted that make-up "does" things for a woman's face that nature couldn't. It accentuates the good points and disguises the bad. Why not make use of it?

2. The Hit And Miss Girl. She is an improvement on the first type only because her intentions are good. She recognises make-up as an aid to beauty, but she is a slattern at heart, and she goes about the business of making-up with the same slapdash approach she uses for everything she does. She wakes too late in the morning to leave herself time for leisurely toilet.

Her equipment is a messy jumble of dirty puffs, spilt powder, old lipsticks. She dabs at her face in a wild attempt to powder it, and this hit and miss attack leaves her blotchy and clown-like. Her lipstick is askew and her hair is never quite untangled from its sleep-tousled state.

The Hit & Miss Girl and My Choice.

She feels a sort of righteousness about having "done something" to her face, and she goes out into the harsher light looking a mess. The final be-fouling touch is lent to the whole ghastly effect by hair combings on her collar. Ugh!

The Fixed Face

3. The Obsessed: This woman is obsessed with her appearance. She fell madly in love with her face in her 'teens and has doted on it ever since. She is not necessarily pretty, but she always thinks she is. "Darling, I'd rather die than be seen without lipstick", she says. And means it!

She has doted on her face ever since.

The tiniest spot on her face fills her with horror. Has it ruined her face, she thinks wildly; does it show? Her make-up sessions are orgies. She buys every cosmetic on the market and uses it. Her dressing table is a veritable chemist shop of bottles and jars. Turtle oil to fill out the wrinkles—eyelash growers—depilatories—hormone creams—stuff to put on,—stuff to take off what she's put on; so it goes on. Her face is a burial ground for stale cream. She is the cosmetic maker's dream. The woman who will buy anything.

She doesn't enhance her looks, she buries them beneath layers of foundation cream and powder. She goes out looking like a vamp—her lashes bristling with mascara, her face a plastered mask.

She can't smile, because any expression of emotion will crack that mask. She can't cry, because her mascara will run.

She's a vacuum—she's a horror !

4. My Choice: I'll put my money on this girl. She brings intelligence to everything she touches, including her make-up. She knows her face for what it is—she sees her defects—she knows her assets. Cosmetics for her

Use a large fluff of cotton-wool for this.

are a weapon against plainness. She may not be blessed with beauty, but she'll make the best of what she has.

She buys her cosmetics wisely—budgetting for the best. The finished product is a triumph of glowing skin, delicately rouged lips and shining eyes.

And How ?

One need not be rich to be effective. The necessities for beauty culture are few.

Cold cream for cleansing. Astringent for toning and for closing open pores. A foundation cream or liquid in a slightly darker shade than the skin colour, and powder one shade lighter than the foundation. For a sallow skin (and the Indian skin usually is), a touch of peach in the make-up base. Toning rouge and lipstick, (a clear red is best), and mascara, complete the list of essentials.

Take also, one good mirror and place it in a strong light and the ingredients for beauty are perfected. Now take a good honest look at yourself in the mirror. Don't recoil, we are going to do things to that face !

We will assume that your face has been washed, and here, I mean gently lathered in a mild soap and rinsed with luke-warm water, but not scrubbed.

Now cold cream your face and wipe the cream off with cotton-wool. You'll be amazed at the dirt that comes off in spite of the previous washing. Next, dab on astringent—iced if possible. This will tone and tighten your skin and do wonders for sagging muscles.

Now for the foundation. Put it on in small dabs all over your face and then spread it evenly over your face—remembering your neck and the edges bordering the hair-line. Wait a few minutes for the cream to "set". Then the powder. Use a large fluff of cotton-wool for this; dip it generously into your powder-box and press it evenly over your face and neck, not forgetting the crevices beside your nose. Then take another fluff of cotton-wool and gently wipe off surplus powder.

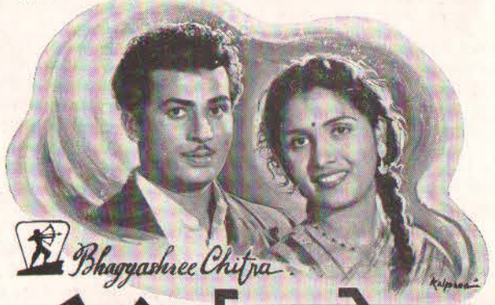
For the uninitiated, powder rouge is easier to handle than cream rouge. Put a feather touch of it high on your cheek bones and blend it downwards and outwards into the fuller part of your cheek. Dust lightly over this with powder.

Apply your lipstick first to your top lip and then press your lips together to get the imprint on the lower lip. Fill in with more lipstick. Press off surplus on to a piece of tissue, powder lightly over your lips and then put on another coat of lipstick. Put on this way, your lip make-up should last for the greater part of the day. A touch of mascara to the upper lashes only, and your make-up is complete.

If you need to repair your make-up, do please clean it all off and start afresh. Patched make-up looks horrible.

Remember that the secret of successful make-up is that it should be subtle. Wear it as part of your face and don't be self-conscious about it. It is an accepted part of a woman's toilet and whatever the "nature" lovers may claim, it has come to stay.

SCREEN PAYS ITS TRIBUTE TO STAGE..



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Direction:- DINKAR D. PATIL

Story, Screenplay & Dialogues:- H.V.DESAI

Photography:- SHANKAR PALAV Editor:- G.G.MAYEKAR

Music:- SHREEDHAR PARSEKAR

1. **Use body brush lathered well with pure soap to scrub your back and shoulders clear of blemishes. Rinse thoroughly.**

2. **For dry elbows, knees and heels, oil before you bath, then scrub with soapy water. Use a pumice stone on rough patches.**

3. **Make sure you scrub between your toes with a nailbrush every day to prevent any infection, and be sure to dry thoroughly there.**

The Order Of The Bath

By **"Aneez"**

Begum Para takes a dip in a bath of soapsuds.

BEAUTY is not just skin deep, not just a lovely face and neck. Beauty goes right down to the soles of your feet.

A clean, fresh body surrounded by an aura of fragrance is the first step to loveliness.

Your bath is therapy in itself—mending tired nerves, soothing spirits. But take plenty of time over it.

When you get yourself under water, pay attention to all those parts of your skin that, as you grow older, will tell your age or betray your bad habits. Use a body brush as well as a nail brush.

On back and shoulders an oily skin advertises itself in pimples, blotches, blackheads. If these danger signals are showing, use your pure soap with the aid of a bath brush every day, gently, persistently.

If your elbows, knees and heels are dry, flaky and wrinkly, rub with oil before your bath, and again use the body brush. Remember, daily and slowly, oil and soap and water.

Her hands are one place where even the oily-skinned girl can go lush if she likes. Neglected hands crave for the oil that leaves them faster than any other place on the body. Give palms, back, fingers—especially joints and nails—a good daily dose. Rub slices of lemon on stains.

Every day scrub between your toes with a nailbrush, and all round your nails. Here's where little infections start, where fungus grows.

Learn how to use different kinds of baths to wash your cares away.

For insomnia, lie in a tepid bath softened with some mildly scented bath-salts—you can buy them fairly cheaply. Lather yourself gently, shut your eyes, lie limp until you feel dozy. Blot dry, no brisk rubbing.

For inner cleansing, a bath that opens pores and makes your body perspire heavily, will carry off wastes and poisons that build up in the skin. This is a doctor's prescription for toxic body conditions. It acts as a kind of inside-out facial, too, if you put on plenty of lubricating cream.

See how much dirt streams out of your face through the heat. Now's the time to gently coax those blackheads out to the surface.

First, you drink a big glass of water because you're going to perspire away a lot. Then dissolve two pounds of commercial Epsom salts in a bath two-thirds full of warm water. Don't use soap. Rub your body all over with a coarse flannel or sponge, to work off the waste crystals that don't dissolve in water. Stay in about twenty minutes. Dry with a rough towel, then bundle up in plenty of blankets. You'll perspire freely so wrap up in an old robe or bath sheet first. Stay wrapped up till you cool down. Then have a brisk rub down with witch-hazel. Now dry off and go to bed and to sleep. Don't undertake one of these baths, though, unless you are in good health and have a strong heart and normal blood pressure. Even then, don't take more than one a week.

When your skin is afflicted with sunburn or any prickly troubles use a half pound of bicarbonate of soda and a half pound of starch in a lukewarm tub and stay in it about twenty minutes.

The Winds Of Fashion

From the four corners of India, N, S, W, E, the winds of fashion blow to you these designs from Punjab, Madras, Gujerat and Bengal.

N, from the Punjab: emerald green salwar kameez embroidered in gold thread. Worn with an odhni of pale lemon chiffon scattered over with green beads.

W, from Gujerat: yellow khadi choli with red and green Kutchi mirror work. Red ghagra worked in yellow and green. Green odhni worn over the head.

E, from Bengal: Floral or any other printed silk sari. Choli made from half a yard of the same material. Manipuri hair style encircled with a veni.

S, from Madras: Crimson silk sari with gold embroidered pallav and border. Choli of crimson, absolutely plain. Hair worn in a bun encircled with ornaments.

This Golden Jubilee Number is dedicated to the readers of Filmindia all over the world.

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Optical Illusion!

By "Aneez"

FAMOUS American humorist Dorothy Parker once wrote:

"Men never make passes
At girls who wear glasses."

Her oft-quoted lines have had the acid power of crumbling the self-esteem of many a short-sighted female.

Romance and spectacles of the old-fashioned variety do not go together, somehow. Even the most kind-hearted must admit that the effects of an alluring or ultra-feminine ensemble can be lost when allied to an austere pair of tortoise-shell or steel rims.

Imaginative Spectacles

Funnily enough, women, used to the weirdest flights of imaginative fancy in the design of their clothes, for a long time meekly accepted the dreary handicap, and did not demand as imaginative a treatment of their spectacles as they did in any other of their accessories. For that is what a pair of spectacles is —a sometimes essential accessory.

With that approach in mind, a German optician set about designing model spectacles not only to suit faces of different shapes, but as accompaniments to outfits for different occasions.

Germany has long been famous for the high standard of workmanship in its optical products, but Teutonic talent is not generally associated with the more decorative qualities. It is to France that we usually look for the lead in any sphere of feminine adornment. But the new German models are now stealing the limelight.

Evening Glamour

Some are jewelled for evening wear and add a glamorous touch to any outfit; others are inlaid with gleaming metals; all have lovely, graceful lines. The latest novelty is to have one gold clasp, such as a butterfly or beetle or a spider with a pearl for a body on the joint of the spectacles. And one is enough; two over-emphasise the "whimsy" and defeat their own object.

This original idea of really decorative eye-wear has caught on in Europe and America, and the export can hardly keep pace with the demand. It is to be hoped that the models will soon reach India.

Today, the optical world is undergoing a "fashion" revolution just as significant as Christian Dior's "New Look" four or five years ago.

If you have to wear glasses, wear them with an air. Make them as much part of your beauty programme as your lipstick. Don't hide behind them. They can add to the charm, the gaiety, or even the amusement with which you look at the world.

Eyes Right!

Eyebrows and lashes enhance the glamour of your eyes.....so look to their grooming

DON'T pluck your eyebrows into a single meagre curve. It's unnatural and it's old-fashioned these days.

DO remove all hairs straggling out of the true line you set for your eyebrows.

DON'T pencil a single line to darken eyebrows. It's hard and ugly—and obvious.

DO use a little mascara on a clean brush. Otherwise you'll get a speckled skin.

DON'T glue up eyelashes with a mascara brush clotted into beaded spikes from last time.

DO use a clean brush to mascara your lashes. It strokes on just the right amount.

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